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HYMNS,

COMPOSED

BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE

GENERAL CONVENTION

OF

UNIVERSALISTS

OF

THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AND OTHERS.

Adapted to public and private Devotion.

As in Adam all die, even so, in Christ, shall all be made
alive. *St. Paul.*

☉, praise the Lord, all ye people—for his mercy endureth
for ever. *David.*

SECOND EDITION.

Charlestown, (Mass.)

PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE,

By Samuel T. Armstrong.

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1810.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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District of Massachusetts: to wit,

BE it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of April, in the thirty fourth year of the independence of the United States of America, ABNER KNEELAND, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit, Hymns, composed by different authors, at the request of the General Convention of Universalists of the New England States and Others. Adapted to public and private Devotion. "As in Adam all die, even so, in Christ, shall all be made alive." *St. Paul.* "O, praise the Lord, all ye people,—for his mercy endureth for ever." *David.* Second edition.

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WILLIAM S. SHAW,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION of the New England States and others, professing the gospel of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; being in the full belief of the Universality of Gospel Salvation, did on the 17th day of September in the year of our Lord 1807, appoint brothers HOSEA BALLOU, ABNER KNEELAND, and EDWARD TURNER, approved laborers in the ministry of reconciliation, with discretionary powers, to furnish a HYMN BOOK, suitable for the various occurrences in public and private devotion, from the following causes and motives: viz

Dr. ISAAC WATTS, in the opinion of the Convention, has, in almost every instance, extended the idea of the punishment of sin, infinitely beyond the design of the inspired authors; and has thereby sorely wounded the divine theme of devotional Psalmody; and this work, being the principal one in use in the country, rendered it necessary that another should be introduced which might be free from the difficulty above mentioned.

The various collections which have been heretofore made by particular societies, or brethren of the universalian order have never had so general a circulation in the country as to accommodate but few of the many believers. And those collections containing many productions from authors who possessed, not only LIMITED views of the great salvation, but ideas of the tenure of atonement, contrary to the divine oracles, were not, in that particular, altogether acceptable.

The error, that ATONEMENT was necessary to reconcile our heavenly Father to his offspring, in room of reconciling his unreconciled offspring to himself, is found in almost all the authors of divine hymns.

It was a thing much desired by the Convention that the rising generation might learn to sing the praises of the Captain of our salvation, without mixing the alloy of dishonor in the sacred song.

The inconsistency of calling on every thing that hath breath to praise the Lord, and at the same time representing the wisdom of the Deity as laying his divine plan to the reverse of this UNIVERSAL JOY, was considered sufficient reason to justify a disuse of Dr. Watts' book, in general, notwithstanding the unrivalled beauties of the poet.

It was at first the calculation of the Committee and the expectation of the Convention that the new book would have been a collection, with the addition of few original hymns ; but on mature consideration, the committee thought advisable to attempt an entire NEW WORK, and not induce those who had been at the expense of other books, to purchase the same hymns in ours.

There were several imitations of Dr. Watts written before the Committee gave up the idea of selecting from that author: it was, however, thought excusable if we retained them.

The incumbrances have been many and peculiar, which the Committee have labored under, in composing and compiling the following hymns. That of our living in different States has proved a very material one. It was not possible, consistent with our parochial business, to have but a slight opportunity of consultation on a subject of so much concern. Having been but little practised in this mode of writing was a still greater embarrassment. Yet, notwithstanding, our fervent desire to discharge the duties of our appointment, and of presenting to the humble believers of the ABRAHAMIC faith, a variety of divine songs, suitable for the heavenly employment of PRAISE TO OUR REDEEMER, has supported us under trials which might otherwise have been insurmountable.

The committee have endeavored, in the following work, to throw as much light on the sacred text as was possible, and to keep the triumph of the gospel over sin and death, as a pole star, continually in view.

With this work, the committee have the honour of presenting an affectionate salutation to the General Convention, humbly hoping in the Lord, that their labours, though inconsiderable, may, by the blessing of God, prove a comfort to thousands, while they travel through the thorny paths of time to the city of eternal rejoicing, when the MORTAL SONG shall be lost in the IMMORTAL TRIUMPHS and ceaseless joys of the just made perfect.

HOSEA BALLOU,	} Committee.
ABNER KNEELAND,	
EDWARD TURNER.	

HYMNS.

1. L. M. KNEELAND.

The operations of nature speak the existence of a God.
Rom. i. 20.

ALL nature speaks, let men give ear,
And bow the reverential knee;
The voice of nature they shall hear,
The God of nature they shall see.

2

Behold the stars with brilliant light,
And planets which in order move!
They all proclaim a God of might,
And testify a God of love.

3

The glorious sun, whose gentle beams
Enliven all things here below;
The lucid moon, with paler gleams,
Proclaim a God that made them so.

4

Survey the whole capacious earth,
The sea and land, rocks, hills, and plains;
The God of nature gave them birth,
And by his law the whole maintains.

5

Behold the trees in verdure rise!
God's wisdom shines in all their leaves:
Behold the birds that mount the skies,
And fish that fill the mighty seas!

In them is seen a God of pow'r,
 From whom all life and being came:
 Then let us all the Lord adore,
 And bow before his matchless name.

2. C. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

THE whole creation owns a God,
 All nature speaks his name;
 And from his own eternal word
 The whole creation came.

2

The beasts, the birds, and creeping things,
 His pow'r and wisdom prove;
 The fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Proclaim a God of love.

3

But when we view the creature man,
 And contemplate his state;
 His own existence doth proclaim
 A God divinely great.

4

'Tis wisdom, knowledge, love divine,
 That constitute his soul;
 Goodness, and truth, and power combine,
 To form the perfect whole.

5

These, like so many copious streams,
 From God the centre flow;
 To quicken us to heav'nly things,
 That we the Lord may know.

6

The dear relation which I find,
 Between my God and me,

Should ever make me keep in mind
A God of purity.

3. L. M. KNEELAND.

Justice and Judgment are the habitation of God's throne.
Psalm lxxxix. 14.

JUSTICE and judgment are God's throne,
Mercy and truth before him stand,
Perfection is in him alone,
And wisdom dwells at his right hand.

2

Thy mercy and thy boundless love,
For ever would we keep in mind ;
For ev'ry grace we look above,
For thou art ever good and kind.

3

Goodness and mercy have no bound;
But, like the sun's most gentle beams,
Which lighten all this spacious ground,
Flow down to us in copious streams.

4

Thy truth, O Lord, to us impart,
May we the same with firmness own ;
Abhorring each delusive art,
And fearing thee, the Lord, alone.

5

Give us the light we ever need,
Our minds with knowledge ever fill,
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice defend our will.

6

May all the sons of Adam's race,
Their ev'ry faculty improve,
Till discord thro' the world shall cease,
And ev'ry creature meet in love.

4. L. M.

KNEELAND.

The Omnipotence of God displayed in his universal government. Psalm xxxiii. 9. Jer. x. 23. Prov. xvi. 1, 9.
Gen. xlv. 5 l. 20.

THE great JEHOVAH's mighty sway,
The universal worlds obey;
And from his own eternal plan,
All nature rose, and order sprang.

2

All pow'r is vested in his hands;
All things adhere to his commands;
In him doth all creation rest,
Who orders all things for the best.

3

All that his wisdom e'er design'd
Is executed to his mind;
And what, to us, may evil seem,
Is universal good, in him.

4

He rules the hearts of wicked men,
Directs their steps, unknown to them,
Restrains their wrath and sinful ways,
When they would not increase his praise.

5

But when the wicked do devise,
To do what God doth authorize;
Altho' they have an ill intent,
Yet he will not the act prevent.

6

But sad and painful is the stroke!
God will confound their wicked hope;
They have not done the ill they would,
While HE promotes the greater good.

5. C. M.

KNEELAND.

In vain we labor without the blessing of God.

EXCEPT the Lord the house doth build,
The lab'ers toil in vain;
Not all the strength of workmen skill'd
Can ever raise the same.

2

Except the Lord the city keep
From fire, and sword, and storm;
The watchful guards as well may sleep
As rise before 'tis morn.

3

In vain we plant, in vain we sow,
In vain we till the ground;
Except the Lord his show'rs bestow,
With grace our labors crown.

4

But shail we give our labor o'er,
And always idle stand,
Because we lack almighty pow'r,
Nor can the world command?

5

Almighty God ! our sov'reign head!
Forbid the idle thought;
Nor let it ever once be said,
Our hands were made for nought.

6

Then what thy wisdom doth devise,
We'll do with all our might;
And trust in him who 's good and wise,
Our labors to requite.

7

The Lord alone our lot doth cast,
When all our work is done;

We'll thank him for his favors past,
And trust for what's to come.

6. C. M. KNEELAND.

God's Faithfulness and Truth. Num. xii. 19. Rom. xi,
29. 2 Cor. i. 20.

YE humble souls proclaim abroad
The honors of your king;
Show to the world a faithful God,
His praises ever sing.

2

His ways are ever just and true,
According to his will;
All that he ever thought to do
Is his own purpose still.

3

He never will himself deny;
His grace he will afford:
A God of *truth* can never *lie*,
Or break his sacred word.

4

Let rivers to their sources run,
Or streams forbear to flow;
Or planets fall into the sun,
And to destruction go;

5

Let sun and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their blest abode;
Or comets fall from yonder skies,
Out of their common road;

6

Yet truth eternally shall reign,
In spite of all their pow'r;
Not all the wit of skilful men
Can make it less or more.

7. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The wisdom of God in Creation.

WHAT boundless wisdom is display'd
 In all the works of God!
 In ev'ry thing his hands have made,
 By him pronounced good.

2

When we survey the golden sun,
 And mark his glorious light,
 Which since creation has begun,
 Divides the day from night;

3

Surprise and wonder fill the mind,
 And we admiring stand;
 Amaz'd if once we strive to find
 The uncreated hand,

4

Which gave to nature form and birth,
 And nurs'd it by his care:
 Lo! if we look to heav'n or earth,
 The ways of God are there.

8. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

God worketh all things, &c.

ACCORDING to his holy will,
 The Lord his counsels doth fulfil;
 In ev'ry thing his will is done,
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

2

The times and seasons he ordain'd,
 All in his knowledge are contain'd;
 Nor do his purposes delay,
 As swift these seasons pass away.

3

The glorious time will surely come,
 When *Christ* shall bring his ransom'd home:
 In one all things shall gather'd be,
 In an eternal unity.

4

This is the mystery reveal'd,
 Which God in ages past conceal'd;
 But now made known as was design'd,
 In *Christ* the Savior of mankind.

9. C. M. H. BALLOU.

God is Love.

GOD, in each attribute, is love;
 Justice and mercy too,
 By its eternal goodness move,
 And have no other view.

2

Knowledge and wisdom both agree,
 In all its gracious plan,
 To set from death, and bondage free,
 The helpless creature, man.

3

God's pow'r and truth are here combin'd,
 In love they all unite;
 And, in the great eternal mind,
 Are goodness infinite.

4

This boundless God, all love, is ours,
 Our father and our friend;
 He doth provide with all his pow'rs,
 And with them doth defend.

10. L. M. H. BALLOU.

His work is perfect.

IN all thy work perfection shines,
Thou great First Cause of nature's frame,
Thy pow'r all nature still combines,
And shews the honor of thy name.

2

The wide creation swells to view,
Ten thousand worlds, made by thy hand,
That system keep, which wisdom drew,
And by thy pow'r in order stand.

3

Nor less perfection do we see
In thy rich plan of grace divine;
From sin, to set thy creatures free—
Here all thy moral beauties shine.

4

The laws of nature, and of grace,
Work, and perform thy heav'nly will;
They, of the universe the base,
Shall all thy schemes of love fulfil.

11. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The wisdom of God.

THE depths of wisdom who can find?
Or search an uncreated mind?
From everlasting wisdom stood,
As one brought up and nurs'd of God.

2

Ere earth's foundations deep were laid,
Or mountains in the balance weigh'd,
Wisdom divine, in virgin youth,
Drew ev'ry golden line of truth.

2

3

She struck her compass, drew her lines,
Her hand the mighty deep confines;
She measur'd ev'ry globe or sphere,
And mark'd the circuit they should steer.

4

The diff'rent seasons did ordain,
The wat'ry clouds to give us rain,
The winds to blow, the streams to run;
They order keep, since time begun.

5

Well she was pleas'd with all her ways;
They sure were fix'd for endless days;
But on the sons of *Adam's* race,
She pour'd the richest of her grace.

6

In them her joys excelled far,
Tho' she controlled ev'ry star;
Her sweet delights, and joys unknown,
Are placing men upon her throne.

12. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The reign of God---From the Revelations, and *Isaiah*.

WHEN God descends, with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew;
What tongue can half the glories tell,
Or eye the matchless wonders view?

2

Zion, the desolate, shall sing,
The wilderness with roses bloom;
Carmel and *Sharon* both shall bring
Their spices, and their rich perfume.

3

The weak are strong, the fearful bold,
 The dumb shall sing in anthems sweet;
 The lame shall walk, the blind behold
 Their God, and worship at his feet.

4

Celestial streams shall gently flow,
 The wilderness shall joyful be:
 Lilies on parched ground shall grow,
 And gladness spring from ev'ry tree.

5

The wolves, with lambs, in meadows go,
 The leopard's harmless as the kid;
 The lion shall no anger show,
 But, with the calf, shall tamely feed.

6

Thus kings and slaves shall meet in love,
 Old pride shall die, and meekness reign:
 When God descends from worlds above,
 To dwell with men on earth again.

13. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Contemplation upon nature.

WHEN nature's wonders I explore:
 The sun, the moon, and stars we see;
 And stretch my thoughts to planets more,
 Which glow in vast immensity;

2

Amaze and wonder fill my mind,
 While I behold the boundless scene;
 If I attempt their Cause to find,
 What clouds and darkness intervene!

3

No voice I hear! but *silence* saith,
 Be still, O man! and humble be;
 Stretch forth thy wither'd arm of faith,
 And worship on the suppl'ant knee.

4

'That arm and wisdom, tho' unknown,
 Which rais'd this universal frame,
 Maintains a pure unspotted throne,
 And *love eternal* is his name.

14. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The same subject continued.

TO me, what use are insects made?
 From them what lesson may I learn?
 When, in the sunbeam or the shade,
 I scarcely can their form discern.

2

While cooling zephyrs fan, I'll rest
 Beneath the myrtle shade, and see
 How nature hath these creatures blest,
 With action, life, and liberty.

3

Behold them now, they toil with care,
 The wants of hunger to supply;
 Feed on effluv'a (lux'rious fare)
 Kind nature don't their wants deny.

4

I learn from them industry's care;
 I learn to trust a bount'ous God;
 Who doth my ample board prepare,
 And fills my soul with ev'ry good.

God only perfect.

GO traverse all the world around,
To distant regions roam ;
Perfection never can be found,
But in the Lord alone.

2

See father *Abra'm* full of faith,
Persisting unto blood ;
Yet he submits all that he hath
Unto a faithful God.

3

Were I, like *Moses*, meek and low,
Divested of my pride ;
I'd own a God that made me so,
And fear no pow'r beside.

4

Were I like *Job*, submissive still,
And patient in distress;
I'd own *Jehovah's* sov'reign will,
And crave his righteousness.

5

Had I the birth of *Solomon*,
And were as just and wise;
Like him my folly I would own,
And *Jesus* only prize.

6

And *Jesus* doth a Father own,
Who gave him all his pow'r;
And unto him he look'd alone,
In the distressing hour.

16. L. M.

S. STREETER.

All things established by wisdom. Prov. iii. 19. John i. 3.
Col. i. 16.

NOT fickle chance, nor partial pow'r,
E'er could this universe afford;
Nor aught but *Wisdom*, who is our
Exalted *Savior*, and our Lord.

2

Creation's plan by him was form'd,
And solid earth's foundation laid;
The sky with flaming lamps adorn'd,
And nature's laws established.

3

Thrones and dominions here below,
Glory's impending temples high,
To his omniscient wisdom owe
Their being, pomp, and majesty.

4

Each wand'ring sheep of *Adam's* race
Is the production of his pow'r;
The care and object of his grace,
His darling child for evermore.

5

Eternity is *wisdom's* reign,
And faithful to himself doth prove;
As one concatenating chain,
Has link'd all creatures in his love.

6

The world from sin and guilt he saves;
Preeminence all things bestow;
A golden wing the cherub waves;
And tall archangels humbly bow.

17. L. M. S. STREETER.

A threefold cord is not easily broken.

CONSUMMATE wisdom dwells in God,
With pow'r almighty and divine;
Who spread the universe abroad,
While love supreme pronounc'd Amen.

2

Thus nature's laws are just and good,
And providence supremely kind;
Salvation, thro' redeeming blood,
Proclaims the system all divine.

3

Thus all is right, if wisdom 's wise,
And all is sure, if pow'r be strong,
And merciful, if love implies
A will to happiness prolong.

4

So wisdom, pow'r, and love unite
To do God's will, and do denote,
That happiness is his delight,
A threefold cord that can't be broke.

5

Come, trust in him, ye tim'rous men,
And cast your cares upon the Lord:
He is the whole creation's friend;
Come, shout the promise of his word.

18. C. M. S. STREETER.

The same.

THE Lord in pow'r and wisdom reigns,
With everlasting might;
Unchanging love and truth maintains,
And beams celestial light.

2

No human mind can comprehend
 His vast, myster'ous plan;
 Nor angels, who before him bend,
 His boundless nature scan.

3

O trust in God, each trembling soul,
 Despondency, away !
 His blessings reach from pole to pole,
 A plenitude for thee.

4

Wisdom, for good, doth all control,
 And love and pow'r agree;
 This threefold cord, believe, my soul,
 Can never broken be.

5

Unite in praise, O men, your hearts,
 And strike the golden lyre;
 Angels, attune your golden harps,
 And sound his praises high'r.

19. S. M. S. STREETER.

The same.

WISDOM, and pow'r, and love,
 In all their glory dwell,
 In perfect fulness, far above,
 In our *Immanuel*.

2

He doth his gracious will,
 In heav'n, in earth, and sea;
 And what can simple mortals tell,
 Or what presume to say?

3

'Twas wisdom, pow'r, and love
That earth's foundation laid,
And to restore the world to God,
An off'ring kindly made.

4

Salvation's wond'rous plan
Was wisdom's sure device;
Ere morning stars creation sang,
In elder *Paradise*.

5

Then praise the gracious Lamb
And justice of the Lord;
Raise high hosannas to his name,
The matchless silken cord.

6

He will our sins destroy,
And all our guilt remove;
And ev'ry ransom'd soul employ,
In hymning songs of love.

20. L. M.

S. STREETER.

All things speak the glory of God. Psalm, xix. 1--5.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
And firmament thy skill displays;
Ten thousand twinkling worlds record
The boundless province of thy grace.

2

Day unto day aloud proclaims
The testimonies of thy word;
And night succeeding night maintains
The order of thy goodness, Lord.

3

Their words thro' all the earth have gone;
 From north to south, from east to west,
 And all that dwell beneath the sun
 Are by their heav'nly lectures blest.

4

The sun, the lucid king of day,
 Comes from the chambers of the east,
 He chases darkness all away,
 And makes a vast creation blest.

5

All nature doth rejoice and sing,
 When he performs his glorious race;
 Nor, from the most ignoble thing,
 Doth he withhold his brightest rays.

6

So shall the Sun of Righteousness,
 Who hath with healing beams aris'n;
 Each groping child of darkness bless,
 With more substantial joys in heav'n.

21. S. M. S. STREETER.

The blessings of the sun. Psalm xix. 5, 6.

BEHOLD the brilliant sun,
 Like to a bridegroom drest,
 Come from the curtains of the east,
 And shine unto the west!

2

All nature doth rejoice,
 At his refulgent rays;
 The teeming earth, the fruitful trees,
 Attune their voice to praise.

3

Hark! hear the tuneful birds
 Begin their morning lay;

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
Welcome the king of day.

4

Nor man of nobler form,
Nor creeping things more mean,
Doth he refuse to bless and warm,
With his enliv'ning beam.

5

So shall God's only Son,
In lucid beams of grace;
Arise with healing in his wings,
And all the nations bless.

6

The woodlands shall rejoice,
The vernal warblers sing;
But melody of praise from man,
Thro' earth, shall louder ring.

22. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

If God governs the natural world, why not the moral?

IF sun and moon, and stars of light
Are govern'd by Jehovah's might;
If water, air, and earth, and fire,
In truth, fulfil his vast desire;

2

If birds and beasts, of every form,
Fish of the sea, and ev'ry worm;
If days, and months, and years combine,
All to fulfil the Lord's design;

3

If seas, and lands, and clouds, and rain,
And brooks, that water all the plain,
And light and darkness all fulfil
His great decree, his sov'reign will;

4

Shall man, whose breath is nought but air,
 His independence loud declare ?
 That life and death are in his pow'r ?
 No ! Humble be and God adore !

23. P. M. S. BALLOU.

The Great First Cause.

THE first Almighty Cause,
 Who did all things create,
 Gave nature all her laws,
 Unchangeable as fate :
 The Source of life, the Spring of springs,
 His praise, all heav'n, and nature sings.

2

Where'er I cast mine eyes,
 With raptures I behold,
 Below, or in the skies,
 Wonders that can't be told !
 In nature's book, in ev'ry line,
 His wisdom and perfections shine.

3

On him all worlds depend,
 To him all bend the knee :
 But none can comprehend
 The boundless Deity.
 He fills all space, lives ev'ry where,
 Sustains the whole, makes all his care.

24. C. M. S. BALLOU.

The wisdom of God in Creation and Providence.

GOD, by his wisdom, mark'd the way
 For all his orbs of light ;

The sun to guide the light by day,
The moon and stars by night.

2

To men, to beasts, fish, fowls, and worms,
He is supremely good;
He, tho' he made ten thousand forms,
Supplies them all with food.

3

God, over all his works, has plac'd
His providential care;
Each living thing, of diff'rent taste,
He feeds with diff'rent fare.

4

He oversees his vast estate,
One purpose to fulfil;
On him shall his creation wait,
And do his holy will.

25. L. M. S. BALLOU.

The knowledge of God.

THY knowledge, Lord, is most sublime,
Coeval with thy pow'r and might;
All the events of future time,
At first, lay open to thy sight.

2

All knowledge springs from God alone;
So perfect is the Deity,
What was to be, to him was known;
Whatever is, was so to be.

3

His boundless knowledge none can mete,
No angel's eye can search it through;
No strange event his plan defeat;
To him there's nothing old nor new.

3

26. L. M. S. BALLOU.

The love of God.

HOW far Jehovah's love excels
 Our highest praise, our deepest thought!
 No malice in his bosom dwells,
 His love endures and changes not.

2

Love is his nature and his name,
 His love can neither wax nor wane;
 Thro' ev'ry age has been the same,
 And will to endless years remain.

3

As well may mortals take their flight,
 And soar aloft to worlds above;
 As well may darkness dwell in light
 As hatred dwell in boundless love.

27. L. M. S. BALLOU.

Man created for the glory of God.

FOR thy great glory, mighty Lord,
 Thou didst create the human race;
 Thy name by all shall be ador'd,
 And ev'ry tongue shall give thee praise.

2

God for his children doth provide,
 All of his goodness must partake;
 Or how can he be glorifi'd,
 By those he made for glory's sake?

28. C. M. S. BALLOU.

The foreknowledge and love of God.

THAT all mankind would go astray,
 And be to evil prone;
 To slavish fears become a prey,
 To God was truly known.

2

He sent his witness down to prove,
 To mortals here below,
 That God is everlasting *Love*;
 Our friend, and not our foe.

3

His Son appear'd to our relief,
 To preach the truth on earth;
 Redeem mankind from unbelief,
 From darkness, sin, and death.

4

Truth is the sure foundation stone,
 And, that we might believe,
 God sent his *Christ* to make it known,
 That we to him might live.

5

This gives us faith, expels our fear;
 This light will lead us home;
 It gives us consolation here,
 And hope for joys to come.

29. C. M. TURNER.

Natural objects, images of Spiritual.

LO, what a speaking lustre shines
 In all the works of God;
 His wisdom writ in fairest lines,
 His pow'r declar'd abroad.

2

The heav'ns, adorn'd with moon and stars,
 Express his glorious skill;
 The day his strong impression bears,
 The night attends his will.

3

Their language thro' the earth is heard;
 One all extending voice

Proclaims the cheering, peaceful word,
Which bids the earth rejoice.

4

Behold yon glowing, radiant sun,
Great source of blissful light,
Rejoicing, while his course to run,
He sheds effulgence bright!

5

Such is thy law, O God of grace!
Which renovates the soul;
A law of love, and truth, and peace,
That makes the wounded whole.

6

Nor shall its moral light grow dim,
Or ever fade away;
The present, gentle, rising beam
Shall shed a boundless day.

30. L. M. H. BALLOU.

God is Love.

WHEN my astonish'd eyes behold
My Maker's works, below, above;
And read his name in lines of gold,
I surely know that *God is love.*

2

When I observe his written word,
His promises of grace I prove;
I wonder men don't praise the Lord,
For Scripture saith that "*God is Love.*"

3

What gentle streams of pleasure roll!
What quick'ning from the mystic Dove!
Now peace divine fills all my soul,
And I can shout "*my God is Love.*"

4

Now heav'nly courage I'll put on,
 For far away my fear is drove;
 I'll bow before the living Son,
 And loud proclaim, "*My God is Love.*"

31. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.
 1 Cor. i. 2, 4.

GOD's pow'r and wisdom do agree
 To set the captive sinner free;
 Thus, in our *Savior*, we may find
 All pow'r and wisdom, both combin'd.

2

For wisdom laid th' eternal plan
 To save from sin the creature man;
 Love is the pow'r that shall fulfil
 This blest decree, this gracious will.

3

God's wisdom is a boundless sea,
 His pow'r as glorious sure must be:
 Then why should we so faithless prove,
 Nor trust the riches of his love?

4

Thy wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 And cause thy love, in us to grow;
 Then we thy mercy, Lord, shall see,
 As boundless as immensity.

32. S. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

WISDOM and pow'r we see,
 In *Jesus* are combin'd,
 To set the race of *Adam* free
 From woes of ev'ry kind.

What wisdom doth devise,
The pow'r of love shall do;
This pow'r shall make the simple wise,
The sinful just and true.

No bounds doth wisdom know,
And love is sure the same;
How wide must this salvation flow?
To all the sons of men.

Thy wisdom, Lord, impart,
And fill us with thy love;
And grant us purity of heart,
And tempers like the dove.

33. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The gospel mission. Mark, xvi. 15, 16.

GO, saith a risen *Savior*, go,
My gospel preach to all;
Let the most distant nations know,
And hear, my gracious call.

Proclaim aloud my gospel free,
And ev'ry creature teach;
That they may my salvation see,
My gospel faithful preach.

The blest effects then you shall see
In them who do believe;
Their souls, from sin and death set free,
By faith in me shall live.

For want of faith in them that hear,
The word is not receiv'd;
From sin, and death, and ev'ry fear,
Their souls are not reliev'd.

34. S. M.

H. BALLOU.

The same. Matt. last paragraph.

THE words which *Jesus* spake,
 To his disciples dear,
 A due impression ought to make
 On all who read or hear.

2

“All pow’r in heav’n and earth,
 To me is freely giv’n;
 That pow’r which gave the creature birth
 Shall raise the soul to heav’n.

3

“Go ye, therefore, and teach,
 Baptizing in my name;
 To ev’ry nation freely preach,
 That they may know the same.

4

“My new commandments all,
 Teach all men to obey;
 And watch and pray lest they should fall
 And miss the heav’nly way.

5

“And while you faithful prove,
 Still with you I will go;
 Give you the comforts of my love,
 In ev’ry scene of woe.

6

“Your labors shall be blest,
 Prosperity I’ll send;
 My presence still shall give you rest,
 Until the world shall end.”

35. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

God’s promise to Abraham.

THE Lord to Abraham did say,
 Rise, from thy kindred, come away,

And to the land of *Canaan* go,
A land which I to you will show.

2

There *Abra'm* sacred worship paid,
And God, a promise to him made,
That in his blessings he should find
A Father merciful and kind.

3

These lands, on you, I will bestow,
And give a num'rous offspring too;
And in thy seed shall wisdom find
A blessing sure for all mankind.

4

Tho' far remote the glorious day,
When many ages pass away;
In his own time, will God fulfil
This great decree, his gracious will.

36. S. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

WHEN God in mercy gave
His promises of grace;
He, to the sun of *Terah*, said,
Arise, and leave this place.

2

Into a country go,
Which I, to thee, do give;
It shall with milk and honey flow,
There you secure may live.

3

Abra'm obey'd his God,
And left his kindred dear;
While on the promis'd ground he trod,
The Lord made him his care:

4

And thus to him he said,
To thee I now make known
The grace and mercy I've decreed
In my beloved Son.

5

Lo, from thy loins shall rise,
A Branch, a tender shoot,
Its tow'ring top shall reach the skies,
And bend to earth with fruit.

6

All nations shall be blest,
In *Christ*, thy seed to come;
Jesus shall give his people rest,
In his eternal home.

37. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The message of the Angels to the shepherds.

WHAT sudden glories did surprise
Shepherds who watch'd their fold;
A heav'nly form salutes their eyes,
Array'd in shining gold!

2

'Twas night, and gloomy darkness hung
Over the lands afar;
Shepherds in pensive numbers sung,
Or watch'd the twinkling star.

3

Deep musing on the prophecies
Of glories then to come;
With glimm'ring hopes and longing eyes,
They of *Messiah* sung.

4

But Lo! the long expected day
Salutes their wishful eyes;

While heav'nly grace makes a display,
Which strikes them with surprise.

5

Trembling they stand, as in amaze,
To see the vision bright;
They steadfast on the angel gaze,
While wrapt in silent night.

6

August the words, which silence break,
And charming to their ears;
While all their tremblings them forsake,
And they forget their fears.

7

Behold! the tidings which we bring,
To you of heav'nly grace;
Is of your long expected King,
The *Savior* of your race!

8

Today is born in *Bethlehem*,
The long expected Light,
To rule the *New Jerusalem*,
And turn to day the night.

38. S. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

SWEET visions from the Lord,
The *shepherds* did behold;
Celestial angels brought them word,
And to the *shepherds* told:

2

Glad tidings we declare,
Of joys, to all mankind;
The sign to see you may prepare,
In *Bethl'em* you will find,

3

Jesus, your Lord and King,
 His mother *Mary* by;
 Then did the heav'nly concert sing,
 And praises fill'd the sky.

4

God's glory they unite
 With his good will and grace;
 Extensive as his boundless might,
 O'er all the human race.

39. L. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

WHILE *shepherds* watch'd their wand'ring
 sheep,
 In shades of night, estrang'd from sleep,
 A shining angel did appear,
 Which fill'd the *shepherds'* hearts with fear.

2

But soon the angel silence broke,
 And glory beamed as he spoke,
 Fear not (said he) behold I bring
 Glad tidings! Hallelujah sing!

4

This day is born the holy Word;
 The *Savior*, who is *Christ* the Lord;
 The news shall spread from pole to pole,
 A healing balm for ev'ry soul.

4

And this to you a sign shall be,
 In *Bethl'em* you the babe shall see,
 In swaddling bands, all meanly clad,
 And gently in a manger laid.

5

He spake; and lo! a heav'nly choir
 Began to raise their voices high'r;

Glory to God! good will to men!
Messiah's kingdom ne'er shall end!

40. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Behold what manner of Love, &c.

WHAT unknown love is this
 The Father hath bestow'd,
 Which makes us heirs of endless bliss,
 And living sons of God!

2

When we were aliens, lost,
 And bound in chains of sin;
 It did the blood of *Jesus* cost,
 To bring us home again.

3

How faint our mortal love
 When, Lord, compar'd with thine!
 O send thy Spirit from above,
 And give us love divine.

4

As children of thy grace,
 May we obed'ent prove;
 And sit beneath thy smiling face,
 In thy blest courts above.

41. C. M. H. BALLOU.

What God hath cleansed, that, call not thou common.
 Acts, x. 15.

WHEN God would on the *Gentiles* rise,
 In light of truth divine;
 He blest his holy servant's eyes
 With visions most sublime.

2

The *law* and *prophets* open'd were,
 While he the vision saw:

The covenant of grace was there,
Descending from the law.

3

Like to a vessel that contain'd
The *Gentile* and the *Jew*;
All that the promises had nam'd,
Presented were to view.

4

What God hath cleans'd is not unclean,
The vision truly saith;
Knowledge of what these words do mean
Enlarg'd th' apostle's faith.

42. C. M. H. BALLOU.

By grace are ye saved, &c. Eph. ii. 3.

BY grace the great Salvation comes,
Thro' faith of *Christ*, our Lord;
Not by the works which we have done,
But by th' eternal Word.

2

The pow'r of God, in *Christ* reveal'd,
Created us anew;
And by his Holy Spirit seal'd
His children, just and true.

3

As God ordain'd that we should live
In peace and heav'nly love;
He doth his Holy Spirit give,
And comforts from above.

4

Then let us always watchful be,
T' improve the heav'nly grace,
And live from works of darkness free
And run the heav'nly race.

4

43. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

The journey of the wise men from the east.

THE prophets came from hills of light,
Thro' ages to *Jerusalem*;
A star directed them, by night,
To find the babe of *Bethlehem*.

2

Their path was laid by *Herod's* throne,
In private, he their words perus'd;
He wish'd those visitants were gone,
And their monitions all refus'd.

3

How they rejoiced in that light,
Which brought them on their shining way;
And lit on shepherds in that night
When *Jesus* in the manger lay!

4

What golden truths and spices sweet,
Are treasur'd in the prophet's word!
They lay them all at *Jesus'* feet,
And bless the mother of the Lord.

5

But kings and thrones cannot be found,
In all the shining paths of love;
In which the prophecies return'd
To *New Jerusalem* above.

6

Mad kings may vent their spite in vain,
The troubled earth with mourning fill;
But *Jesus* shall in glory reign:
The prophets all these wonders tell.

44. C. M. KNEELAND.

The Lord is my shepherd. Psalm. xxiii.

THE Lord my only shepherd is,
I want no other guide;
In pastures green he makes me feed,
Down by some water side.

2

He fills my soul with heav'nly food,
With knowledge, truth, and love;
He makes me taste of ev'ry good
Descending from above.

3

Yea, tho' I walk in shades of death,
No danger will I fear;
Since he who gave my body breath
Will be my helper there.

4

My table ev'ry day is spread,
In presence of my foes;
Thou pourest oil upon my head,
My cup it overflows.

5

Thy mercy and thy boundless love
Attend me all my days!
Then shall I dwell with God above,
And all my work be praise.

45. P. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
Supplying all my need;
In pastures ever green
He maketh me to feed:
My feet he takes
Out of the snare;

His only care
My soul he makes.

2

Yea, tho' I walk, thro' death,
No danger will I fear;
For he who gave me breath,
Attends when danger's near.

Thy staff and rod
Shall comfort me,
Whene'er I see
It 's from my God.

3

The Lord my table spreads,
In presence of my foes;
With oil anoints my head,
My cup it overflows,
Mercy and love,
Attend my days;
Then let me praise
My God above.

46. P. M. KNEELAND.

Characters of Christ.

MEDIATOR, Son of God!

Spread thy boundless love abroad.

Counsellor, the Prince of Peace!

Fill the world with truth and grace.

2

Sun of righteousness! arise!

Send thy light around the skies.

Life of all the quick and dead!

Feed our souls with living bread.

3

Leader of the halt and blind!

Raise to life the sinking mind.

Binder of the broken heart!

Grace to ev'ry soul impart.

4

Op'ner of the sealed book!
 Cause the world therein to look.
Taker of the vail away!
 Lead us to eternal day.

5

Raiser of the dead to life!
 Save the world from war and strife.
Savior of rebellious man!
 Prosecute th' eternal plan.

6

Op'ner of the prison door!
 Captive souls to light restore.
Lamb of God to finish sin!
 Bring thy work unto an end.

47. L. M. KNEELAND.

Joseph a type of Christ.

WHEN *Joseph* saw his brethren dear,
 Afflicted and in trouble sore:
 From weeping he could not forbear,
 Altho' they'd injur'd him before.

2

Yet, from them all he does refrain,
 To bring their cruel thoughts to mind;
 And while in darkness they remain,
 No peace or comfort can they find.

3

Their hearts betray'd! themselves condemn'd!
 And now for mercy they do crave;
 But little thought he was a friend,
 Who had determin'd them to save.

4

But O! how soon their sorrow fled,
 When they the name of *Joseph* hear;

When he whom they had wished dead,
For their relief, doth now appear!

5

And shall we such a brother find,
When in distress, and danger fear;
To raise to life the sinking mind,
And all our drooping spirits cheer?

6

Yes, *Jesus* is our brother, friend,
Whom once our sins have crucify'd;
Yet still he doth salvation send,
As, for our sakes, he groan'd and dy'd.

48. S. M.

KNEELAND.

God's Elect. Isa. xlii. 1—4. Eph. i. 3—7.

BEHOLD th' Elect of God!
His servant whom he chose,
To scatter light and truth abroad,
And reconcile his foes!

2

Th' Elect is *Jesus Christ*,
The head of ev'ry man;
He gives to all eternal life:
This is *Jehovah's* plan.

3

Our souls all chosen were,
In this elected head;
Before God did the heav'ns prepare,
Or earth's foundation laid.

4

With *Christ* we share a part,
In this eternal love:
He keeps our souls all nigh his heart,
And carries them above.

49. C. M.

KNEELAND.

Paternal affection. Isa. xliv. 15. liv. 5.

THO' mothers may forgetful prove,
 Of sucklings at the breast;
 Or yearning bowels cease to move
 To infants when oppress'd!

2

Yet *Jesus* ne'er forgets his bride,
 Made of his flesh and bone;
 Who dwells for ever near his side,
 And by him lives alone.

3

Altho' forsaken she hath been,
 And in a widow'd state;
 The Lord will raise her up again,
 And make her vastly great.

4

The barren shall be made to bear,
 And many children have;
 She is the Lord's peculiar care—
 He will her children save.

5

The Lord will plead in *Zion's* cause,
 Her ruin'd state will raise;
 Salvation then shall be her walls,
 And all her gates be praise.

50. C. M.

KNEELAND.

Offices of Christ.

HEAR the glad voice! *Messiah* comes!
 The *Savior* promis'd long;
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
 And ev'ry breast a song.

2

His soul is fill'd with heav'nly love,
 He breathes celestial fire;
 Possesses wisdom from above,
 Which doth his heart inspire.

3

He comes to ope the prison gates,
 The pris'ners to set free;
 He bursts away the iron grates,
 And grants them liberty.

4

He comes, from sin and moral death,
 To call our souls away;
 And to the utmost bounds of earth,
 He'll pour celestial day.

5

He comes to bind the broken heart,
 And raise the dying dead;
 His grace to ev'ry soul impart,
 And fill the poor with bread.

6

He tunes our thankful hearts to sing,
 With more than mortal lays;
 While heaven's highest arches ring,
 Reverberating praise.

51. C. M. S. STREETER.

Christ, the Salvation of the world, drawn from several
 scriptures.

BEHOLD the promises of grace,
 Fulfil'd in *Christ* the Lord;
 The covenant of *Israel's* race,
 The true and faithful *Word!*

2

God hath made bare his holy arm,
 In ev'ry nation's eye,

Thro' *Jesus Christ*, the sacred *Word*,
Who did for sinners die!

3

To raise up *Jacob's* fallen tribes
Was but a trifling thing;
God therefore gave his Son, to be
Salvation for all men.

4

And *Christ* the potent *Word's* gone forth,
In truth and righteousness;
Nor shall he e'er discouraged be,
'Till sin and sorrow cease.

5

The dark'ning clouds of doubt shall move,
While hills of guilt depart;
And ev'ry child of sorrow have
A mansion in his heart.

52. C. M. S. STREETER.

Peace the work, and quietness and assurance the effect, of
righteousness. Isa. xxxii 17- xlii. 21.

THE work of *Christ*, our righteousness,
Is joy and sacred peace;
He doth redeem us by his blood,
And save us by his grace.

2

Lo all divine perfections dwell
Harmoniously in him;
Justice and mercy both agree
To save the world from sin.

3

In works of his own righteousness,
The Lord is pleased well;
His grace and love to sinful men,
Our largest thoughts excel.

4

He magnifies the law of life,
Which doth convert the soul;
And thro' the process of his grace,
Unbounded pleasures roll.

5

'Th' effect of this atoning love
Is peace and quietness;
And 'surance to believing souls;
Whom thus the Lord doth bless.

53. L. M.

S. STREETER.

Blessings of Christ's kingdom. Isaiah, xxxii. 1—4.

A KING shall reign in righteousness,
And all the kindred nations bless;
He's King of *Salem*, King of Peace,
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.

2

In him the naked soul shall find
A *hiding place* from chilling wind;
Or when the raging tempests beat,
A *covert warm*, a safe retreat.

3

In burning sands and parched ground,
He like a *river* shall be found;
Or lofty *rock*, beneath whose shade,
The weary trav'ler rests his head.

4

The dimness gone, all eyes shall see
His glory, grace, and majesty;
All ears shall hearken, and obtain
The words of life, from Christ the Lamb.

5

The sinful heart, that knew not God,
Shall understand and know his word;

And organs of the stamm'ring tongue,
Plainly accent the grateful song.

54. S. M. S. STREETER.

Christ fairer than men. Psalm xlv. 1, 2.

CELESTIAL Pow'r above,
Impart thy holy fire,
And fill my soul with heav'nly love,
While I attune my lyre.

2

Help me the joyful theme
With pleasure to indite;
'The grace and glory of the Lamb,
The matchless King of Light.

3

Ten thousand times more fair
'Than all the sons of men,
Art thou, my *Savior*, and my Lord,
My everlasting Friend.

4

Into thy lips were pour'd
Celestial streams of grace;
That thou might plent'ously afford
To souls in keen distress.

5

God hath anointed thee
With majesty and pow'r;
And universal blessings crown
Thy reign for evermore.

6

All kindred, tongues shall be
The trophies of thy grace;
Rais'd to immortal scenes of joy,
To sing thine endless praise.

55. L. M.

S. STREETER.

Christ most mighty. Psalm xlv. 3—5.

GIRD on thy sword, most mighty Lord,
 The *spirit* of thy sacred *word*,
 With glory and with majesty,
 Thy conqu'ring love, thro' earth display.

2

In char'ots of Salvation come,
 Make ev'ry heart, thy constant home;
 Reveal thy truth and righteousness,
 And meekness to the human race.

3

A blood-stain'd arrow from thy bow,
 Shall lay the haughty tempter low;
 E'en *carnal mind*, thine enemy;
 Then shall the people follow thee.

4

Then shall all things below, above,
 The sceptre of thy kingdom love;
 And by remembrance of thy grace,
 Conspire to shout thy highest praise.

— — —

56. P. M.

S. STREETER.

A lively hope produced by Christ's death and resurrection
 1 Tim. ii. 6. Heb. ii. 9. 1 Pet. i. 3.

BEFORE the earth was form'd
 Or beaut'ous order shone,
 Salvation's plan was laid
 In God's eternal Son,
 Who shed his renovating blood,
 To reconcile all things to God.

2

He, by peculiar grace,
 Did die for ev'ry man;
 Each mortal did embrace
 In his eternal plan;
 And as the whole creation's head,
 His universal love display'd.

3

While in a servant's form,
 He dwelt in humble clay;
 Tho' ridicul'd in scorn,
 How does the *Savior* pray?
 "Father a full forgiveness shew,
 For lo! they know not what they do."

4

Nor when in realms above,
 Where deathless glories shine,
 Does he curtail his love
 Or lessen his design.
 He is thro' endless years the same,
 Most gracious *Savior* of all men.

5

Yea, a most lively hope,
 Did our Redeemer give;
 When *glory's* gates he op'd,
 That we thro' him might live:
 Behold, the laurell'd Conqu'ror comes,
 Victorious, from the silent tomb!

6

Nor can the grave control
 One member of this *Head*:
 To raise to life each soul,
 The dear Redeemer bled.
 The Spirit which he spreads abroad
 Will reconcile the world to God.

57. P. M. H. BALLOU.

Of the Messiah.

COME, let us raise our voices high,
Jesus to praise, who came to die,
 And bought our lives with blood;
 O may our God his grace impart,
 And love divine fill ev'ry heart
 With pure substantial good.

2

All earthly vanities be gone!
 While we pursue the heav'nly song,
 May glory be our aim;
 May knowledge shew our zeal the way,
 With joy we'll travel all the day,
 In hope of heav'nly gain.

3

Jesus, the name, the dearest name,
 The tallest angel dares not claim,
 Nor seraph call his own;
 Thrones, pow'rs, dominions, all must bend,
 When they before their Author stand,
 Or wait before his throne.

4

All pow'r committed to his hands,
 A Prophet, King, and Priest, he stands,
 Judge, Advocate, in one;
 This name a *Savior* sure must mean,
 To save his people from their sin,
 And for the same atone.

5

But O, the glories of the plan,
 The wisest angel tries to scan,
 And tunes his lyre to praise—
 May we in concert all combine,
 And in the heav'nly chorus join,
 While love inspires the lays.

6

Further dare not presume to go,
 Of the Eternal, think nor know,
 But as in him reveal'd;
 He is our radiant morning star,
 Our noon day sun, bright, shining far,
 Nor is his light conceal'd.

7

If brighter grows the vision fair,
 And wonders rise, beyond compare,
 And we astonish'd stand;
 When music loses all her pow'r,
 Still we may gaze, and still adore,
 And feel our hearts expand.

58. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Christ the Lord our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6. xxxiii. 16.

CHRIST is our righteousness,
 And our salvation made;
 He is our glorious wedding dress,
 We need not be afraid.

2

Our filthy garments all,
 We now may lay aside;
 And listen to his gracious call,
 'Tis to his lovely bride;

3

Her garment to put on,
 Which covers all her sin,
 That she the heav'nly race may run,
 And crowns of glory win.

4

O may this heav'nly grace,
 A wedding garment prove,

To each of *Adam's* guilty race,
In the blest courts above.

59. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

CHRIST is *The Lord our Righteousness*,
And our *Salvation* sure;
He is our spotless *Wedding Dress*,
A garment clean and pure.

2

This royal robe did God provide
For *Adam's* guilty race;
For this our *Savior*, groan'd and dy'd;
O what surprising grace!

3

Was all the wealth of *India* mine,
And crowns of royal state;
The shining trash I would resign,
And *Christ* my riches make.

4

This shining garment, O how bright!
What honors are its due!
It sheds around a heavenly light,
And is for ever new.

5

The church this garment shall put on,
And glory in her king;
And shining brighter than the sun,
His praises ever sing.

6

And will my Lord his mercy show,
And clothe me with his grace;
Then on from strength to strength I'll go,
'Till I behold his face.

60. S. M.

H. BALLOU.

Christ, the head of every man. 1 Cor. ix. 3.

NOT only of the *Jew*,
 Is *Christ* the living head;
 But surely of the *Gentile* too,
 Is he salvation made.

2

What heav'nly beauties shine
 In that all gracious plan,
 Where *Christ* is made, by the Divine,
 The head of ev'y man!

3

How strong the cords which bind
 The body to the *Head*;
 And they by which each member 's join'd,
 Of which the body's made!

4

The life, which is the blood,
 In active current flows;
 And from the heart, the crimson flood
 To ev'ry member goes.

5

To *Jesus* we are bound,
 By cords of love and truth;
 By him we're sought, and by him found,
 The dew drops of his youth.

6

In such an union join'd;
 No loss shall be sustain'd;
 The weakest member here shall find
 Its strength in *Christ* contain'd.

*5

61. L. M. KNEELAND.

As the body hath many members—so also is Christ.
1 Cor. xii. 12.

NOW as the body is but one,
Yet many members form the same;
So *Christ*, the *Head* of ev'ry man,
Hath many members in his frame.

2

The members all in union meet,
One body only to compose;
And life descends from *Head* to feet,
As blood through ev'ry member flows.

3

Now *Jesus* is our living *Head*,
The first-born of th' eternal plan;
The limbs, of which his body 's made;
Are nothing short of ev'ry man.

62. C. M. H. BALLOU.

I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the
will of Him that sent me. John vi. 38.

LO, from the heaven of the law
And prophets, *Jesus* came.
More pure than angels ever saw,
And of a nobler name.

2

His Father's pleasure to perform,
Was his divine employ;
To bring the sinful rebel home,
And ev'ry sin destroy.

3

Of all the Father to him gave,
Not one shall e'er be lost;

He came rebellious man to save,
Tho' his dear blood it cost.

4

And in the last, the glorious day,
He will his millions bring;
The grave to him shall yield its prey,
And death no more shall sting.

63. P. M. H. BALLOU.

Several scriptures on the kingdom of Christ.

TO *Christ* the Son, the Father spake,
Lo! ask of me, and I will make
The heathen to thy sceptre bend;
The utmost parts of all the earth
Are thine inheritance by birth,
And wide thine empire shall extend.

2

Now *Jesus* waves his sceptre high,
Unfurls his banners in the sky,
While loud the gospel trumpets sound;
His enemies with sore dismay,
Retire in haste and yield the day,
While trophies to the Lord abound.

3

Before him kings and tyrants fall,
Detest their crowns, and on him call,
And he a pardon freely gives;
The world, in sin, was dead before,
To life, the world, he will restore,
And in him all the world shall live.

4

O Lord, thy government shall be
Extended wide, from sea to sea,
And long thy sceptre thou shalt hold;

As long as sun or moon shall shine,
Thou King of all the earth shall reign,
The mysteries of thy grace unfold.

64. L. M. H. BALLOU.

He hath done all things well.

COME, let us join in sacred songs,
With sweetest music on our tongues ;
Let ev'ry voice conspire to tell,
Our *Savior* hath done all things well.

2

Under the *law* he came for us,
And for our sins was made a curse ;
He bore our crimes, which on him fell,
Our *Savior* hath done all things well.

3

The legal dispensation clos'd,
When Jesus from the dead arose ;
All righteousness he did fulfil ;
Our *Savior* hath done all things well.

4

He'll finish sin and man restore,
All creatures shall their God adore ;
The anthem long, and loud shall swell,
And say he hath done all things well.

65. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

IN union let our voices join,
And may our song excel,
In praise of Jesus, all divine,
Who hath done all things well.

2

All our infirmities he bore,
As sacred scriptures tell ;

He preach'd the gospel to the poor;
He hath done all things well.

3

Feet to the lame, eyes to the blind,
In cures he did excel;
Whether of body or of mind;
He hath done all things well.

4

He'll reconcile all things to God,
They shall no more rebel ;
Thus thro' his all atoning blood,
He will do all things well.

66. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The reign of Christ. Psalm lxxii.

JESUS his empire shall extend ;
Beneath his gentle sway,
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.

2

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest ;
We hear the noise of war no more,
He gives his people rest.

3

As rain descends in gentle show'rs,
In the returning spring ;
And calls to life each fragrant flow'r,
Which makes the turtle sing ;

4

So *Jesus* by his heav'nly grace,
Descends on man below ;
His blessings on the human race,
In gentle currents flow.

5

Long as the sun shall rule the day,
 Or moon shall cheer the night ;
 The *Savior* shall his sceptre sway,
 With uncontrolled might.

6

All that the reign of sin destroy'd
 The *Savior* shall restore ;
 And, from the treasures of the Lord;
 Shall give us blessings more.

67. P. M. H. BALLOU.

Let the blessings come on the head of Joseph.

HOW rich the blessings were,
 Which *Joseph* once receiv'd ;
 When with paternal care,
 His brethren he reliev'd !
 Not songs of spring,
 Nor autumn's joy,
 Without alloy,
 Such pleasures bring.

2

Divinest blessings press'd,
 And fill'd his heav'nly mind :
 When he himself confest,
 To be their brother kind.

O who can tell
 The sweet delight,
 That did them fill,
 And them unite ?

3

Blessings more large than these
 Shall on our *Savior* fall ;
 When he his ransom'd sees,
 And shall embrace them all ;

And, by his pow'r
Of love and grace,
Shall them restore,
To see his face.

4

He shall be satisfy'd
For all his toil and pain,
When he for sinners dy'd
That they might life obtain.

He shall behold
A num'rous seed;
That can't be told,
From bondage freed.

68. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Psalm xxiv. 7, &c.

YE prophets and apostles too,
As gates and doors, long shall ye stand ;
To guide the *Gentile* and the *Jew*,
And bring them to the promis'd land.

2

But now lift up your heads, each gate,
Ye everlasting doors give way ;
The King of Glory, all in state,
Shall enter in and bear the sway.

3

Who can this King of Glory be?
Who dare these sacred vails come nigh?
The Lord, the God of victory:
He shall ascend to glories high.

4

Now *Jesus* reigns in glory bright,
His foes lie conquer'd at his feet ;
He is our everlasting *Light*,
And all perfections in him meet.

69. L. M. H. BALLOU.

All kings shall fall down before him.

SHALL all the wicked kings, dear Lord,
 Like that of ancient *Babylon*;
 Submissive be unto thy word,
 And humbly bow before thy Son?

2

Shall *Herod* then for mercy cry,
 Who slew the babes of *Bethlehem*?
 And wilt thou raise his soul on high,
 'To dwell in thy *Jerusalem*?

3

Shall *Phar'oh* bow at mercy's throne?
 Wilt thou to him a pardon give,
 Who murdered many *Hebrew* sons?
 Shall he with these sweet martyrs live?

4

It is thy word! and 'tis thy pow'r,
 Which shall perform thy written will;
 To make the haughty kings adore,
 And all thy promises fulfil.

70. L. M. H. BALLOU.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. Isa. xl. 10, 11.

STRONG is thine hand, Almighty King,
 Thy potent arm shall rule for thee;
 Salvation, 'tis thy work to bring,
 And thy rewards are rich and free.

2

Like a kind shepherd thou wilt feed
 Thy flock, in pastures green and fair;
 To crystal fountains wilt them lead,
 And for them ev'ry good prepare.

3

Thine arm shall bear the tender lambs,
And thy soft bosom shall them warm ;
Gently will lead the teeming dams,
And shelter from the wind and storm.

4

Lord how secure thy folds may rest,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing;
In safety lean upon thy breast,
While all thy saints thy praises sing.

71. C. M. H. BALLOU.

A King shall reign in righteousness. Isa. xxxii. 1, 2, 3.

JESUS, our King, his sceptre sways,
In righteousness divine;
Princes, in judgment, 'tend his ways,
And glories in him shine.

2

This man shall be our hiding place,
A covert from the storm;
And by the riches of his grace
Secure from ev'ry harm.

3

As in a dry and barren place,
Rivers of water flow;
Jesus, the riches of his grace,
Makes fainting mortals know.

4

As a tall shadow of a rock,
Within a weary land,
Is *Jesus* to his fainting flock;
He guards them with his hand.

5

Clearness of light he will bestow,
Our dimness take away;

And make us all his goodness know,
In an eternal day.

6

There we shall hear the joyful sound,
Salvation in the Lord;
And on the fair celestial ground,
Our thankful songs record.

72. P. M. KNEELAND.

Christ triumphing over all his enemies. Philip. ii. 10.

HAIL! *King Immanuel*, at whose sway,
The lower worlds must *all* obey,
With adoration bow the knee;
For thee was *all* creation made,
Thy boundless love will *all* pervade,
From sin and sorrow *all* set free.

2

Thy cruel foes shall *all* confess,
Submit and own thy righteousness,
And cheerfully receive thy grace;
Both things in heav'n and things on earth,
And *all* that nature's given birth,
Shall then combine to sound thy praise.

3

The middle wall's partition bound,
By *Christ* shall *all* be broken down,
Between the *Gentile* and the *Jew*;
The enmity shall then be slain,
Gentiles and *Jews* made one again,
When *Christ* shall *all* things make anew.

4

As flesh and blood we *all* partake,
And *all* were made for *Jesus'* sake,
So he, also, took of the same;

That through his death he might destroy
 The sting of death and him annoy,
 By whom *all* sin and sorrow came.

5

This is the promis'd *Abra'm's* seed,
 In him we are *all* blest, indeed,
 With life, immortal, undefil'd:
 He shall deliver *all* mankind,
 Who, thro' a slavish fear of mind,
 Are kept in bondage *all* their lives.

73. P. M. KNEELAND.

To Immanuel.

DID *Christ, Immanuel*, die
 For poor rebellious men,
 To raise their souls on high
 To dwell with God again?
 O, matchless grace!
 All sin forgiv'n!
 Rejoice, ye heav'ns,
 And sing his praise!

2

All language wants a name
 For such unfathom'd love;
 This pure immortal flame
 Sprang only from above:
 This is the *Word*
 Sent from above,
 To all that love
 And own the Lord.

3

No eloquence can paint
 Or set its beauty forth;
 All language is too faint
 To speak of half its worth.

O, heav'nly Dove!
 Come, tune my heart,
 To take a part,
 And sing thy love.

4

O'erwhelm'd with love and joy,
 I ne'er shall hide my face,
 Since *Christ* doth death destroy,
 For all the human race:
 He conquers death,
 Taking the sting,
 He triumphs king
 Of all the earth.

5

O bless'd and joyful hour,
 When *Christ* our Lord shall come,
 To manifest his pow'r,
 And bring his subjects home!
 For ever blest
 We all shall be;
 Eternity
 Must tell the rest.

74. C. M. KNEELAND.

The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.
 John i. 29.

HAIL! all victorious Lamb of God,
 Which takes away the sin
 Of all the world, and by his blood
 Doth wash our conscience clean.

2

The Lamb of God, whose life we prize,
 Condemn'd sin in the flesh;
 His body gave a sacrifice,
 His all-atoning self.

3

He took the vail from *Moses'* law,
And rent the same in twain;
All men unto himself he'll draw,
No more to part again.

4

He now sends down his cheering love,
To bear our spirits up;
We hear good news, sent from above,
To animate our hope.

5

He calls us all begotten sons,
His friends, and brethren too;
He speaks of glories yet to come,
And pleasures ever new.

6

Then let us all exalt his name,
And sound aloud the lay;
Salvation to the world proclaim,
And hail the happy day.

75. L. M. KNEELAND.

The True Light, &c. John i. 9.

BEHOLD! the sun, whose cheering light
Dispels the darkness of the night;
Beams from the east his gentle rays,
And in the west his light displays!

2

So, like the sun, did *Christ* appear,
Or like the bright and morning star;
Enlight'ning all the world below,
That ev'ry man the truth may know.

3

The glorious *Sun of Righteousness*
Came down the nations all to bless,

To spread the truth from pole to pole,
And bring again the ransom'd soul.

4

The lame, the halt, the deaf, and blind,
In *Jesus* shall salvation find;
And in his name shall all confess,
The Lord is God our Righteousness.

76. L. M. KNEELAND.

The Messiah.

FROM *Jesse's* root a *Branch* did rise,
Whose fragrance fills the lofty skies;
Which spreads its leaves from pole to pole,
A healing balm for ev'ry soul.

2

The sick, the weak, the halt, and blind,
In him do aid and comfort find,
A remedy for ev'ry wound,
Or moral pain that can be found.

3

'This is the *Savior* long foretold,
Hear him, ye deaf! Ye blind, behold!
He's come to make his grace abound,
As far as sin, or death is found.

4

No sigh, nor groan, the world shall hear,
He wipes away the falling tear;
He breaketh *darkness'* pow'rful chain,
And peace eternally shall reign.

5

No more on earth shall discord rise,
Nor warriors meet with hateful eyes!
Their pointed weapons shall no more
Be wreaking with the crimson gore!

6

Long as the sun shall gild the morn,
 Or moon shall fill her silver horn,
 Or life, or being, shall remain,
 So long *Messiah's* LOVE shall reign.

77. P. M. S. STREETER.

God has spoken by his Son. Heb. i. 3.

PROSTRATE yourselves, O men,
 Before th' *Immortal One!*
 He doth his love proclaim,
 Thro' his beloved Son.

Heir of all things
 Is *Christ* the word;
 He's King of kings
 And Lord of lords.

2

Image express of God,
 Omniscient and supreme:
 His glory's radiance
 Is this Redeeming Lamb.

He's full of truth,
 And full of grace,
 And ceaseless love
 To *Adam's* race.

3

Who by the word of pow'r
 Upholding ev'ry thing,
 When by his mercy pure
 Atonement made for sin,

Ascended high
 To realms of light,
 In majesty
 And splendor bright.

4

There holy myriads stand
 Before him bend around;
 And, with enraptur'd strains,
 His highest praises sound.

He gives them streams
 Of sweet delight;
 And ever beams
 Immortal light.

78. L. M. S. STREETER.

The brightness of God's glory.

WHAT dazzling light is that which shines.
 Beaming refulgent from the east,
 Celestial splendor thro' all climes,
 And makes each child of sorrow blest?

2

It is the *Sun of Righteousness*,
 The brightness of the great I AM!
 In him *Jehovah* manifests
 His mercy, love, and grace to man.

3

He made, from darkness, light to shine;
 So in each heart of *Adam's* race,
 He beams the light of life divine,
 And comforts all in deep distress.

4

Immortal Radiance of Life !
 In brighter flames of brilliance move,
 'Till all are turn'd from sin and strife
 To sing the deathless song of love.

79. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Psalm xc.

HARK! hear the great Jehovah's word,
 To *Christ* in vision spake!
 Be thou my *Priest*; and hold my sword,
 Thy foes submissive make.

2

Thou shalt command a willing throng,
 More num'rous than the dew,
 From the prolific womb of morn;
 Such wonders shalt thou do.

3

To thee, the nations shall submit,
 And own thy sov'reign sway;
 The world shall worship at thy feet,
 And thy commands obey.

4

Rivers of life are in his way,
 He is our risen *Head*;
 Eternal life he shall display,
 When sin and death are dead.

80. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

THE Word omnific spake in love,
 (Nor can the word abortive prove)
 At my right hand shall *Jesus* sit,
 'Till all his num'rous foes submit.

2

My sceptre, well, shall grace his hand,
 He, ev'ry nation, shall command;
 My mitre on his head shall rest,
 Until the world in him is blest.

3

He shall command a willing throng,
 More num'rous than drops of morn;
 They shall in holiness excel,
 His honors in their anthems swell.

4

Rivers of life shall him supply,
 He is our *Head* exalted high;
 In him the weary nations rest;
 In him a ransom'd world is blest.

81. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Titles of Christ.

I SING the titles of my Lord,
 Recorded in his sacred word.
The bruiser of the serpent's head!
A Prophet, King, and Priest is made.

2

He is the *Nail!* his place is sure;
 A *Corner Stone!* and shall endure;
 A *Father! Brother!* and a *Friend!*
 A *Rock!* he will his church defend.

3

A *Mediator ! Prince of Life!*
 Our *Peace;* to end all sinful strife;
 He's *Judah's Lion! Mercy's Lamb!*
The Son of God! and *Son of man!*

4

Our *Second Adam!* and our *Head!*
 A *Bridegroom* to our nature made!
 This is our *Captain,* in the field,
 Exalted high, all pow'r to wield!

82. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The Blessings of the Sun.

THE flowing rays from yonder Sun,
 With pow'rs of heat and light,
 To earth's remotest bounds shall run,
 And far dispel the night.

2

All nature feels his quick'ning rays,
 And rising life appears;
 Still pouring forth exhaustless blaze,
 Still rolling round the years.

3

Thus universal good display'd,
 Proclaims a pow'r divine,
 Which hath the world and all things made,
 Which makes the sun to shine.

4

Shall less the *Sun* of Righteousness
 His light and heat display?
 Shall less the Lord the nations bless,
 With life and endless day?

83. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The coming of Christ; Or, the true Light.

BEHOLD the long expected Light!
 'Tis *Jacob's star*, and *Jesse's Root*!
 The sun itself is not so bright;
 Nor bears a tree such heav'nly fruit.

2

With spreading glories, lo ! he comes,
 And gloomy darkness flies apace;
 He's brighter than ten thousand suns,
 With beams of mercy in his face.

3

Sin, now condemn'd, shall cease to be,
 The righteous Judge shall bear the sway;
 Shall sinners set from bondage free,
 And take iniquity away.

4

Roll on, thou glorious *Star* of light,
 Display thy matchless grace abroad;
 And chase the darkness of our night,
 And bring the nations home to God.

84. L. M. KNEELAND.

Unto me every knee shall bow, &c. Isa. xiv. 23, 25. Rom.
 xiv. 11. Philip. ii, 10, 11.

TH' unchangeable *Jehovah* saith,
 I, by myself, have truly sworn;
 The word's gone forth in righteousness,
 Nor shall the sacred word return.

2

That ev'ry knee, above, below,
 Shall humbly bow before my throne:
 And ev'ry soul my truth shall know—
 In me they've life and strength alone.

3

That ev'ry tongue shall loudly sing
 To *Jesus Christ* the living Lord;
 And make the highest arches ring,
 In praises of the faithful *Word*.

4

Thus shall my name be glorify'd,
 By all in earth and heav'n above;
 In me shall ev'ry soul confide,
 And taste the streams of heav'nly love.

85. P. M.

TURNER.

The kingdom of Christ and its attendant glories.

COME sing a Savior's power,
And praise his mighty name;
His wond'rous love adore,
And chant his growing fame.

Wide o'er the world, a King shall reign;
And righteousness and peace maintain.

2

The sceptre of his grace,
He shall for ever wield;
His foes, before his face,
To strength divine, shall yield.

The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

3

His alienated sons,
By sin beguil'd, betray'd;
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made.

Such numbers shall his courts adorn,
As dew drops of the vernal morn.

4

His realm shall ever stand,
By lib'ral things upheld;
And from his bount'ous hand,
All hearts with joy be fill'd.

An universe with praise shall own
The countless honors of his throne.

86. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

Christ, the covenant of grace.

THE glorious covenant of grace
Is Christ, th' Elect of God;

A light before his people's face,
A way that's mark'd with blood.

2

The pris'ners, bound, shall freedom find,
By his almighty pow'r,
Those, who to gospel truth are blind,
Shall see, and him adore.

3

Nor shall the Lord discourag'd be,
Nor fail in mercy's way;
From sin and death, our race to free,
And bring his glorious day.

4

Then shout aloud with songs of praise,
Let love each heart inspire;
His honors in our anthems raise,
And sound his glory high'r.

87. L. M. H. BALLOU.

God is a consuming fire.

WHAT can oppose the Lord my God?
What mighty billows, or what flood?
Before his face they must retire,
For "*God is a consuming fire.*"

2

Who'll bri'rs and thorns before him place?
These furies he'll destroy by grace;
If malice rage, his flame is high'r,
For *God is a consuming fire.*

3

If floods of man's impurity,
(Tho' like the swelling of the sea)

Oppose, yet love will ne'er retire,
 For *God is a consuming fire.*

4

Should sin, with all its hateful rage,
 In this unequal war engage;
 My soul *Love's* triumphs should admire,
 For *God is a consuming fire.*

88. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The loving kindness of God.

I WOULD exalt the Lord my King,
 His boundless honor is my song;
 O could I learn my lips to sing,
 His loving kindness, O, how strong!

2

He hath forgiven all the crimes
 Of *Adam's* vast and num'rous throng;
 The pardon's wrote in blood stain'd lines;
 His loving kindness, O, how strong!

3

Our hatred he'll destroy with love,
 Will draw our hearts, by grace, along;
 And bring us to his courts above:
 His loving kindness, O, how strong!

4

When all things are to God resign'd,
 Praises shall dwell on ev'ry tongue;
 And gratitude fill ev'ry mind—
 His loving kindness, O, how strong!

89. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Gospel provisions. Isa. xxv. 6, 7, 8.

THE Lord in Zion will provide
 An universal feast;
 The ample board, extending wide,
 Shall make all people blest.

2

Marrow and fatness crown the board
 With well refined wines,
 While fresh supplies flow from the Lord,
 And ever living vines.

3

The vail that 's o'er the nations cast
 Shall be remov'd away;
 The gospel light shall shine at last,
 An everlasting day.

4

Death shall be lost in victory,
 And life triumphant rise;
 Thus ends the gospel mystery
 That makes the nations wise.

90. L. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The same.

THE Lord in *Zion* will prepare
 An everlasting, boundless feast;
 And ev'ry soul is welcome there,
 And made a happy, joyful guest.

2

Marrow and fatness here abound,
 Wines well refin'd upon their lees;
 Here everlasting fruits are found,
 On living vines, and heav'nly trees.

3

Here God will rend the vail of night,
That cloud, that broods on earth and time;
And pour his everlasting light
On ev'ry soul, thro' ev'ry clime.

4

Death, an eternal death, shall die,
Eternal life triumphant prove;
Tears, it shall wipe from ev'ry eye,
And from the earth rebuke remove.

91. C. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

WHAT joyful tidings do I hear?

It is the voice of love;

Rivers of gospel grace appear,

Descending from above.

3

Lo, on the mountains of the law,

The heav'nly dew distils!

Which prophets, at a distance, saw

Run from those sacred hills.

3

And in this mount the Lord shall make

An universal feast;

Each living soul with joy partake,

And be a welcome guest.

4

The table shall be widely spread,

With well refined wine;

Our souls shall all be richly fed,

And all in concert join.

5

The vail of darkness now o'er cast,
 Upon the creature's mind;
 The Lord will take away at last,
 And all the truth shall find.

6

“ His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye;
 And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
 And death itself shall die.”

22. L. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Invitation.

COME, fellow sinners, come away,
 Behold the fast declining sun!
 No longer in the market stay,
 'Tis time our labors were begun.

2

O be not faithless in the Lord—
 Whate'er is right we shall receive;
 If we but hearken to his word,
 He will immortal treasures give.

3

Lord, in thy vineyard we appear,
 To labor in the works of love;
 O may we be thy mercy's care,
 Nor from thy precepts ever rove.

4

And when thy lab'ers all come home,
 May no one vain or envious be:
 Nor fault what boundless grace has done,
 In setting man, from bondage, free.

93. S. M.

KNEELAND.

Christ the living vine. John xv. 1, 2.

JESUS, The Living Vine,
 Sprung from th' eternal root,
 Is pouring forth the living wine,
 From his celestial fruit.

2

God is the husbandman,
 Who does this vineyard own;
 The *Vine* is reared by his hand,
 And in him lives alone.

3

The branches are mankind,
 As nature gave them birth;
 The good and bad together join'd
 Producing pain and mirth.

4

The earthly branch of man,
 Whose fruit will soon decay,
 Must yield unto the pruning hand,
 Which takes the branch away.

5

But ev'ry branch of love,
 Which heav'nly fruit doth bear,
 That it may still more fruitful prove,
 He nourishes with care.

94. P. M.

KNEELAND.

Invitation of Christ. Matth. xi. 28—30.

JESUS calls, I will adore him,
 Cheerfully his name record—
 Sinners, come, and fall before him;
 Trust in his eternal word.

He is *Christ* the blessed *Savior*,
 Sent from God to guilty men;
 To bestow on them this favor,
 All to live with God again.

2

Hither all ye weary trav'lers,
 Heavy laden sinners come;
 He'll release you from your labors,
 Kindly take your spirits home:
 He will give you life eternal,
 He will give you peace and joy;
 Nothing ever shall disturb you,
 While you are in his employ.

3

Hark! he saith to guilty sinners,
 Take my yoke and learn of me;
 I'll assist the young beginners,
 Make their souls from bondage free:
 Take my yoke, thou waud'ring stranger,
 Bear the same with sweet delight;
 I'll deliver you from danger,
 Grace shall make the burden light.

4

Jesus, help us now in coming,
 Joyfully t'obey thy will;
 From our sins, we would be running,
 'Till we reach to *Zion's* hill:
 Take our souls, dear blessed *Savior*,
 Mould them to a heav'nly frame;
 We shall never lose our labor,
 When we work in Jesus' name.

95. S. M. KNEELAND.

Invitation of the gospel. Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

LET ev'ry ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice;

The gospel trumpet loudly sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2

Ho! ye that starve for food,
By feeding on the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly good
To fill an empty mind;

3

Eternal love has made
A soul reviving feast;
And bids the world, of ev'ry grade,
The rich provision taste.

4

Ye that for water pant,
And pine away and die;
Here you may satisfy your wants
With springs that never dry.

5

Here wine and milk are free
To ev'ry thirsty soul;
No money will demanded be,
But Jesus gives the whole.

6

Why do you spend your time,
And money all for nought?
Come, and partake of milk and wine,
Which *Christ, Immanuel*, bought.

96. P. M. KNEELAND.

The Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 10, 39—41. Isa. lii. 3.

HARK! hear the heav'nly sound!
The gospel trumpets blow:
Let earth's remotest bound
The joyful tidings know.
The jubilee
Is surely come;

Return ye, home,
Ye pris'ners, free.

2

Praise ye the Lamb of God,
Adore his glorious name;
Salvation, by his blood,
'Thro' all the world proclaim:

The jubilee
Is surely come;
Return ye, home.
Ye pris'ners, free.

3

Ye, who have sold, by sin,
The joys of heav'n above,
Shall have them back again,
But all by Jesus' love;

The jubilee
Is surely come;
Return ye, home,
Ye pris'ners, free.

4

Ye sinners, one and all,
Come, and this grace receive;
For Jesus now doth call,
His pardon freely gives:

The jubilee
Is surely come;
Return ye, home,
Ye pris'ners, free.

5

Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Doth full atonement make;
Be wash'd in his own blood,
And of his grace partake:

The jubilee
Is surely come;
Return ye, home,
Ye pris'ners, free.

97. C. M. KNEELAND.

Fountain Opened.

BEHOLD the fountain, crimson flood!
To wash away our stains;
This fountain is the *Savior's blood*,
Drawn from his precious veins!

2

This fountain is a *sea of love*,
With neither shore nor bound;
And while therein our spirits move,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

3

Thy precious blood, dear dying Lamb,
Shall never lose its pow'r;
'Till sinners all be freed from pain,
And sav'd, to sin no more.

4

E'er since I bathed in the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Unbounded love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

98. P. M. KNEELAND.

Parody on Watts. Psalm 50.

THE God of glory sends his mandate forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;

From east to west, the sov'reign orders fly,
 Thro' distant lands and realms below the sky.
The gospel sounds; propitious heav'n rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
voices.

2

No more shall sinners mock the day of grace,
 His brightest works shall shine in Jesus' face;
 From heav'n he comes ; behold ! his love is
 nigh ;

Celestial fire attends him down the sky:
When God appears, all nature shall adore
him,

To own his grace, fall worshipping before him.

3

Behold my cov'nant stands, for ever good;
 I give you life; the promise's seal'd with blood:
 It is all, the Gentile and the Jew;
 For Jesus shed his precious blood for you,
There's no distinction here, join all your voi-
ces,

And raise your cheerful heads, for heav'n re-
joices.

4

Nor bond nor free, your lives are bought with
 blood,

The diff'rent sexes, all alike in God;
 And being *Christ's*, you are all *Abraham's*
 seed;

In him your souls are richly blest indeed.

*All chosen were, in Christ, before creation,
And now he comes to give you full Salvation.*

99. C. M. S. STREETER.

The blessings of the gospel. Matth. xi. 5.

WHAT glorious tidings do I hear,
From my Redeemer's tongue !
I can no longer silence bear ;
I'll burst into a song !

2

The blind receive their sight again,
The lame can walk abroad ;
The foulest leper 's washed clean,
The deaf can hear the word.

3

The dead are rais'd to life anew,
By renovating grace ;
The glorious gospel 's preach'd to you,
The poor of *Adam's* race.

4

O, wond'rous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from wo the sinking mind,
To reign in realms above!

5

Employ, my soul, thy noblest pow'rs,
In praising *Christ* the Lamb,
There ne'er was grace like this before—
Hosannah to his name!

100. L. M. S. STREETER.

The rejoicing of the wilderness. Isa. xxxv. 1,2.

LO! how the holy prophets feel,
 While *Shiloh's* blessings they survey:
 With wond'ring rapture they beheld
 The glories of the gospel day!

2

The glowing theme inflam'd their hearts,
 When first the *morning star* did rise;
 But lo, the noon-tide beams so bright,
 Their souls are wrapt in sweet surprise!

3

The wilderness of sinful men,
 Whose boughs were dry, whose trunks were
 dead,
 Which has in shades of sorrow mourn'd,
 Is now in vernal glory clad.

4

Lo, how the op'ning buds expand!
 Their hidden beauties to disclose;
 E'en all the with'ered shrubs are glad;
 They bud and blossom like the rose!

5

Perfumes more fragrant than the spring,
 With ev'ry passing zephyr rise;
 And blooming boughs their odors send,
 From grateful clusters, to the skies.

6

Symphonious songs re-echo round,
 In notes more sweet than philomel;
 And tongues from mournful silence loos'd,
 The turtle's voice doth now excel.

101. C. M. S. BALLOU.

The opening of the prophecies.

LONG did our God his plan conceal
 From all except a few;
 To whom he did his will reveal,
 And his salvation shew.

2

They spoke of things that were to be,
 Which did and do appear;
 The world was blind, and could not see,
 Was deaf, and could not hear.

3

Those holy men did long foretell
 The bright, the gospel day;
 When light and truth with us should dwell,
 And take our sins away.

102. P. M. S. BALLOU.

The coming of Christ.

GOD caus'd his light to shine
 In certain men of old,
 Who, in the light divine,
 Of our salvation told.
 The rest were deaf, were blind, and dead,
 To all the holy prophets said.

2

But when the years had run,
 Of which the prophets spoke;
 God sent his holy Son
 To give a deadly stroke
 To all that may be term'd the foes
 Of truth and life and sweet repose.

3

Just as it had been said,
The hungry, lame, and deaf,
The blind, the sick, and dead,
All found in him relief.

He is the light, in which we see
Our happy immortality.

103. P. M. S. BALLOU.

Prophecy.

GOD reveal'd his great salvation
To his prophets; first, we find;
They declar'd it to their nation,
But the people's hearts were blind:
Spoke of *Shiloh* the *Messiah*,
How the Jews should him condemn;
By their hands he should expire,
For declaring truth to them.

2

To the *Gentiles* should be given,
Consolation from on high:
Faith and hope, the gifts of heaven,
While the Jews in darkness lie—
Tho' the Jews seem quite forsaken,
Destitute of faith and love;
In due time, they shall be taken,
To the marriage feast above.

104. S. M. TURNER.

The sound of the Gospel trumpet to a perishing sinful
world: Collected from sundry texts.

HEAR what a Savior's voice,
To sinners, does proclaim,
"O all ye ransom'd souls, rejoice,
In your Redeemer's name!"

2

Where sin and death have reign'd,
 And all their power employ'd;
 There is his truth and light maintain'd,
 And heav'nly truth enjoy'd.

3

The needy starving poor
 Are fill'd with living bread;
 The op'ning of the prison door
 Proclaims the captive freed.

4

The thirsty, panting soul,
 That longs for springs of grace,
 Behold celestial waters roll,
 And floods of righteousness.

5

My God, my Savior too,
 I would thy love proclaim;
 Partake of what is brought to view,
 And sing thy glorious name.

105. L. M. *TURNER.*

The Lord is my Shepherd. Psalm xxviii.

THE Lord our shepherd feeds his flock,
 And shades them with the tow'ring rock;
 Our God provides each heav'nly good,
 And fills our souls with lasting food.

2

Where pastures grow in living green,
 And spread a rich and flowing scene;
 There do we rest, when toil o'ercomes,
 Inhaling all the sweet perfumes.

3

Where waters of salvation flow,
 To cheer the humble vale below

There doth our Shepherd kindly guide,
And for our parching thirst provide.

4

When from this fold we ever stray,
He marks our wand'ring devious way;
Reclaims our souls to blissful rest,
And brings us leaning on his breast.

5

The tender lambs, too prone to trace
The path of sin's dark wilderness;
He gathers safely with his arm,
And, in his bosom, shields from harm.

6

Shepherd and Bishop of my soul,
O make thy wounded servant whole!
Continue all thy gifts of love,
'Till I shall reach thy fold above.

106. C. M. KNEELAND.

Trusting in a Savior.

}

NOW I'll repine at death no more,
Since Jesus for me di'd;
He will my wand'ring feet restore;
He is my only guide.

2

He found me lost and gone astray,
Astray from his dear flock;
He took my feet from miry clay,
And plac'd them on a rock.

3

He found me filthy, all in sin,
And far from righteousness;
He spilt his blood to wash me clean;
Took off my filthy dress;

4

And cloth'd me with salvation sure;
 Took scales from both mine eyes;
 In him I see a Savior pure,
 Who hearkens to my cries.

107. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those
 who bring good tidings.

ON *Zion's* heav'nly hills they stand,
 Who preach a *Savior's* grace;
 Who recommend fair *Canaan's* land,
 And glories of the place.

2

How beauteous are their willing feet,
 And all their raiment white!
 There *Zion's* watchmen joyful meet,
 On the fair hills of light.

3

With silver trumpets they proclaim
 Salvation in the Lord:
 They love to speak of Jesus' name,
 And preach his faithful word.

4

Then let the ministers of peace,
 With joy and zeal unite;
 And in the gospel-work increase;
 Be faithful day and night.

108. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The invitation of the Gospel.

SEE Jesus stand with open arms!
 Sinners, behold your Lord!
 May hearts of stone melt at his charms,
 Or break beneath his word.

2

The Lord is come, and calls for thee,
 In accents soft and mild;
 O sinner! unto Jesus flee;
 Thou art his ransom'd child.

3

Depart from ev'ry sinful way,
 And seek the paths of peace;
 And faithful watch, and faithful pray,
 For sanctifying grace.

4

Nor shall your prayers be long in vain,
 The vict'ry you shall win;
 You, *Canaan's* promis'd land, shall gain,
 And songs of glory sing.

109. C. M.

S. STREETER.

The garment of salvation. Gen. iii. 21, Isa. lxi. 10.

LO, what a brilliant type, divine,
 Of our Redeemer's grace,
 Did unto *Eve* and *Adam* shine,
 Removing their distress!

2

Behold, a tatter'd robe they form,
 A fig leaf for their dress;
 Which cannot shield them from the storm,
 Nor hide their nakedness!

3

But God to them in love appears,
 A better garment brings,
 And like a parent dries their tears;
 He clothes them both with skins.

4

So did the *Lord our righteousness*
 Behold the sons of men,
 Trembling within a filthy dress,
 Which ne'er could hide their shame.

5

His bowels of compassion mov'd
 On such poor worms as they;
 And left the lucid court above,
 To put their sins away.

6

The spotless robe he did bestow,
 Of his own righteousness;
 And cloth'd them with salvation too—
 This is their wedding dress.

110. P. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The voice of Love from the valley of humiliation. Learn of
 me, for I am meek, &c.

HARK a glad voice, from yonder dale,
 Sweet whispers, in the fanning gale;
 With joy I hear, and gladly hail,
 The peaceful voice of love.
 Soft murm'ring streams of grace supreme,
 And light's celestial radiance beams,
 All adding glory to the scene,
 My drooping senses greatly cheer,
 My thoughts are rais'd above.

2

Adieu, ye toys of earth and time!
 Ye can no more my thoughts confine;
 My heav'nly lover's grace is mine;
 My soul can want no more.
 Enchanting pow'rs of love divine,
 And each immortal grace combine,

My grosser passions to confine;
 Immortal glory fills my soul—
 My Jesus I adore.

3

Not all the treasures of *Peru*,
 Nor polish'd gems that ancients knew,
 Have half the beauties in my view,
 As God's eternal Son.
 Not all the pleasures of the spring,
 Nor all the sweets the zephyrs bring,
 Nor all the notes the songsters sing,
 Can so delight my soul with joy
 As Jesus doth alone.

4

More free than limpid streams that pass,
 Cool murm'ring 'mong the flow'ry grass,
 Invite the thirsty as they pass,
 Does *Christ* my soul invite;
 Nor doth the grass in time of show'r,
 Nor bee that sucks the honey flow'r,
 Nor weary swain beneath the bow'r,
 Receive new life so soon as I,
 Whom Jesus doth delight.

5

May I, when time with me is o'er,
 And I behold the sun no more,
 In yonder world to come, adore
 My Jesus and my King.
 May *Adam's* num'rous throng, at last,
 When sighs, and tears, and woe are past,
 When in obliv'on sin is cast,
 Rais'd on the rainbow of his love,
 His praise in glory sing.

111. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The heavenly Lover.

ALL earthly lovers, now adieu!

I feel a heav'nly flame;

My gracious lover I'll pursue,

And glory in his name.

2

He's purer than the morning light,

More fragrant than the rose;

His sacred name is all delight,

His love is my repose.

3

Ye carnal herds of nymphs and swains,

Pursue your mortal love;

I know, I feel a purer flame

For him who rules above.

4

His grace is life and peace divine,

His love is heav'n within;

His condescension made him mine,

And me he calls his queen.

5

He'll raise me to his throne above,

And make his kingdom mine;

'There, in the fulness of his love,

I shall in glory shine.

6

'There on the cooling water side,

Where music never dies,

Eternal zephyrs gently glide,

And beauty charms mine eyes.

7

In soft embraces of his love,

By heav'n's eternal charms;

My soul in gratitude shall move,
While safe in *Jesus'* arms.

8

And in this bliss shall I remain,
While endless years shall roll;
Immortal light my eyes sustain,
And glory fills my soul.

112. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The Rose of Sharon.

THE Rose of *Sharon* we behold,
And lilies deck'd with flaming gold;
Fair emblems of that purity,
Which, Lord, for ever dwells in thee.

2

As apple-trees among the thorns,
Is our dear Lord among the sons;
No wood that grows can ever be
Compared with this *apple-tree*.

3

I sit beneath his cooling shade,
And sweet to me his fruit is made;
While richest wines the banquet grace,
My soul is charm'd with *Jesus'* face.

4

His banner over me is love,
His tenderness of soul I prove;
I have resign'd to him my heart,
Dear Lord, O may we never part.

113. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The Banquet.

STAY me with flagons, dearest Lord,
(The comforts of thy holy word)

Apples of gold in pictures wrought,
From the fair tree of knowledge brought.

2

With thy right hand, support me still,
And all thy promises fulfil;
While on thy left, my head I lean,
May all thy beauties, Lord, be seen.

3

Now my beloved's voice I hear,
(I bid farewell to ev'ry fear)
On the fair hill of love and truth,
All glorious in immortal youth.

4

The hart or roe is not so fleet,
As *Jesus* flies, my soul to meet;
Now thro' the types of heav'nly grace,
He shews the beauties of his face.

114. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Blessings of the Gospel.

RIVERS from Jesus flow,
And bright prophetic streams;
There trees of life immortal grow,
And light effulgent beams.

2

Leaves from those trees shall heal
The nations of their woe;
Sinners the living balsam feel,
And up to *Zion* go.

3

Thus from the house of God,
Waters were seen to flow;
And, like the all-atoning blood,
Give health where'er they go.

9

4

Behold the spicy hills,
 And ever living groves!
 Their pleasant fruit the hungry fills,
 And truth spontaneous grows.

115. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock!

JESUS is knocking at the door,
 His locks are wet with dew;
 He brings salvation to the poor;
 Sinners, there's life for you.

2

Open the door and he'll come in,
 And feast you on his store;
 Will cleanse you from your guilt and sin;
 Open, to Christ, the door.

3

Or is thy heart so cold and hard,
 And to thy welfare blind;
 Have you the door against him barr'd,
 That heav'nly friend so kind!

4

Then longer strive thy husks to eat,
 And serve in barren lands;
 Till hunger drives you to his feet,
 To fall upon his hands.

116. L. M. KNEELAND.

The bread of Life. John vi. 55, 56, 63.

NOW let us here enjoy the sign
 That we are all the sons of God;

And represent, by bread and wine,
The holy flesh and holy blood.

2

Jesus has said, My flesh is meat;
My crimson blood is drink indeed;
And he that takes my flesh to eat,
From sin and sorrow shall be freed.

3

Except ye eat my living flesh,
Except ye drink my vital blood,
Ye're destitute of righteousness,
The only living bread of God.

4

But lit'ral flesh and lit'ral blood
Do profit not, but gender strife;
The words I speak are living bread,
For they are spirit, and are life.

5

Give us, O Lord, this living bread,
Refresh our souls with living wine;
With truth and grace may all be fed,
Until they're fill'd with love divine.

117. C. M. KNEELAND.

The Bread and Wine, an emblem of the Church.

BEHOLD the wine! behold the bread!

Which *Jesus* bless'd and brake;
On which his foll'wers richly fed,
Was broken for our sake.

2

According to his sacred word,
We taste the bread and wine;
And thus we see the church of God,
United and combin'd.

3

The wheat that once was in the field,

Growing in nature's chaff;
Unto the reaper's hand did yield,
And form the solid mass.

4

The grapes that hung upon the vine,
In clusters richly great;
Have poured forth their mingled wine,
Of which we now partake.

5

The bread, the wine, of many made,
Do now appear but one;
Nor high, nor low; but to one grade
The particles belong.

6

So *Christ* our Lord, the living bread,
The head of ev'ry man;
His church, of ev'ry man, is made,
Which forms th' eternal plan.

118. L. M. KNEELAND.

The Provisions of the Gospel.

LORD, we adore thy bount'ous hand,
Which spread for us this solemn feast;
The riches of thy gospel stand
Open, to every willing guest.

2

The cup is fill'd with living wine,
Press'd from celestial fruits above;
And flows to man in every clime,
In streams of everlasting love.

3

The tree of life upwith'ring stands,
Whose fruit is everlasting bread:
And (yielding to divine commands)
Our souls have been most richly fed.

4

The leaves of this celestial tree
 Shall all the guilty nations heal;
 From sin and death, shall all set free,
 No more the pow'r of death to feel.

5

Then, O my soul, adore and praise
 Your God, who doth these blessings bring;
 Attune your harps to heav'nly lays,
 And shout hosannas to your King.

6

[The tree of life is *Christ* the Lord,
 Who came to save our guilty race;
 The fruit is his eternal word,
 The leaves are his restoring grace:

7

By these shall human nature live,
 In union joined all as one;
 This is the life which God did give,
 To us, in Jesus Christ his Son.]

119. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The Love of God.

HOW vast the love of God,
 To sinful, dying men;
 Reveal'd to us thro' Jesus' blood,
 To save the world from sin!

2

With ink should rivers flow,
 It would exhaust each stream,
 The fulness of his love to show,
 To lost and wretched men.

3

'Tis broader than the sea,
 'Tis higher than the sky;

From sin this love has set me free,
That I shall never die.

4

Richer than *India's* shore;
No price can equal love;
'Tis heaven's best and richest store.
And flows from God above.

120. C. M. *II. BALLOU.*

Communion.

COMMUNION with our friends is sweet;
And 'tis a lovely time,
When brethren in sweet friendship meet;
Their pleasure is divine.

2

Here *Jesus* sits ; with love he smiles;
And drives our wants away;
He ev'ry sorrow now beguiles;
He'll ev'ry grief repay.

3

With flagons of his heav'nly wine,
He pledges ev'ry friend;
His grace with brightest lustre shines;
His grace each guest defends.

4

When shall we reach the courts above,
Where brethren never part;
Communing in that perfect love,
Which fills each joyful heart.

121. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The Death of Christ for sin.

O SINNER, turn thine eyes,
Behold, upon the tree.

In agony, the *Shiloh* dies!
From sin to set thee free!

2

How well he lov'd thy soul!
Nor from thee will depart;
Tho' floods of sorrow o'er him roll,
And pierce his bleeding heart.

3

His love, more strong than death,
He brav'd the mighty flood,
And yielded up his prayerful breath,
To bring thy soul to God.

4

O, now rebuke thy heart,
Unless repentance flows!
From sin, of ev'ry name, depart,
Since Jesus for thee rose.

122. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The Sufferings of Christ.

WHAT was the wormwood and the gall,
My Jesus drank for me;
To pay a ransom for my soul,
And set his ransom'd free?

2

'Twas hatred in return for love,
And wrath for mercy shown;
They gall and wormwood to him prove,
A grief before unknown.

3

How was my soul by this redeem'd,
Or set at liberty?
Or why is *Christ* by me esteem'd?
Why must I grateful be?

4

My *Savior* drank the Jordan dry,
 My hatred did remove;
 I to the arms of mercy fly,
 And give him all my love.

123. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The Crown of Thorns.

A CROWN of thorns the *Savior* wore,
 When he for sin a ransom paid;
 When our iniquities he bore,
 And glorious reconciliation made.

2

But diadems of glory bright,
 Encircle now his sacred head;
 The centre of eternal light,
 And first born trophy from the dead.

3

In room of thorns, see sparkling gems,
 And polish'd rubies, bright and fair;
 More glorious than what eastern kings,
 Or earthly monarchs ever wear.

4

The praises of his ransom'd throng
 Is the rich crown, the *Savior* wears;
 And thankful notes, rais'd in their song,
 Are brighter than ten thousand stars.

124. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The Bruiser of the Serpent's head.

THE *Savior* did our sorrows feel,
 (The serpent raging at his heel)
 His flesh consum'd in wo and strife,
 For us a ransom gave his life.

2

He bore our griefs and sorrows too,
 And prov'd the prophets' doctrine true,
 That we might trust our all in him,
 Who doth redeem from death and sin.

3

A glorious victory he wrought,
 The serpent's kingdom: brought to nought,
 Hath bruis'd the head of *carnal mind*,
 And doth each raging passion bind.

4

He draws the soul with cords of love,
 And makes us all his mercy prove;
 He gives the fulness of his grace.
 And lights on us, his smiling face.

5

I would devote to him my all,
 On him for aid would constant call;
 Would think no sacrifice too large,
 Could I my grateful debt discharge.

125. L. M. KNEELAND.

Christ's compassion for his persecutors. Luke xxiii. 24.

BEHOLD the man! the *Sent* of God,
 The image of th' Eternal name;
 Who came to bear our heavy load
 Of sin and darkness, guilt and shame!

2

Behold him in his humble state!
 To virtue, only, then inclin'd;
 No king nor prophet half so great;
 No earthly parent half so kind.

3

But envy, that old cruel foe
To all the good that's found in man.
Sought all his works to overthrow,
And thus destroy th' eternal plan.

4

Malice and rage, in league combin'd,
Pursu'd him even to the grave;
Yet nought against him could they find,
Except, *he came the world to save!*

5

They clothed him in purple gore,
With platted thorns his head was crown'd;
With knotty whips his flesh they tore,
Altho' no fault in him was found.

6

But it behoved him to die,
That he the love of God might shew;
"Father forgive them," was his cry,
"Because they know not what they do."

126. S. M. KNEELAND.

The suffering of Christ.

See on mount Calvary!
Upon the fatal wood;
The *man* who gave his life for me,
And shed his precious blood!

2

If Jesus lov'd me so,
When I was yet in sin;
He's willing I the truth should know,
To make my conscience clean.

3

This love more strong than death,
 In Jesus ever flows ;
 By this he spent his dying breath
 In praying for his foes.

4

Can he who lov'd me thus,
 When I was yet his foe,
 Be ever made to love me less
 By seeing all my wo?

5

No: this can never be
 With him who reigns above:
 For he must love eternally,
 Or ne'er be said to love!

127. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The Garden and Cross.

COME, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 While we the *cross* and *garden* view;
 Where Jesus groan'd, where Jesus bled,
 And where he bow'd his sacred head.

2

For man he groan'd, for man he di'd,
 By man betray'd, by man deny'd;
 In death he bore our sins and wos,
 And glorious from the dead arose.

3

Rejoice, ye saints, and dry your tears,
 The Lord, in triumph, now appears;
 No more he groans, no more he dies,
 Behold him with rejoicing eyes!

4

Now farewell garden, farewell cross!
 You've purg'd our nature from its dross;

A crown of glory, now we gain—
With Jesus we shall ever reign.

128. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The Man of Sorrow.

WHAT Man of sorrow and of grief,
Beset with foes around,
Do I behold! for whom relief,
On earth, cannot be found?

2

The spiteful Jews and Roman bands,
Now lift him up on high;
With nails they pierce his bleeding hands;
He prays—O, see him die!

3

Father forgive, he cry'd aloud,
And yielded up his breath;
His head, in anguish, humbly bow'd—
He sleeps in silent death.

4

It is the Lamb of God, indeed!
For sin, an off'ring made;
By him we are from bondage freed;
Our ransom he has paid.

129. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Christ on the Cross.

WITH sad surprise, I see
My *Savior* and my Lord,
Extended on the fatal tree,
And welt'ring in his blood!

2

'Twas for our sins he dy'd,
He made our griefs his own;

Tho' we with scorn our Lord deny'd,
He'll raise us to his throne.

3

What matchless love is this,
Which *Jesus* did display ?
From sin to raise our sinful race,
From night to endless day.

4

O let his praise be sung,
With timbrels sounding high ;
O praise his name, on every tongue,
Who lives, no more to die.

130. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The riches of the Cross.

WITH strange surprise, the cross I view,
Where *Jesus* for me dy'd;
And ask myself, if this be true,
What can I want beside ?

2

Give me the vict'ries of that cross,
My soul shall ask no more;
I count all other things but dross,
And this my heav'nly store.

3

Riches on earth take wings and fly,
And earthly honors fade;
I have my treasures plac'd on high,
The cross my honor made.

4

O had I Gabr'el's tongue, to sing
The honors of my Lord !
To tell the vict'ries of my King,
And all his love record !

My song should pierce the lofty sky,
 In melody divine;
 The heav'nly hosts should joyful fly,
 And all in concert join.

131. P. M. H. BALLOU.

The church called from the wilderness.

COME, from the wilderness,
 Thou desolated fair;
 Put on thy wedding dress,
 To meet thy Lord prepare.
 Lo! see him come
 To give thee joy,
 Thy foes destroy,
 And take thee home.

2

Thy months are all fulfill'd,
 Forty and two complete;
 Thy witnesses* were kill'd
 Thy glory to defeat:
 But lo! they live,
 No more to die;
 They testify,
 And witness give.

3

Thou, fairer than the moon,
 Thou, clearer than the sun,
 God hath prepar'd thee room,
 Thy victory is won.
 The day is come
 Thee to restore
 To glories more;
 And lo! 'tis done.

* The spirit of the law and the spirit of prophecy. Rev. xi. 3, 7, 11.

4

Thy banners are unfurl'd
 Thy enemies dismay'd;
 Thy glory fills the world,
 And makes thy foes afraid.

They shall recede
 Their pow'r and name,
 And then, with shame,
 Thy mercy plead.

5

Then *Zion's* watchmen all,
 Eye unto eye shall see;
 Great *Babylon* shall fall,
 No more remember'd be.

Zion shall rise,
 By pow'r divine,
 In glory shine,
 That never dies.

6

Then shout with loudest songs;
 The God of *Zion* praise;
 With joy upon our tongues,
 We'll sing his wond'rous ways.

Faithful his word
 Of grace and love,
 Sent from above;
 Praise ye the Lord!

132. S. M.

KNEELAND.

The church coming up from the wilderness. S. Songs, viii.
 5. vi. 10.

DOWN to the wilderness,
 Of slavery and pride,

The Lord, the Lamb of God, hath been,
To seek his lovely bride.

2

He found her meanly clad,
In robes which she had made;
By false instructors vainly led,
Whose doctrine she obey'd.

3

He takes her tatter'd robes,
And breaks her galling chains:
He clothes her with his righteousness,
And wash's away her stains.

4

Up from her dark abode,
He causeth her to come;
To dwell for ever with her God,
And like a bride at home.

5

She's fairer than the moon,
And like the sun, most bright;
She's decorated with the stars,
A panoply of light.

6

The Lord is all her strength,
She leans upon his breast;
He'll bring her safe to heav'n at length,
To be for ever blest.

133. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The New-Jerusalem, the Gospel Covenant.

THE *New-Jerusalem* I see,
Descending from above;
Bright angels her attendants be,
And all her garments love.

2

A virgin church appears, her *moon*,
 And beams upon her street;
Jesus, her *Sun*, shall make her noon,
 His glories in her meet.

3

Like as a bride she is adorn'd,
 In robes of needlework;
Gentiles and *Jews* to her conform'd,
 Compose the *virgin church*.

4

Herself the *covenant* of God,
 And on her Lord she leans;
 Her promises are seal'd with blood,
 And churches are her queens.

5

Tho' barren once, lo, now she sings!
 A lovely bride most fair;
 She hath, for nursing fathers, kings,
 And queens her mothers are.

6

Behold her glories spread abroad,
 And kings receive her light;
 In her the nations own their God,
 And sing with sweet delight.

134. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

MAY sacred heat inspire my tongue,
 And ev'ry grace impart;
 With golden numbers fill my song
 And animate my heart.

2

Of the eternal fair I sing,
 Jerusalem above;

Zion, the city of our King,
Where dwells immortal love.

3

Behold! her walls are great and high,
(*Salvation of the Lord*)
Her gates the *word* of prophecy,
And open is the *word*.

4

From north and south, from east and west,
Shall all the nations come;
And find in her immortal rest,
And an eternal home.

5

On emblematic stones she stands,
Where ev'ry grace is found;
Rais'd by the great Jehovah's hands,
And on Immanuel's ground.

6

She like a *jasper stone* most bright,
Reflects her cheering rays;
In her there is no gloom of night,
But one eternal blaze.

7

Of her the Holy One hath said,
(And faithful is his word)
Her seed shall bruise the serpent's head;
This seed is *Christ the Lord*.

8

Thus is the male and female one,
"The Lord our rightcousness;"
The Covenant and Living Son,
In whom the world is blest.

135. C. M.

KNEELAND.

The ransomed of the Lord returning to Zion.

1 Tim ii. 4, 6. Col. i 20. Math. v. 17, 18. Isa xxxv. 10.

THE Lord, his boundless love to show,
 Prepar'd for us a rest;
 He wills that all the truth should know,
 And be for ever blest.

2

The Mediator, by his blood,
 Himself a ransom gave;
 To reconcile all things to God,
 A sinful world to save.

3

He shall fulfil the righteous law,
 The law of life and love;
 All creatures to obedience draw,
 To dwell in realms above.

4

The ransom'd of the Lord shall come,
 To Zion shall return;
 The captive souls shall all come home,
 No more to weep and mourn.

5

With joy and gladness, lo! they come,
 The holy city throng;
 The sacred seats prepare them room,
 Where sounds the grateful song.

6

They shall obtain celestial joy,
 And grief shall flee away;
 The heav'nly notes, their tongues employ,
 In an eternal day.

136. P. M. *TURNER.*

The call of Zion, and the exhibition of her glory;
Collected from various scriptures.

ARISE from thy wilderness state,
Thou Zion, belov'd of the Lord,
And deck'd in thy majesty great,
Shine forth as the precious restor'd.
Long time, hast thou wander'd forlorn,
Forsaken, and greatly despis'd;
The garments of sorrow hast worn,
Nor the love of thy God realiz'd.

2

Now clothe thee with raiment of light,
On thy head wear a crown of pure gold:
Thy rad'ant effulgence so bright,
Thy enemies cannot behold.
From the dust of the earth, thou shalt rise,
Renew'd in the vigor of youth;
Thus the captive, with pleasing surprise,
Hears the ransoming language of truth.

3

Deliver'd to bondage for nought,
Where tyrants, thy steps, have pursu'd;
Thou shalt, without money, be bought,
Thy Savior, thy thraldoms, hath view'd.
Thy Maker, thy Husband, thy King,
Shall lead thee to mansions of rest;
And a numerous retinue bring,
To welcome his bride to his breast.

137. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Confidence in God.

WHY thus dejected, O my soul!
Why thus cast down with fear?
Sure floods of sorrow o'er thee roll,
Is no deliv'rer near?

2

Hope thou in God, and in him trust,
And send thy fears away;
He is both merciful and just;
Nor can his love decay.

3

My soul, thy highest notes of praise
To thy Deliv'rer sing;
And in thy sweetest anthems raise
The honors of thy King.

4

Thy health, thy beauty, and thy pow'r,
Is God, thy gracious friend;
Then, O my soul! thy God adore,
Who doth Salvation send.

138. S. M. H. BALLOU.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel.

WHY should I blush to own
The Gospel of my Lord?
I'd sooner abdicate a throne,
Than slight his holy word.

2

Honors of earthly kings,
With all their shining train,
Are all but poor detested things,
Compar'd with Jesus' name.

3

The day might blush, with shame,
To own the golden sun;
As well as I that holy name,
Which my salvation won.

4

The dusky eve might blush
To own the silver moon;

As well as I, who bore my curse,
And turn'd my night to noon.

5

The patient heal'd might be
Asham'd to own the skill,
From deathlike pains, which set him free,
And did the fever kill;

6

As well as I to own
My soul's Physician kind,
Who doth for all my sins atone;
The fevers of the mind.

139. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Take no thought for the morrow, &c.

O, WHY should cares torment my mind?
Why should I faithless be?
Will God my Father prove unkind?
Nor I his goodness see?

2

When scant my store of daily food,
And clothing thinly worn;
Shall I believe th' Eternal Good
An enemy will turn?

3

Will he who feeds the fowls of air
And fishes of the sea,
Refuse a single crumb to spare?
Must I distrustful be?

4

Will he who clothes the lilies fair,
Who neither toil nor spin;
Forget to make his child his care?
Hath he unfaithful been?

5

I'll cast my cares upon the Lord,
 And trust his goodness still;
 Or scant or plenty be my board,
 Submit unto his will.

6

Since life is surely more than food,
 The body more than dress;
 I will regard the greater good,
 And trust him for the less.

140. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Lay not up for yourselves, treasures on earth, &c.

NOT here on earth are treasures sure,
 Our Savior did declare;
 The moths and rust, they can't endure,
 And thieves will of them share.

2

In heav'n let all thy treasure be;
 This is our Savior's will;
 There they, from moths and rust, are free;
 Where thieves can never steal.

3

Wean us, O Lord, from things below,
 And raise our minds above;
 Thy heav'nly treasures, to us, show,
 And fill us with thy love.

4

And where our greatest treasures are,
 O may our hearts remain;
 May we with faith and humble prayer,
 Pursue the heav'nly gain.

141. S. M.

KNEELAND.

God satisfying the desire of every living thing.
 Psalm cxlv. 16.

BEHOLD the love of God,
 Display'd in works divine,
 To creatures scatter'd all abroad,
 That dwell in every clime!

2

He op'neth wide his hand,
 Supplies their every need;
 Creatures, that dwell in ev'ry land,
 From danger shall be freed.

3

From nature, pure, sublime,
 His own eternal self,
 H' implanted in the creature's mind,
 A thirst for happiness.

4

This is the great desire,
 In which all men agree;
 And holy Wisdom doth conspire
 To answer this decree.

5

The prayers of mortal men
 Cannot be satisfy'd;
 If they contrast th' eternal plan,
 Which spreads the blessings wide.

6

Whoever seeks for bliss,
 In causing sore distress,
 Shall surely be deprived of this—
 His conscience cannot rest.

7

But he who seeks for rest,
 In Him who is our life;

Eternally, shall he be blest,
Free from all care and strife.

142. C. M. S. STREETER.

God's way equal. Ezek. xviii. 29.

THUS did the house of Israel say,
That ancient, chosen race;
Unequal is the way of God,
The tokens of his grace.

2

But hear my voice! with you I plead,
Saith God, the sov'reign King;
Shall not the Judge of all the earth
Do right in ev'ry thing?

3

More just than God, can mortals be,
Who're far from righteousness?
Tekel is stamp'd on all their works,
'Till they, the Lord, confess.

4

Whene'er my law, they do transgress,
And disobey my word;
I'll punish them in righteousness,
Yet still remain their Lord.

5

When they iniquity forsake,
And learn to do my will;
Their galling chains, I then will break—
I am their sov'reign still.

143. S. M. S. STREETER.

Confidence in God. Isa. xii. 2.

BEHOLD, the mighty God,
In whom I live and move,

Is my Salvation, and my Lord;
My life, my joy, my love.

2

In him secure I'll trust,
Who earth's foundation laid;
Nor e'er withdraw my confidence,
Nor will I be afraid.

3

The Lord most high's my strength,
In him my soul is strong;
I'll sing as with an angel's voice;
Jehovah is my song.

4

To draw my soul from him,
In vain temptations roll;
Since he, in mercy, has become
Salvation to my soul.

144. S. M. S. STREETER.

God our Friend. Rom. viii. 32---34.

AWAY, desponding thoughts!
Tormenting fears, begone!
The Lord most merciful's our friend,
No pow'r can do us no harm.

2

He did not spare his own
Beloved, chosen Son;
But freely him deliver'd up,
To bring our spirits home.

3

If God then gave his Son,
That we, thro' him, might live;
How shall he not, with him, likewise,
All things most freely give?

4

Great God! we prostrate fall!
 We bow before thy throne;
 Nor with a fault, presume to charge
 Thine own elected Son.

5

'Tis thou, most gracious God,
 In boundless love to men,
 Thro' Christ, doth freely justify,
 And who shall dare condemn?

6

'Twas Christ for us did die,
 Or rather rose again,
 At God's right hand triumphant sits;
 Hosanna to the Lamb!

145. C. M. S. STREETER.

God's love immutable. Rom. viii. 37--39.

CAN tribulation, or distress,
 Or peril, or the sword;
 Or famine sore, or nakedness,
 Divide us from the Lord?

2

Nay! all these things, of transient pain,
 We trample in the dust;
 And still victorious conqu'rors reign,
 Thro' him who loved us.

3

For I persuaded fully am,
 That neither life, nor death;
 Nor angels, who in glory reign,
 Nor lofty height, nor depth;

4

Nor principalities high birth,
 Nor powers here in time;

Nor present things done in the earth,
Nor in the world to come ;

5

Nor any other creature shall,
(Weak, evil, good, or strong,
While ceaseless time revolves her wheel,
And ages pass along,)

6

E'er able be to separate
Us from the love of God,
Which dwells, immeasurably great,
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

146. S. M. S. STREETER.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear. 2 Tim. 1, 7.

NOW let our souls rejoice,
In our Creator, God;
And steadfastly confide in him,
Who spread all worlds abroad.

2

Why are we fill'd with doubts?
Or with tormenting pain?
Why do we yet mistrust the Lord,
And crucify the Lamb?

3

Why do we disbelieve
The statements of his word?
The spirit of tormenting fear
Is giv'n not from God.

4

The spirit we receive,
From him, is pow'r divine;
And love, that's mightier than death,
In an establish'd mind.

5

He doth remove our fears,
 And gives our spirits rest;
 'Tis he that guides our wand'ring feet,
 And makes our journey blest.

6

Our spirits came from God,
 And to him must return;
 Therefore, begone! each doubtful tho't!
 Tormenting fear, begone!

147. C. M. S. STREETER.

Trusting in the true God. 1 Tim. iv. 10

LORD, we will labor in thy cause,
 And faithful stewards prove;
 Altho' we suffer keen reproach,
 By strangers to thy love.

2

What if, by foes, we counted are,
 The vilest of our race?
 We'll kindly all afflictions bear,
 And trust a Savior's grace!

3

Thro' evil, and thro' good report,
 Dear Lamb, we'll follow *thee*;
 Thou turnest sorrow into joy,
 And darkness into day.

4

Thou art, O true and living God!
 The Savior of all men;
 And in thy name our souls rejoice,
 Tho' Pharisees complain.

5

But 'specially, believing souls
 Are with salvation blest;

They've tasted that the Lord is good,
And enter'd into rest.

6

Dear Lamb, on swiftest pinions move,
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Give faith, and make all creatures know
The boundless love of God.

148. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Confidence in the seven Spirits of God,

CAN *Wisdom* infinite
Misjudge, or go astray?
Can obscure darkness chase the light,
Or night control the day?

2

Can *Knowledge* ign'rant prove?
Or weakness *Power* control?
Can hatred take the place of *Love*?
Or Christ forsake my soul?

3

Her weights can *Justice* lose?
Or *Mercy* be unkind?
Will Christ his ransom'd world refuse,
Or quit his blest design?

4

When *Truth* forsakes her sphere,
And falsehood takes her place;
Then shall my soul be fill'd with fear,
And I despair of grace.

149. C. M. KNEELAND.

Gaining the victory over unbelief.

WHY should I doubt thy goodness, Lord,
And cherish unbelief?

When nature's works all do accord
To give my soul relief?

2

Can I not read in nature's book
The tokens of thy grace?
Where'er I turn my eyes to look,
I see thy smiling face.

3

The seasons which the Lord ordains,
To goodness were design'd;
The wind and snow, and show'rs of rain,
Show that the Lord is kind.

4

And were these things all order'd so,
For nought but temporal grace?
O when shall all Jehovah know,
And see him face to face?

5

Why should we harbor unbelief?
Away! ye doubts and fears!
Fly to the gospel for relief,
For there the truth appears.

6

"Because I live, so live shall ye,"
(The dear Redeemer saith)
That he did live, he let them see;
This gave th' apostles faith.

150. S. M. KNEELAND.

The love of God.

TEN thousand streams of love,
From God my Savior, flow;
My soul is carry'd far above
This world of pain and wo.

2

Where'er I turn mine eyes,
To north, south, east, or west;
On earth below, or in the skies,
All nature's richly blest.

3

Will God my father dear,
Who fills the earth and sky,
Forget to make his child his care,
In sorrow let him die?

4

If God doth clothe the grass,
And lilies beautify;
Provides a kind and rich repast
For ravens when they cry;

5

Will he neglect his son,
Altho' with sin beguil'd,
And not provide, in time to come,
For his dependant child?

6

No, surely saith the Lord,
Ye shall my bounty share;
More choice than lilies, grass, or birds,
My loving children are.

151. S. M. KNEELAND.

Doxology.

GLORY to God! on high;
On earth, let there be peace;
The Son of God came down to die,
The captives to release!

2

Glory to God! above;
Good will he hath to men;

He sent his Son, fill'd with his love,
To free the world from sin!

3

Glory to God! alone;
He ever is the same;
He takes his mourning children home,
And calls them by his name!

4

Glory to God! be giv'n,
From ev'ry ransom'd soul;
He takes his ransom'd all to heav'n;
His ransom'd is the whole!

152. C. M. H. BALLOU.

JESUS for us died.

WHO dare adjudge the sons of men,
Or scorn the poor with pride?
Who shall the ransom'd saints condemn,
Since Jesus for them dy'd?

2

Why do we doubt or stay away?
The door is open wide.
Shall we not see a heav'nly day,
Since Jesus for us dy'd?

3

Shall vile temptations hold the mind?
Since we've ourselves deny'd?
Are we to sinfulness inclin'd,
Since Jesus for us dy'd?

4

O let us serve our lusts no more,
Our folly lay aside;
In righteousness, our God adore,
Since JESUS for us dy'd!

153. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

NOW faith and hope abide,
 With charity divine;
 These three, to us, a faithful guide,
 With heav'nly lustre shine.

2

By *faith* in God we stand,
 And hold the promise strong;
Hope, ent'ring on the promis'd land,
 Begins her joyful song.

3

But *Charity* divine
 Inspires the soul with love;
 Plants heav'nly tempers in the mind,
 And anger doth remove.

4

She kindly suffers long,
 Nor is provok'd with ease;
 And tho' condemn'd to suffer wrong,
 Yet, still she strives to please.

5

Forgiveness she displays
 To all her foes around;
 In peace pursues her golden ways,
 And lets her love abound.

6

Lord, may this matchless grace
 Abound in ev'ry heart;
 Help us to run the heavenly race,
 And life divine impart.

154. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

Godliness with contentment is great gain. 1 Tim. vi. 6.

THE heav'nly gem of sweet content,
Where is the hallow'd place?
Millions have been by mortals spent,
Who never found the grace.

2

Some till the earth, some plough the main,
And some wear golden crowns;
But can't the heav'nly treasure gain:
God their ambition bounds.

3

Some robe themselves in war's attire,
And gird on pointed steel;
Then home without content they steer,
And disappointment feel.

4

What distant isle, or continent,
Contains the pearl divine?
O richer, far, is sweet content,
Than gold or silver mine.

5

Smooth, beauteous youth and wrinkl'd age,
Deplore the want of this;
To find the gem they both engage,
But miss th' immortal bliss.

6

In godliness alone, we find
Divine contentment sweet;
This is the treasure of the mind,
Where all the virtues meet.

155. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Christ's example the Way of Life.

HOW bright is thy example, Lord,
 How plain 'tis written in thy word;
 There shines an everlasting sun,
 And swift the traveller may run.

2

There, free from cares and worldly noise,
 Ten thousand sweets thy saint enjoys,
 Roses and spotless lilies blow,
 Where living waters gently flow.

3

The vulture's eye hath never seen,
 Nor lion's whelp e'er trod therein;
 But there the ransom'd people go,
 In flow'ry paths on earth below.

4

Thy paths drop fatness, dearest Lord,
 The honey of thy sacred word;
 O may I watch my faltering feet,
 And thy example always keep.

156. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The same.

IN the example, Jesus gave,
 The way of life we see;
 The true disciples comforts have,
 From sin and darkness free.

2

Here living vines and heavenly trees,
 By living waters grow;
 From spicy hills, the gentle breeze
 Perfumes each vale below.

3

On bending limbs ripe clusters grow ;
 No barren fig-tree found ;
 But all around white lilies blow,
 And roses dress the ground.

4

Thy paths drop fatness, dearest Lord,
 There may I travel still ;
 And learn my duty from thy word,
 And know, and do thy will.

157. C. M. H. BALLOU.

A prospect of Canaan.

NOW on the wings of faith I'll rise,
 Fair Canaan's land to see ;
 Its spreading fields shall bless mine eyes,
 My heart shall joyful be.

2

There grows the blushing lilies fair,
 And fruits of heav'nly grace ;
 Perfuming odors fill the air,
 And *Jesus* shows his face.

3

The trees of life in order stand,
 And streams of mercy flow ;
 This is the glorious promis'd land,
 Where pilgrims long to go.

4

The ancient prophets of the Lord
 Beheld this heav'nly land ;
 And by the spirit of the *word*,
 They, on its borders, stand.

5

O may I like those prophets be,
 Nor lose the sacred way ;

But from the land of darkness flee,
And find a heav'nly day.

6

Dear *Savior*, in thy path divine,
Guide my unstable feet;
And cause thy saving grace to shine—
Give running waters sweet.

158. P. M. KNEELAND.

The Restitution of all things. Acts iii. 21.

COME, then, O my soul, meditate on that day,
When all things in nature God's voice shall
obey;

When th' trumpet shall sound! the dead all
arise!

Ascend up together with God in the skies.

2

When th' gates of the law and prophets unfold,
The promise therein to all nations be told;
Heav'ns' arches shall ring! the *Savior*, appear!
The true gospel tidings shall reach ev'ry ear.

3

The deaf shall all hear, the dumb shall all sing,
The blind shall discover that Jesus is King;
The lame shall all walk! the mourners rejoice!
The poor and the simple believe in his voice.

4

All creatures in heav'n and earth shall revere,
No blind superstition shall deafen the ear;
Jesus shall be crown'd the head of all men!

The peace of his kingdom shall ne'er have an
end.

5

All sin shall be clos'd, transgression shall cease,
All nature be filled with love, joy, and peace;
The victory won! rebellion shall fall!
And God, our Creator, shall be *all in all!*

159. C. M. KNEELAND.

Faith without works is dead. James ii. 26.

AS when the spirit leaves the clay,
The body cannot go;
So to engage and not to pay,
No profit can bestow.

2

What if my neighbor pledge his faith,
To give my children bread!
Unless he does the thing he saith,
His faith is surely dead.

3

What if we vow unto the Lord,
That we'll obey his will;
Unless we keep the sacred word,
We're surely sinners still.

4

Faith, like a cov'nant firm and strong,
We ever should regard;
Altho' we may endure the wrong,
In keeping of our word.

160. C. M.

KNEELAND.

Unbelief does not alter the Faith of God. Rom. iii. 3.

WHAT if some men do not believe
That God will them protect!
Shall want of faith in promises
Make them of none effect?

2

Forbid the same, Almighty God!
Let it be rather said,
That Thou art true unto thy word,
And we are liars made!

3

False faith in man can never prove
The things believed, true;
Nor disconcert th' eternal plan
Which heav'nly wisdom drew:

4

But should we fix our only faith
On this eternal plan;
In spite of all that men can say,
Our faith will ever stand.

161. C. M.

KNEELAND.

Victory over Unbelief.

AWAY! ye sad desponding thoughts,
Ye tempters of the mind!
Why should my soul be made to doubt,
When Jesus is so kind?

2

For me he drank the bitter cup!
For me he shed his blood;
For me he groan'd away his life,
To bring my soul to God!

3

Not for my virtue, or desert,
 For deeds which I have done,
 He works salvation in my heart,
 And takes my spirit home.

4

But for the sake of sov'reign grace,
 Descending from above;
 He takes my feet from miry clay,
 And fills my soul with love.

5

And will my Lord withhold his love
 From any of our race?
 Will he respect to persons have,
 In giving of his grace?

6

No—surely this can never be,
 With Jesus Christ, my Lord;
 Since there is nothing found in me,
 Deserving such reward.

7

This is a faithful saying, sure,
 And worthy of belief;
 That sinners Jesus will restore
 Of whom I now am chief.

162. C. M. S. STREETER.

The grace of God which teacheth to deny ungodliness.
 Tit. ii. 11, 12.

BEHOLD the wond'rous grace of God!

Christ Jesus hath appear'd,
 Who doth salvation bring to all;
 By all shall be rever'd.

2

Lo! he by holy precepts, pure,
 Examples good and just;

Teaches to shun ungodliness,
And conquer worldly lusts.

3

To live a sober, godly life,
And honor Jesus' name;
Still looking for that blessed hope,
Th' appearing of the Lamb;

4

Who gave himself a sacrifice,
To ransom all from sin;
And purify each ransom'd soul,
In zeal of works divine.

5

But what can feeble mortals do,
Dear Lamb, without thine aid?
We ask the all-sufficient grace
Of our victorious *Head*.

163. S. M. S. STREETER.

The Law and Judgments of God. Ps. xix. 7—10.

TO thee, my Lord, I bow,
And turn from sinful men,
Whose vain traditions say, thy law
Demands eternal pain!

2

Forgive them, gracious Lord;
They know not what they do:
The life and spirit of thy word
Come not within their view.

3

Perfect, O God's thy law,
And doth convert the soul,
From sin, to reverential awe,
And all its acts control.

4

Thy testimony's sure,
 Making the simple wise ;
 And from this blessed blessing store
 Doth all my wisdom rise.

5

Thy statutes and commands
 Contain the sweetest joy ;
 Thy judgments true, in ev'ry land,
 Shall sin and pain destroy.

6

The gold which doth allure,
 And ev'ry costly gem,
 Compared with thy judgments pure,
 Are worthless things and vain.

7

Not honey with the comb
 Affords so sweet a taste ;
 They spread abroad a sweet perfume
 And make the nations blest.

164. S. M. S. STREETER.

Viewing Christ by Faith. Heb. xii. 22, 23.

LORD, we unite our hearts,
 And humbly bend to thee ;
 While we, by faith, approach the mount,
 And our Redeemer see.

2

Lo, in those brilliant courts,
 Ten thousand angels sing;
 And human spirits, perfect made,
 Their grateful tributes bring.

3

So help thy children, Lord,
 Who to this place have come ;

To join their hearts and voice in praise,
For life, thro' *Christ* thy Son.

4

Dear Lamb, come, manifest,
In ev'ry soul, thy love;
And make our penitential hearts,
In swift obed'ence, move.

5

Grant each of us, dear Lord,
Sufficiency of grace:
With reverence and godly fear,
Acceptably to praise.

6

O help us, Lord, to pray,
Assist to hear and preach;
And bless our worshipping this day,
We, humbly, thee beseech.

7

And when these days are o'er,
Of worshipping below;
O may we learn to praise thee more,
And all thy councils know.

165. C. M. S. STREETER.

The goodness of God leadeth to repentance. Rom. ii. 4.

NO longer, Lord, do we despise
The riches of thy grace;
Nor, like the vaunting Pharisees,
Boast our own righteousness.

2

Now we behold, with deep surprise,
Thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Which renovates rebellious souls,
And spreads thy love abroad.

3

Thy goodness grants us steadfast hope,
 And faith that works by love;
 It drives despondency away,
 And unbelief removes.

4

Lord, now our contrite spirits drop
 The penitential tear;
 Thy goodness gives us penitence,
 And crucifies our fear.

5

Salvation, thro' redeeming blood,
 (Deliverance from sin)
 Descends from thine abounding love
 Unto the sons of men.

6

Thy goodness makes our spirits praise,
 'Till flesh and sense decay;
 Then takes our souls to nobler joys
 Of an immortal day.

166. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The Sandy and True Foundation.

THE house that's built upon the sand
 Cannot endure the storm;
 It can't the wind and rain withstand;
 Nor safely shield from harm.

2

How vain are mortals who depend
 On duties they have done :
 And hope that they may them defend,
 When days of trial come !

3

O that we might be truly wise,
 And build upon the *Rock*

Where hope of glory never dies,
Withstanding ev'ry shock!

4

May we, O Lord! on thee depend,
For pardon and for grace;
For our support, thy Spirit send,
And show thy lovely face.

167. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

Faith and Hope.

ARISE ye saints, expand your wings,
Of faith, and hope, and zeal;
And soar aloft to heav'nly things,
To Zion's sacred hill.

2

There all the ancient prophets live,
And feed on heav'nly meat;
Such water too, as Christ can give,
And all the air is sweet.

3

There's nothing here on earth, we find,
That can supply the soul;
No pleasant relish to the mind,
Here dang'rous waters roll.

4

But there the living streams of grace,
From Jesus flow along;
And there I see his smiling face,
And join the heav'nly song.

168. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

St. Paul's Exhortation.

THE exhortation let us hear,
Which the inspir'd apostle spake—

“ For all mankind, in humble prayer,
Give thanks, and supplication make.

2

“ With God our Savior, this shall prove,
Acceptable and truly good;
Who sent his Son from worlds above,
To bring the nations home to God.

3

“ Jesus himself a ransom gave,
For every man of Adam’s race;
That he, from sin, their souls might save,
And renovate them by his grace.”

4

Our supplications then may be,
Thro’ Christ our Lord, for ev’ry man ;
Since Jesus dy’d to set them free,
He will complete the gracious plan.

169. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

All things work together for good, &c. Rom. viii. 28.

ALL things shall work for good,
To them who love their God ;
When they are rightly understood,
His comforts, or his rod.

2

The Lord will act the part
Of a kind parent dear;
Tho’ he chastise the froward heart,
He makes his child his care.

3

Thro’ fiery trials then,
We may be call’d to go;
And feel ourselves submissive, when,
By love ’tis order’d so.

4

To God all things are known,
 He rules in mercy kind;
 And he that's brought his God to own,
 His mercies sure shall find.

170. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

We preach Christ, &c.

CHRIST crucify'd we preach,
 A stumbling block to Jews,
 And foolishness unto the Greek;
 They both the cross refuse.

2

The Jews who ask a sign,
 The Greeks who wisdom sought,
 To signs and wisdom both were blind—
 Wisdom which Jesus taught.

3

But the believing Jew,
 And Gentile, call'd by grace,
 Could see God's pow'r and wisdom too,
 Both shine in Jesus' face.

4

This myst'ry God conceal'd,
 In ages past, from man;
 But now, in Jesus, hath reveal'd
 Rich mercy's gracious plan.

171. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The scriptures not the work of man.

THE word of revelation shines,
 With pow'rs of light and love;
 Like treasures hid in richest mines,
 Is Jesus from above.

2

Hid from the vain, the thoughtless eye,
The golden line is drawn;
From promises to prophecy,
Thro' dispensations gone.

3

Thro' dispensations, yet to come,
The word of truth is sure;
And he who rightly reads may run,
And learn the doctrine pure.

4

Designing men could ne'er devise
This just, impartial plan;
Such heav'nly wisdom surely lies
Too deep for mortal man.

172. C. M.

KNEELAND.

All things given to Christ. Matth. xi. 27. John iii. 35.

ALL things in heav'n and in earth,
Possessing mental life;
Of ev'ry nation, blood, or birth,
Are given unto Christ.

2

All things, in Christ, Jehovah made,
For him they do remain;
He is the whole creation's head,
And over all shall reign.

3

Thrones and dominions, kingdoms, pow'rs,
Must own his sov'reign sway;
Angelic hosts shall him adore,
And all his words obey.

4

Thus from the heights of heav'n above,
To earth's remotest bounds,

O'er all things that have pow'r to move,
The Lord shall reign alone.

173. C. M. KNEELAND.

All shall come to Christ. John vi. 37—39.

AS all to Christ the Father gave,
Out of his boundless love;
So he came down the whole to save,
And carry them above.

2

For Jesus came from heav'n to men,
To do the will of God;
To cleanse our souls from guilt and sin,
And spread the truth abroad.

3

This is Jehovah's sacred will,
Concerning sinful men;
That they his holy laws fulfil,
And dwell with God again.

4

Christ ne'er will lose a single soul
For which his blood did pay;
But on them all his mercies roll,
At the great rising day.

174. C. M. KNEELAND.

Ye are bought with a Price. 1 Cor. vi. 20.

TO Jesus let us prostrate fall,
Who bought our lives with blood;
Who drank the wormwood and the gall,
To bring our souls to God!

2

If Jesus have such mercy shown,
 And bought our lives with blood;
 Then surely now we're not our own,
 We do belong to God;

3

If Christ were sure to save a soul,
 When first he shed his blood;
 Whate'er will now prevent the whole
 From coming unto God!

4

O Jesus, we adore thy name,
 Who bought our lives with blood;
 By thee alone, salvation come,
 We all belong to God!

175. L. M.

KNEELAND.

The creature made subject to vanity, &c. Rom. viii.
 19, 20.

THY children, Lord, perpetual wait,
 To hear the word of life reveal'd;
 To manifest their final state,
 A truth, which, long has been conceal'd.

2

Thou mad'st them subject unto death,
 To sickness, sorrow, sin, and pain;
 Thou gavest man his vital breath,
 In hope—to take it back again.

3

With wants implanted in his breast,
 The creature found himself a man;
 And all the wisdom he possess'd
 Did not enable him to stand.

4

Thus, being liable to sin,
 Thy children all have gone astray—
 O bring our wand'ring feet again
 To travel in the heav'nly way.

176. L. M. KNEELAND.

The creature delivered from the bondage of corruption, &c.
 Rom. viii. 21.

THY children Lord, whom thou didst make
 Subject to sin and moral death;
 Of vanity they all partake,
 Of every nation, blood, or birth.

2

But glory be to God above,
 Who doth his wanting children free;
 According to his boundless love,
 He grants the captives liberty.

3

From sin and death, and ev'ry ill,
 The whole creation shall be freed;
 And streams of goodness flowing still,
 Supplying ev'ry creature's need.

4

Here let my heart begin to melt,
 While I the love of God record:
 O may his goodness now be felt,
 By all who read the sacred word.

5

Let angels strike their loudest strings,
 And tune their notes in heav'nly lays;
 Let earth and all created things
 Combine to sound their Maker's praise.

177. L. M.

S. STREETER.

All the Rivers run into the Sea, &c. Eccl. i. 7.

THE rivers all which glide along
 And rills which thro' the vallies stray,
 Are seeking for their native home,
 The spacious bosom of the sea.

2

Behold! they all directions go,
 Both north and south, and east and west;
 Thro' diff'rent circumstances too,
 Sometimes confin'd and then releas'd.

3

The tallest angel's nervous arm
 Cannot retard their steady course,
 When mother sea's impellent charm,
 Draws by attraction's matchless force.

4

Jesus, the Lord 's a sea divine;
 Spirits of men are winding streams,
 Which flow along in ev'ry clime,
 Thro' vast variety of scenes.

5

Dear Lord, 'tis thine attracting grace
 Which thou in men dost kindly move,
 Which purifies our sinful race
 In oceans of unbounded love.

178. C. M.

S. STREETER.

The same.

THE passing streams that flow along
 Are wand'ring to the deep,
 The bosom of their native home;
 Where, finally, all meet.

2

All rivers from the ocean came,
 In whom they once did dwell;
 And all return to her again,
 But yet, she is not full.

3

While from the ocean, they must pass
 Many afflictive scenes;
 Congeal'd by winter's killing blast,
 Restor'd to life by spring.

4

The stream, once crystalline and pure,
 In filthiness deprav'd,
 In nature's bosom is secure,
 And in the ocean sav'd!

5

So did proceed the soul of man,
 Primevally, from God;
 And rambles thro' life's thorny plain,
 A rough and tiresome road.

6

But Jesus shall their pains requite,
 Renew and bring them home,
 To temples, where celestial light
 Beams one eternal noon.

179. S. M.

S. STREETER.

The same.

ALL rivers in the earth,
 And rivulets that stroll,
 Run eagerly into the sea,
 And yet she is not full.

2

They once in her did dwell,
 And from her fulness came;

So when their sep'rate race is run,
Must dwell in her again.

3

Altho' some wander north,
Some south, some east, some west,
All do meander to the sea,
An equally are blest.

4

Yet those dependent streams
Can neither move nor run,
Unless the sea's attracting pow'r
Impels, and draws them home.

5

So Adam's sons would dwell
For ever from the Lord,
Were they not to his bosom drawn,
By love, a matchless cord.

6

But Christ, who's lifted up,
Will draw all souls to God;
Where they shall hymn, in notes divine,
Hosannas to the Lord.

180. L. M. S. STREETER.

The gladdening River. Psalm xlv. 4.

BEHOLD! a spacious river flows,
Whose course no interruption knows;
Transparent as the crystal glass,
In limpid streams perpetual pass.

2

The fountain is the God above,
And streams are his unbounded love,
Which does, thro' Christ, the Lamb proceed,
And makes the holy city glad.

3

Rejoice, ye ransom'd, and record
 The boundless mercies of your Lord.
 Ye are the city, it is said,
 Whose shining light cannot be hid.

4

Then let our raptur'd spirits raise
 The gladden'd song of grateful praise;
 Nor more permit our harps to be
 Silent, upon the willow tree.

181. L. M. S. STREETER.

Salvation not of works. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

COME, all ye tribes of ransom'd man,
 Rejoice in Christ the bleeding Lamb:
 Conspire to sing immortal praise,
 And shout the vict'ry of his grace.

2

'Twas not good works, which we had done,
 That mov'd the pity of the Son;
 He saves by free and sov'reign grace,
 The vilest sinner of our race.

3

Eternal life was hid in him,
 Ere man had felt the pow'r of sin;
 But manifested was to us,
 When Christ for sin was made a curse.

4

He hath abolish'd death and sin,
 Those enemies to God and man;
 And thro' the glorious gospel bright,
 Immortal life hath brought to light.

5

Ye holy spirits, bend to him,
 Humbly adore, ye sons of men;

Resign to him your ev'ry cause;
Love, and obey his holy laws.

6

Enhance the tuneful notes of praise,
While, wrapt in sweet surprise, ye gaze :
The *head*, once pierc'd with keenest pain,
Now wears the royal diadem.

182. C. M. S. STREETER.

Christ revealed in the soul.

GREAT God! before thou rent'st the vail
Of darkness from my soul,
How did my persecuting heart,
In spiteful torrents roll !

2

But struck with wonder and surprise,
When bright resplendence shone;
When to my soul thou didst reveal
The beauties of thy Son.

3

His love is brighter than the sun,
And as extensive too;
Nor Jew nor Gentile does he leave
In their abyss of wo.

183. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Unbelief.

DARK unbelief strange arrows flings,
And doubts awake despair;
Each doubt is fraught with deadly stings,
And unbelief with fear.

2

When man gives up the ghost in death,
That is his final end;

Vain is our hope, and vain our faith,
On which we now depend.

3

Such vain imaginary gloom,
Doth unbelief invite;
The brightest day of hope, at noon,
Is dark as silent night.

4

O cruel thoughts of unbelief!
Be gone! ye doubts and fears!
Lord, grant thy doubting child relief,
And banish all my cares.

5

Why was I made to hope in God,
And pant for life to come?
Why didst thou, Jesus, shed thy blood,
If not to bring me home?

184. P. M. KNEELAND.

The Conquest.

AWAKE my drowsy senses all,
At Jesus' feet submissive fall,
Who conquers sinners great and small,
By his eternal love:
He bruis'd the serpent's subtil head,
O'er sin and death a conquest made,
And laid the haughty tempter dead,
That he might ransom ev'ry soul,
To dwell in realms above.

2

He took the persecuting Saul,
When he was fill'd with sin and thrall,
Converted him into Saint Paul,
By his effulgent light;
So he will ev'ry sinner bring,

And cleanse their souls from guilt and sin,
 That they his praises, loud, may sing,
 In yonder world of heav'nly joy,
 Of glory shining bright.

3

This is a faithful saying, sure,
 That sinners Jesus will restore:
 He spilt his blood to make them pure,
 From ev'ry sinful strife:
 He gave a ransom for the whole,
 And on them all his mercies roll;
 He ne'er will lose a single soul,
 For which he shed his precious blood,
 To give them endless life.

4

Then shout aloud his praises high!
 The word of life is ever nigh!
 For Jesus lives, no more to die!
 This is the sacred *Word*:
 At God's right hand—a glorious seat!
 His enemies, beneath his feet,
 In humble supplication meet;
 Dispensing pardons—lo! he sits,
 And reigns superior Lord!

185. L. M. KNEELAND.

All things are possible to him that believeth. Mark
 ix, 23.

IF Christ did not possess the pow'r
 To heal the sick, restore the blind;
 All faith in him would be no more
 Than placing hope upon the wind!

2

If Christ does not possess a will
 To raise to life our sinful race;

All faith in his most matchless skill
Would not procure the needed grace,

3

But lo! all pow'r in Jesus dwells,
In worlds below, or worlds above;
He came to do his Father's will—
To fill all beings with his love.

4

Then unto the believing soul,
All things are possible, we see;
His pow'r and will all things control,
Bestowing life and liberty.

186. L. M.

KNEELAND.

I run not uncertainly, &c. 1 Cor. ix. 26.

WHEN men set out to run a race,
All run, and hope the prize to win;
But one alone obtains the grace;
And this all know when they begin.

2

Thus with uncertainty they run;
They know but one can have the prize;
Yet eagerly they travel on,
With fruitless hope, and longing eyes.

3

Not so, with those who run the race,
The christian race, of love divine;
We know that all obtain the grace,
Who do the gospel mountain climb.

4

Thus not uncertainly we run,
Like those who beat against the air;
We have unto mount Zion come,
And of her richest bounties share.

187. C. M.

KNEELAND.

I keep my body under, &c. 1 Cor. ix. 27.

MY body under I must keep,
 Subjected to my mind;
 Lest, like a lost and wand'ring sheep,
 Destruction's road I find.

2

Lest while to others I do preach,
 The glorious gospel day;
 The way of peace to others teach,
 My life is cast away.

3

My railing passions, lust and pride,
 To reason must resign;
 My carnal mind must be deny'd,
 If I the truth would find.

4

O what a wound my life would bring
 Unto the brethren all;
 If I should end my days in sin,
 And from the gospel fall!

5

O keep my feet in wisdom's way,
 Help me to walk the road
 That leads to life, an endless day,
 My Savior, and my God!

188. S. M.

KNEELAND.

All things are of God, &c. 2 Cor. v. 18.

ALL beings are of God,
 In heaven, earth, and seas;
 They all obey his sov'reign rod,
 And yield to his decrees.

2

Th' unreconciled race
Are called by his word,
And reconcil'd by sov'reign grace,
Reveal'd in Christ, the Lord,

3

He doth to us impart
The ministry of love;
To reconcile each murm'ring heart,
To dwell in realms above.

4

In Christ, Jehovah comes,
A sinful world to save;
For sin he gave his only Son,
To ransom from the grave.

189. S. M. KNEELAND.

For he hath made Him a sin offering for us, &c.
AN off'ring Jesus made,
In flesh all sin condemn'd;
To reconcile each human grade
Unto the Lord again.

2

In Christ, our God is seen,
Restoring men by grace;
And not imputing death and sin
Unto the fallen race.

3

For he who knew no sin
An off'ring made for us;
Our heavy woe all fell on him—
This was the legal curse.

4

But glory be to God,
Who rais'd his spirit high!
By him all nature is restor'd
To life, above the sky.

190. S. M.

KNEELAND.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

NO mortal tongue can tell
How great we shall be made,
When all unite in Christ to dwell,
Our great victorious *Head*.

2

When Christ again appears
From lucid courts above;
The news shall sound in ev'ry ear,
Sweet as the voice of love.

3

But O, what sad surprise!
What sorrow! grief! and shame!
Will fill the Jews astonish'd eyes,
When they behold the Lamb;

4

Whom they did crucify,
And treated ill, with scorn!
Yet for their sakes did Jesus die;
For them was Jesus born.

5

But Christ will them forgive;
They knew not what they did;
In him shall all the Gentiles live;
In him our life is hid.

191. L. M.

KNEELAND.

A just God and a Savior. Isa. xlv. 21.

AS God, all merciful and kind,
Bestow'd on man a thinking mind,
And, from a source of boundless good,
Supplies him with his daily food;

2

What doth strict justice now demand
Of us, the creatures of his hand,
But to be reconcil'd to him,
From whom all life and comfort spring?

3

And is not reconciliation, sure,
A saving grace, which doth procure
Contentment, happiness, and peace,
The height of joy, or heav'nly bliss?

4

No one will dare these facts deny,
Nor any other method try:
For should we pleasure hope to gain,
Without content;—'twould be in vain.

5

Then should strict justice have its due,
Amen!—would mercy echo too;
And love divine would willing be
That justice should the sinner free.

192. C. M. KNEELAND.

The wages of sin is death.

WHAT is the cause of moral death?
Of misery and pain?
Is it not sin, which only hath
Rewards of guilt and shame?

2

But what is sin!—my soul inquires,
Producing all this wo?
Is it not *want of holiness*?
O tell me! you that know.

3

I next inquire, can God produce
An end without a mean?

Or can his nature, which is love,
Join in effect with sin?

4

If not—can God admit of pain,
Without th' immediate cause?
Or will he say that man's to blame,
Obeying nature's laws?

5

O now the mystery I see—
God all for good controls;
The guilt in us, in him may be
Design'd for good of souls.

6

As long as deadly sin doth reign,
Her mis'ries will ensue;
For sin produces moral pain;
This is her legal due.

7

But God, the Lord, who's full of grace,
The only just and wise;
Will raise from sin our mortal race,
To life above the skies.

193. C. M. KNEELAND.

The ministers of the New Testament, not of the
letter, but of the spirit.

THESE are the ministers of Christ,
Call'd by unbounded grace;
Who preach eternal, endless life,
To all the human race.

2

Not with the letter, or the sword,
Do they assay to kill;
But by the Spirit of the Word,
With life, their sermons fill.

3

Those thunders from the legal hill,
 The light'ning, fire, and smoke,
 May strive in vain their life to kill,
 Or to destroy their hope.

4

But, far from boasting in their strength,
 (Altho', in Christ, they're strong,)
 To God, who brings them home at length,
 The glory does belong.

194. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The WOMAN clothed with the Sun—Or the Gospel
 Covenant. Rev. xii. 1, 2.

IN heav'n, behold the wond'rous sight!
 A woman cloth'd with dazzling light;
 In beauty rob'd the sun she wears,
 And on her head a crown of stars!

2

The moon beneath her feet is seen,
 In royal state, she moves a *Queen*;
 Trav'ling in pain, her time is come,
 She now beholds her promis'd Son.

3

This woman, fair, of lovely face,
 Is God's blest *covenant of grace*;
 Her Son is Jesus, who must reign
 'Till all his mighty foes are slain.

4

She is *The Lord our righteousness*!
 Her Son the *same*, we now confess;
 And in this covenant we trust;
 For God is faithful, good, and just.

195. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

The Great Red Dragon—Or Monarchial Power.
Rev. xii. 34.

ANOTHER wonder now behold,
Describ'd in prophecy of old!
A dragon fierce, his color red,
From whom the virgin woman fled.

2

This dragon was the civil pow'r
Of ancient kings, rais'd to devour
The woman's Son, to mortals giv'n,
But God receiv'd him up to heav'n.

3

With persecution, sore oppress'd,
The woman, to the wilderness,
Hath fled, until her time is come,
When her dear Lord will take her home.

4

Then wait ye saints, the gospel day,
Her months will quickly pass away;
When from the wilderness she'll come,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun.

196. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The WAR in Heaven, &c.

NOW warring armies meet in heav'n,
Michael is arm'd with light;
The dragon from the field is driv'n,
His armies put to flight.

2

No more the pow'r of kings shall rage,
Nor persecute the saints;
The Lord doth for his church engage,
And answers our complaints.

3

But now the earthly kingdoms shake,
 The earth is fill'd with wo;
 Proud kings and monarchs strangely quake,
 And dire confusion know.

4

Rejoice ye saints, short is the time,
 The Lord is on his way;
 He will with peace and lustre shine,
 And bring the glorious day.

197. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Antichrist.

SEE antichrist arise!

A beast, the man of sin;
 To him, the dragon's pow'r complies,
 That he may honors win.

2

Nations before him fall,
 And worship at his feet;
 While on this antichrist they call,
 And 'round his altars meet.

3

The church has fall'n away
 From gospel truth and grace;
 And brought the dark and dismal day
 When Jesus hides his face.

4

This is the tempting hour,
 By which the world is try'd;
 They have deny'd his blessed pow'r,
 Who for the sinner dy'd.

198. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The Second Death ; Or the falling away of the Christian Church.

O, WHO that myst'ry deep can sing,
Who, in dark sayings skill'd,
The holy word from darkness bring;
That word with terror fill'd?

2

The *Second Death!* that wo of wos,
Declar'd by God to men;
That *second death*, which blasts his foes,
Whom justice doth condemn!

3

The Jews to whom the law was giv'n,
Dy'd by its powerful stroke;
Nor could they rise by works to heav'n,
Nor break sin's heavy yoke:

4

So hath the christian world, in strife,
Deny'd their Lord and God;
And lost, by sin, his heavenly life,
And trampled on his blood.

5

This *second death*, beneath the beasts,
In darkness long has reign'd
The prophets false are lit'ral priests,
Who have the Lord blasphem'd.

199. L. M. H. BALLOU.

There is no power but of God. Rom. xiii. 1.

DID heav'nly wisdom give to man,
A pow'r to disappoint his plan?
No! God, in wisdom, hath deny'd
To man ambition, pow'r, and pride.

2

Dependent, we, on God rely;
 If he withholds his hand we die;
 But if he deign his help to give,
 We, by his power may safely live.

3

Then let the thought be banish'd hence,
 That our weak arm is our defence;
 But on the Lord we will depend,
 He can destroy and he defend.

4

To trust in God is life indeed;
 The Lord supplies our ev'ry need:
 He will his richest blessings give,
 And grant that we in him may live.

200. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Query.

IF God be *LOVE*; why should there be
 This world of sin and misery?
 Can a pure God delight to see
 In man so much impurity?

2

Would a kind father let his son
 In folly to destruction run;
 Had he the pow'r him to command,
 And to protect him by his hand?

3

Oft have I query'd on the thought,
 Nor was it to conclusion brought;
 Till taught of God I understood,
Evil, by him, was meant for *good*.

4

Tho' sin in me produced guilt;
 Yet Christ his precious blood hath spilt,

To cleanse my soul from *carnal mind*,
And hath me to himself resign'd.

201. L. M. H. BALLOU.

We are all the offspring of God. Acts xvii. 28.

WE are the offspring of our God,
All nations, made of the same blood,
Are children of his matchless grace,
Thro' Adam's vast and countless race.

2

The Greek and Jew are one by faith ;
Christ is the head th' apostle saith :
All men are brethren in the Lord,
And heirs of his eternal word.

3

Let God be worshipp'd and ador'd ;
He is our Savior and our Lord :
Nor let our honors e'er be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made.

4

Deliver'd now from sin's dark night,
Our eyes behold a heav'nly light;
The Lord will on his Zion rise,
And raise his offspring to the skies.

202. S. M. H. BALLOU.

God the centre of all Goodness

IS man more just than God ?
More merciful and kind?
A creature have more vital good
Than the Eternal Mind!

2

Who could such goodness give?
Where is the fountain found?

'Tis in our God we move and live;
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3

Could a kind parent steel
His heart against a son,
(No pity for his suff'ring feel)
For follies he had done?

4

Nor will the Lord so prove,
But will his pardons give;
He is our Father, and his love
Will cause the dead to live.

203. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is
eternal life. Rom vi. 23.

SIN, like a cruel tyrant, reigns;
Labor and wo and many pains
Attend him, nor forsake his way,
Obey him still, by night or day.

2

Deceived mortals, by him led,
On stolen bread and water fed,
Labor and toil with tiresome breath,
Receiving for their wages death.

3

This tyrant flatters mortals on,
They thoughtless to destruction run,
By sin, that deadly poison, stung,
Their senses lost, they can't return.

4

Where is that balsam to be found,
T' extract the poison, heal the wound?
Or that Physician who can bring
A soul from death to life again?

5

The grace of God, in *Christ* reveal'd,
 These deadly wounds has often heal'd;
 Jesus is a physician kind,
 To raise from death the human mind.

6

My Lord, my God! thy grace impart,
 Distil this balsam in my heart;
 O raise from death thy long lost son,
 And spoil the mischief sin has done!

204. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The vanity of worldly honors.

THIS world, how full of labor 'tis!
 And toil and pain and deadly strife;
 And yet, from all this toil, there is
 But vanity and painful life!

2

Kings, sultans, bashaws, monarchs great,
 With fiercer warriors by their side;
 Thro' blood ascend to thrones of state,
 Themselves adorn with human pride.

3

Negotiators, wise and great,
 Deep learn'd in equalizing pow'r;
 Who hold the balances of state,
 Their words preserve, and they devour.

4

Now states advance, now kingdoms rise,
 And now they totter to the ground;
 By murd'rous hands a monarch dies,
 And to the murd'rer leaves his crown.

5

Fierce legions on th' ensanguin'd field,
 Who glory in their shame and strife;

With courage mad, in armor steel'd,
For nothing sell their youthful life.

6

Let kings and kingdoms rise and fall,
And share the destinies of fate;
But may I rise above them all,
The gospel all my glory make.

205. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

Renouncing earthly pleasures.

ALL earthly pleasures I'll forsake,
Bid carnal joys farewell!
Myself deny for Jesus' sake,
And yield unto his will.

2

I've try'd the vanities of time,
Have felt their deadly sting;
I will not call such treasures mine,
They anxious sorrows bring.

3

These sensual baits and tempting snares,
Entangle us in wo;
Inthrall the soul at unawares,
Nor let the captive go.

4

Dear Savior, to thy arms I fly,
O set a pris'ner free;
And grant thy mercy, or I die;
Thy mercy' *all* to me.

206. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The vanity of earthly things, &c.

BEHOLD, what poor imperfect things,
 We mortal creatures are ;
 Whether the beggars, or the kings,
 As light as empty air !

2

Where are the kings of Persia now ?
 Of Egypt, or of Rome ?
 Vehement winds their ashes blow—
 For ages past---they're gone !

3

And what are thrones, and what are crowns
 But toys in children's play ?
 A fleeting hour this wealth abounds,
 And flies as soon away.

4

All things on earth are vanity:
 No wholesome water 's found;
 No healthy fruit, nor living tree,
 On this deceptive ground.

5

Something besides myself I'd be,
 And in another state;
 Where I could find that living tree,
 And of its fruits partake.

6

Eternal life! this fills my mind,
 While I myself deny;
 All earthly things are now resign'd;
 I'll better riches try.

207. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

All things are dross in comparison with Christ.

GO search the fields of nature through,
 Observe her various works and ways;
 Learn all the ancients ever knew,
 And seek for worldly wealth or praise:

2

Put on the crowns that monarchs wear,
 High wave their sceptres in your hand;
 And make your humble vassals stare,
 And send your edicts through the land:

3

Command the bosom of the sea,
 To waft your vessels to and fro;
 Of wealth and grandeur hold the key,
 And bid your armies come and go:

4

Of all these acquisitions, say,
 Can one, or all, give you content?
 Or can they lengthen out your day,
 Or stay the hand of death, when sent?

5

The humble soul who begs his bread,
 But has in Christ a living faith;
 Without a house to lay his head,
 In peace can trust what Jesus saith.

6

Nor will he envy all your pride,
 Or crave the wealth by you possess'd;
 He hath his carnal mind deny'd,
 And enter'd into sacred rest.

208. S. M.

KNEELAND.

The vanity of earthly enjoyments.

HOW vain are earthly things!

How false! and yet how fair!

This world no solid comfort brings,

If love be wanting there.

2

See monarchs richly crown'd!

With vassals at their feet;

Their fame is but an empty sound;

A word of fond deceit.

3

The riches of this world

Are but an empty name;

Just like a story vainly told,

Is all their boasted fame.

4

The honors men bestow

No pleasures can afford,

Nor all the pomp of worldly show,

Without thy blessing, Lord!

5

This world must pass away,

Like as a running stream;

And life itself will soon decay,

And ev'ry earthly thing.

6

Dear Savior, lend thy wings,

Prepare my soul to fly;

To soar above these earthly things,

To dwell with thee on high.

209. L. M. S. STREETER.

The fool's eye is in the end of the earth. Prov. xvii. 24.

LORD, what a stupid worm is man!
 His heart is cold, his thoughts are vain!
 Daily supported by his God,
 Yet seeks for help and peace abroad!

2

Return, my soul the Lord confess;
 No more forget thy resting place;
 Return from far my wand'ring eye,
 For Christ, thy Lord, is ever nigh.

3

The balsam of his sov'reign grace
 Runs to the soul that's in distress,
 And living streams of richest wine
 Are poured from this fount divine.

4

Thro' him we have salvation sure,
 Wrought out by streams of purple gore,
 Which from his bleeding veins do run,
 To bring our weary spirits home.

5

Then quickly come, Redeemer dear,
 To us, from glorious courts, appear;
 Angels to him attune your lays;
 Ye tribes of men, burst forth in praise.

210. L. M. S. STREETER.

The contrast between wisdom and folly. Prov. iii.
 17. xiii. 5.

MY soul, remember, wisdom's road
 Is Jesus Christ, the living Lord.

He, like the monarch of the sky, !
Beams forth resplendent, far and nigh.

2

Exhaustless riches dwell in him,
Transcending ev'ry costly gem;
Substantial joys, celestial flames,
Reflect successive dazzling gleams.

3

Aspiring myrtles shade the ground,
And golden woodbines twine around ;
Unfading laurels bloom therein,
Surpassing garlands in the spring.

4

But folly ! O, the huge contrast!
A deadly gulf ! a dreary waste!
No blushing rose exalts her head,
Nor spotless lilies fragrance shed !

5

But grievous thorns and noisome weeds
Infest the dungeon where she leads;
Her streets are 'round with nettles hung,
Her putrid streams cool not the tongue.

6

Lord we adore thy matchless grace,
That guides our feet in wisdom's ways;
Our grateful hearts would loud proclaim,
The countless honors of thy name.

211. S. M. S. STREETER.

Grace superabounding sin. Rom. v. 20, 21.

WHAT sorrows seize my soul!
What anguish! when I see
Abounding sin run thro' the whole
Of Adam's progeny!

Lo! all in darkness bound,
 By sin's tyrannic reign ;
 And drench'd in death, the world around,
 Of trouble, fear, and pain!

3

But sinners dry your tears,
 The mighty God adore,
 Who doth dispel your slavish fears,
 Come, trust his mighty pow'r.

4

Where sin abounded has,
 And brought tormenting pain;
 There shall his all extending grace
 The victory obtain;

5

The serpent's head shall break,
 And make an end of sin;
 And from each weeping eye shall take
 The flowing tear of pain.

6

As sin has reign'd to strife;
 So grace shall reign abroad,
 Thro' righteousness, to endless life,
 By Jesus Christ our Lord.

212. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Leaving earthly enjoyments.

ADIEU! all earthly things!
 My soul shall mount on high;
 Those courts with heav'nly music rings,
 And pleasures never die.

2

For earthly charms no more,
My soul shall vainly strive;
I've made the gospel all my store,
Thence all my joys derive.

3

I've sought this world around,
Some solid joy to find;
There's none that grows on earthly ground,
That's fit to cheer the mind.

4

Then come, without delay,
My soul, with progress rise;
And march with gladness on the way,
To yonder blissful skies.

213. C. M. S. BALLOU.

Leaving earthly for heavenly joys.

LET not my heart, O God, be plac'd
On mortal things below;
O may my soul refuse to taste
Of things that gender wo.

2

Those fleeting joys that soon decay,
Are pleasures unrefin'd;
They please the sense and pass away,
And leave their stings behind.

3

But O the joys which are above,
Are everlasting springs,
Of consolation, peace, and love,
Which leave behind no stings.

4

Then let us leave these earthly toys,
 So vain, and so impure;
 And raise our thoughts to nobler joys,
 To joys that will endure.

214. L. M. S. BALLOU.

The same.

THE best delights this world can give
 Are all but fading vanity;
 While in these things thy children live,
 Their hearts are dead, O God, to thee.

2

Our hearts would bid these things adieu,
 Had we but eyes to view that shore,
 Where joys abound for ever new,
 To feast our souls for evermore.

3

Lord to thy sons let faith be giv'n,
 That they may taste and see and know,
 How far the sweet delights of heaven
 Excel all earthly things below.

4

The joys which we on earth receive,
 Are transient, and will soon be past;
 But those of heav'n our souls believe
 Will ever and for ever last.

215. P. M. S. BALLOU.

The same,

HOW transient and how vain
 Is all this world bestows!
 How fleet! how full of pain,
 And void of sweet repose!

No earthly thing can give, I find,
Complete contentment to the mind.

2

When death approaches nigh,
The unbeliever fears;
And unbelievers cry,
And wet their couch with tears,
Not all the wealth beneath the poles
Can give true comfort to their souls.

3

But heav'nly things are pure,
More lasting and more sweet;
For ever will endure,
With comforts more replete.
Should worlds be wrapt in blazing fire,
The love of God would not expire.

4

Believers have a hope
Which overcomes their fear;
Which bears their courage up,
When death approaches near:
Each says, O come, my angel come,
Bear me to my eternal home.

216. L. M. KNEELAND.

The wicked are like a troubled sea, &c.

THE wicked are a troubled sea,
Of mire and dirt, which cannot rest;
When none pursue they often flee;
No peace nor comfort they possess.

2

The shaking of a trembling leaf,
So often chases them away;

Their souls are fill'd with wo and grief,
With fear tormented night and day.

3

But when the sinner is set free
From sin and wo, of ev'ry kind;
Bold as a lion for his prey,
He wages war with carnal mind.

4

Nor will he give the battle o'er,
Until the enemy is slain;
His captain, Jesus, goes before,
The victory he'll sure obtain.



217. L. M. KNEELAND.

O wretched man that I am, &c.

WHEN I behold the effects of sin,
It makes me think how vile I am;
I loathe myself, and ev'ry thing
That leads my thoughts from Christ the Lamb.

2

When shall I leave these deadly stings,
And with my Savior soar above
The vanity of earthly things,
Where all is harmony and love?

3

My Lord! my God! my Savior dear!
Redeemer of my sinful soul!
Make ev'ry heart thy gospel hear,
And on them all thy mercies roll.

4

Then shall the sinner turn to thee,
And leave the deadly works of sin;

His humble soul shall willing be
To honor God in ev'ry thing.

218. C. M. KNEELAND.

Address to the sluggish soul.

HOW can my soul indiff'rent be
To Christ's alluring charms?
What can I in creation see,
To wean me from his arms?

2

Can all the baits of carnal mind
Afford me real joy?
Are not such pleasures all inclin'd
My comforts to destroy?

3

My soul, arise, and leave the ground
Of sin and jarring strife;
In God alone thy help is found;
He gives thee endless life.

4

Forsake the things of time and sense,
To God obed'ent prove;
He calls thy wand'ring spirit hence,
To taste his joy and love.

219. C. M. KNEELAND.

Sin.

SIN! O, that monster of the deep!
It aggravates my soul;
It makes my heart in sorrow weep,
When on me it doth roll.

2

He has ten thousand ugly forms,
 No comeliness at all;
 He preys on thoughtless, heedless worms,
 And does their souls inthrall.

3

He, like a lion, fierce and bold,
 Seeks whom he may destroy;
 And senseless mortals vainly hold
 Themselves in his employ.

4

O God! my Savior and my Friend!
 Defend me from this foe;
 On thee, alone, I now depend,
 For help in time of wo.

220. P. M. H. BALLOU.

The Pilgrims.

WHY all this speed, ye Pilgrims, say?
 Why travel ye that thorny way?
 What comforts in it can you find?
 Of riches, wealth, and honor fair,
 With us, you might in plenty share,
 And fill with joy each longing mind.

2

Why will you waste your time for nought?
 This world appears not worth your thought:
 A moment pause—turn round and see—
 Here nature's gardens, green and fair,
 With sweetest odors, fill the air,
 And pleasant fruits on time's fair tree.

3

We once sought happiness with you,
 Before the pilgrim's path we knew,
 In meekness all the pilgrims say;
 But now we love what you despise,
 And hold contempt'ous in your eyes;
 The call of God, we must obey.

4

Therefore, farewell, all earthly things,
 To health and honor that have wings;
 O, welcome life and endless joy!
 Our path is plain, our fruits are sweet,
 Our comforts all in Jesus meet;
 Comforts complete, without alloy.

221. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

There is no peace to the Wicked.

NO peace my starving soul can find,
 In sin's deceitful way;
 No pleasant fruits to cheer the mind,
 Nor light a single ray.

2

A guilty conscience gnaws within,
 And I am drown'd with grief;
 My soul abhors that monster, sin,
 Dear Savior! grant relief.

3

O, why should men in sin remain?
 Why walk the tiresome way?
 Lord may each sinner grace obtain,
 And go no more astray.

4

Hast thou not promis'd in thy word,
 That sin shall finish'd be?

Fulfil thy testimonies, Lord,
And set the sinner free.

222. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Repentance.

O, IS my heart of marble made?
Cold, stupid here it lies;
My sins would make my soul afraid;
My heart my God denies.

2

Wretch, that I am, to feel so hard!
No sparks of zeal for God!
My heart with iron grates is barr'd;
O, melt it, Jesus' blood!

3

Or wilt thou take the stone away,
And give a tender mind?
For this, O Lord, I humbly pray;
O, make my heart more kind!

4

Then gentle streams of grace shall flow,
And make my bowels move;
Mercy extending to each foe,
In gentle streams of love.

223. P. M. H. BALLOU.

The Union of Souls.

HOW sweet is the union of souls,
In harmony, friendship, and love;
Where th' river of life ever rolls,
From th' fountain of glory above!

2

'Tis sweeter than zephyrs that blow,
From mountains of spices afar;

Such bliss as the thoughtless ne'er know ;
More rich than frankincense and myrrh.

3

As rivers meander along,
Melliferous margins display;
And in their confluence grow strong,
Receiving new strength on the way;

4

So th' honey of love in the mind
Makes it flow in desires far abroad;
'Till to others, by love, it is join'd,
In its journey of faith to its God.

5

O wisdom, how pleasant thy way!
Thy paths are all pav'd with delight;
Sweet visions of heavenly day
Awake and enrapture our sight.

6

What ample provisions we find
In Zion, the city of God;
And wines on the lees well refin'd,
High zested with heav'nly good.

7

All treasures of wisdom and grace
Are stor'd in this union sublime;
The bride of the Lamb shews her face,
Enraptur'd with joys all divine.

8

Lord help us, this union to keep,
By watching the heav'nly way;
In *union* God grant we may meet,
In yon bright effulgence of day.

224. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Psalm 133.

HOW charming is the graceful sight,
 Where friendly hearts in love unite,
 Where brethren all in union move,
 And each fulfils the law of love.

2

Like holy oil profusely shed
 On Aaron's emblematic head,
 Where ev'ry pow'r and ev'ry grace
 Reflect the charms of Jesus' face.

3

Lo! see the holy ointment flow,
 Perfumes his garments far below,
 An emblem of that heav'nly grace,
 Which sanctifies the human race.

4

'Tis like the dew on Hermon shed,
 (The spotless flow'r shall raise its head)
 An emblem of that love divine,
 Which makes our virtues all to shine.

5

'Tis like the gentle show'rs that fall,
 On Zion's mountains great and small,
 Where sweetest zephyrs gently flow,
 Perfumes the vallies all below.

6

God here commands his blessing sure,
 Long shall the heav'nly grace endure;
 When discord long forgot shall be,
 Brethren shall dwell in unity.

225. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The same.

HOW good, how pleasant 'tis to see
 Brethren in union dwell;
 This is the gospel mystery,
 Its glories who can tell?

2

Like holy oil, or ointment shed,
 (With all its rich perfume)
 On Aaron's consecrated head,
 When odors fill'd the room.

3

Or like the gentle show'rs of rain,
 On Zion's sacred hills;
 Descending, water all the plain,
 Where fruit the valley fills.

4

Blessings of life for evermore,
 And joys of sweet repast,
 God hath laid up in boundless store,
 Which shall for ever last.

226. S. M.

H. BALLOU.

The same.

HOW pleasant is the sight,
 Where brethren all agree;
 And love divine their souls excite
 To live in unity!

2

The precious streams of love,
 Like oil from Jesus flow;
 Their hearts are temper'd like the dove,
 Their lives no discord know.

3

Like Zion's fragrant hills,
 When blest with heav'nly dews,
 'This grace the air with odor fills,
 And life and joy renews.

4

Lo! here the Lord hath said,
 His blessing shall remain;
 The soul that's in this union led,
 This blessing shall obtain.

227. P. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

LO! what a pleasant sight
 Are brethren who unite,
 And strive to live in perfect peace!
 Where each fraternal heart
 Doth act the friendly part,
 To make the harmony increase.

2

'Tis like the sun most bright,
 With his effulgent light,
 Which sheds his rays from pole to pole;
 Or like the streams of love,
 Which flow from God above,
 Descending down to ev'ry soul.

3

'Tis like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's rev'rend head,
 Descending down his purple robe:
 Or like its rich perfume,
 Which graced all the room,
 And typify'd the love of God.

4

Like as the morning dew,
 A blessing ever new,
 Which on the mount of God descends;
 So love divinely flows,
 Expelling cruel foes
 From ev'ry heart of faithful friends.

228. P. M.

KNEELAND.

I am nothing without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

HAD I the tongues of men,
 And did all language know;
 Or with angelic strains
 Could speak to men below;
 Yet without love,
 O God, to thee,
 I cannot be
 In realms above.

2

Tho' I could prophesy,
 And myst'ries understand;
 Or bid the mountains fly
 Or sink at my command;
 If love, alas !
 Does not abound,
 I still am found
 Like tinkling brass.

3

Tho' I bestow my wealth
 To feed the needy poor ;
 Or sacrifice my health,
 My neighbor to restore;
 If I impart
 Unwillingly,

I cannot be
Happy in heart.

4

Tho' in the height of zeal
To gain a martyr's name,
The pain of fire I feel
And suffer in the flame;
Unless I feel
The love of God
Shed all abroad,
I'm nothing still.

229. L. M. KNEELAND.

Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 2—8, 13.

LET others boast how good they be,
And of their mighty works approve;
Yet, Lord, we humbly own to thee,
That we are nothing without love.

2

Love suffers long, in works is kind,
And envies not another's wealth ;
She's blessed with a noble mind,
And is not puffed up with self.

3

She seeketh not her own estate,
Nor is provok'd without a cause;
The path of wisdom she doth take,
And ever keeps her holy laws.

4

Of others' sins she ne'er partakes,
But firmly in the truth she stands;
And bearing all for Jesus' sake,
She ever follows his commands.

5

She does the word of life believe,
 Hopes and endures unto the end ;
 And by the grace of God she lives,
 Who does to her his graces send.

6

Our faith may soon be lost in sight,
 Our hope may in fruition end;
 But love is God's eternal light,
 Which shall to boundless realms extend.

230. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The blessings of society,

HOW many blessings we receive,
 Kind friends and neighbors all around;
 In sweet society we live,
 Of enemies, but few are found.

2

How kind are hearts in friendship join'd,
 How pleasant is a neighbor's face!
 In such society is found
 The sweets of love, the fruits of grace.

3

Then let our friendship all be pure,
 With honest hearts improve our joy;
 In adverse scenes, 'twill still endure,
 Unmingled sweets without alloy.

4

While to the poor the rich impart,
 With labor they'll the debt repay;
 Then all may strive, with faithful hearts,
 To keep in friendship's heav'nly way.

231. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Heavenly union.

WHY do not saints an union form?

In christian love unite?

And strive the gospel to adorn,

With works of truth and light?

2

O could the fire of love consume

Those creeds that disunite!

And could the word of truth illume,

And give us perfect light!

3

Then should we all in union join,

To war with lust and pride,

In love and harmony combine,

In him who for us dy'd.

4

I long to see that heav'nly day,

When love shall more abound;

And saints together meet to pray,

And discord not be found.

232. P. M. *KNEELAND.*

Love and Unity.

COME, brothers, sisters, all,

And let us joyful be ;

Attend the Savior's call ;

He calls aloud for thee.

The love of God

Is all his theme ;

O, let his name

Be spread abroad!

2

The Lord our God is ONE,
 From past eternity;
 Thro' endless years to come,
 Unalter'd he will be.

Love is his name?
 His nature too,
 In ev'ry view,
 Is still the same.

3

Love surely cannot hate,
 Nor mercy cruel prove;
 Nor wisdom reprobate
 The object of its love.

Justice and grace
 Unite in one,
 To welcome home
 The fallen race.

4

The attributes of God,
 In him, do all agree;
 According to his word,
 To set the sinner free;

To all, his ways
 Are just the same;
 O, let his name
 Have endless praise!

5

Then let us all combine,
 Our Savior to adore;
 In union, let us join,
 And sing his praises more.

In realms above
 The angels sing;

*To ev'ry thing
The Lord is LOVE!*

233. L. M. S. BALLOU.

Love and Harmony,

HOW pleasing is the lovely sight!
O, how it does my soul delight!
To see the sons of light agree,
And live in social harmony!

2

How blest is that fraternal band,
Who do in sweet agreement stand;
Where ev'ry heart can sympathize,
When blessings flow or troubles rise!

3

Endue each heart, O God, to be
One of this blest fraternity;
With moral goodness to remain,
Where peace and love and friendship reign.

4

Faith is thy gift, almighty Lord,
From faith in thy sure promis'd word,
And from the hope of heav'nly things,
This social love and union springs.

234. S. M. S. BALLOU.

Love, the way to heaven.

HOW holy is the ground,
On which the brethren stand;
Where love in ev'ry heart is found,
Fulfilling God's command!

2

This is divinely good,
 The path that Jesus trod;
 For if we love the brotherhood,
 We imitate our God.

3

'Tis like the joys above,
 A heav'nly place below;
 Where ev'ry bosom swells with love,
 And peace like rivers flow.

4

These are the fruits of fait h
 And hope of joys to come;
 Blessings divine attend this path,
 Thro' all our journey home.

235. L. M. *S. BALLOU.*

Professions nothing without Love.

WHERE no benevolence is found,
 Professions are an empty sound;
 Whatever men pretend to be
 Is nothing without charity.

2

Should I bestow my goods to feed
 The hungry poor, who stand in need;
 What profit can it be to me,
 When I am void of charity?

3

Men for the name of being good,
 May feed the poor and spill their blood;
 And yet, in all their fair pretence,
 Be void all of benevolence.

4

Kind charity will suffer long,
Will envy not, will do no wrong;
Nor boasting self-conceit nor pride,
In her dear bosom can abide.

5

How lovely, gentle, meek, and clean,
Is her behavior and her mein!
In false reports she has no voice,
But in the truth she does rejoice.

6

Now where true faith and hope abide,
There does benevolence reside;
But O, the greatest of the three
Is spotless, white-rob'd charity!

236. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Joys of heaven on the return of sinners.

TH' increasing joys, O, who can tell,
Or pleasures of the place,
Where all the holy angels dwell!
At the surprising grace,

2

Which brings the sinners home to God,
With penitential cries;
And by the all atoning blood,
Gives life that never dies?

3

They shout the vict'ries of their King,
And glory in his grace,
Which doth a conquer'd rebel bring
To bow before his face.

4

If one returning prodigal
 Should make the angels sing;
 What holy joys would heaven fill,
 Should Christ his millions bring?

237. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The innumerable multitude. Rev. vii. 9, &c.

BEHOLD on Zion's heav'nly shore,
 A vast and shining band;
 Which can't be told, or number'd o'er,
 In glorious order stand!

2

From earth's remotest bounds they came,
 From tribulations great;
 And thro' the vict'ries of the Lamb,
 They've reach'd the heav'nly state.

3

Their robes they've wash'd in Jesus' blood
 From ev'ry spot of sin ;
 They stand before the throne of God,
 And of his mercies sing.

4

Hunger and thirst they know no more,
 From burning heats refresh'd;
 The Lamb shall feed them from his store,
 And give them endless rest.

5

To living streams of heav'nly joy,
 Jesus shall lead his flock;
 To drink fresh draughts is their employ,
 From Christ, th' eternal Rock.

6

God all their tears shall wipe away,
 And they his wonders tell;
 While in his temple they shall stay,
 And God with them shall dwell.

238. L. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Universal worship. Rev. v. 13.

BEHOLD! the visions brighter grow,
 Beyond what beasts, or elders know,
 They wond'ring stand with sweet delight,
 While glories beam upon their sight!

2

Jesus the pow'r of grace displays,
 The four-and-twenty stand and gaze,
 While all the sons of Adam's loins,
 Now to the gospel grace resign.

3

From heaven, earth, and from the sea,
 The mighty hosts assembled be;
 And with one voice are heard to sing
 The glories of their heav'nly King.

4

Now beasts and elders both unite,
 To make his praises their delight;
 The vision saith this sweet employ
 Shall fill the universe with joy.

239. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The same, &c.

HOW glorious was the vision bright,
 Transcending ev'ry thought;

Which beam'd on beasts and elders' sight,
And heav'nly worship wrought.

2

Millions of angels round the throne,
With harps attun'd to praise;
There, sing the wonders God has done,
In joy inspiring lays.

3

And now the prayers of all the saints
Perfume the throne of God;
While grace divine ends their complaints,
With all atoning blood.

4

The pow'rs of grace are now display'd,
The vict'ry is complete;
And reconciliation made—
All bow at Jesus' feet.

5

Now ev'ry creature tries to tell
The honors of their King;
His glories in their anthems swell,
And all his praises sing.

6

Now beasts and elders both unite
In the divine employ;
While Jesus fills, with sweet delight,
The universe with joy.

240. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

From Watts. Psalm 98.

JOY to the world below!
The Lord himself is come;

Let mighty kings before him bow,
And monarchs give him room.

2

Joy to the earth he brings,
And angels shout his praise;
Let ev'ry soul an anthem sing,
In heav'n inspired lays.

3

Far as the curse is found,
He makes his blessings flow;
Thorns shall no more infest the ground,
Nor man his sorrows know.

4

He rules with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

241. C. M. H. BALLOU.

. Parody on Dr. Watts' 2d Hymn, 2d Book.

MY thoughts on heav'nly subjects roll,
Salvation and the dead ;
What pleasures seize a ransom'd soul
Upon a dying bed!

2

By faith she stands upon the shores,
Impatient with delay;
Till, like an eagle, upward soars,
Rejoicing on her way.

3

Then swift and graceful she ascends,
Up to the heav'nly coast ;
Where millions 'round the altar bend—
She joins the heav'nly host.

4

There num'rous crowds of ransom'd are,
 And light illumines the place;
 Where joyful praise is all their care,
 Expecting future grace.

5

They shout the vict'ry thro' the blood,
 Which for all sin atones;
 Thro' the compassion of a God,
 Who hearken'd to their groans.

6

O what surprising grace we find
 In God, our Savior dear!
 A God all merciful and kind,
 In death, can banish fear.

242. S. M. H. BALLOU.

The joys of heaven anticipated.

WHO dare attempt to sing
 The joys of heav'n to come,
 When Jesus, our eternal King,
 Brings all his ransom'd home?

2

If from some distant shore
 One exile should be free;
 To favor be receiv'd once more;
 Millions would joyful be.

3

Who then can stretch a thought
 To half the joys above,
 When Adam's exil'd race is brought,
 And fill'd with Jesus' love?

4

No discord shall be found
On that celestial shore;
Love shall with ev'ry grace abound,
And all shall God adore.

5

No diff'rent creeds shall there
Disturb immortal peace;
But union shall be all their care,
And boundless be their bliss.

6

O give me wings to fly,
To Zion that's above;
Bright is the sun, serene the sky,
"And all the air is love."

243. P. M. S. STREETER.

Rejoicing. Sol. Songs, ii, 10—13.

HARK! hear the Savior's call;
And listen to his voice:
He speaks in words of love;
Come, let your hearts rejoice.
Lo, mine thou art,
And I am thine,
A friend divine:
I grace impart.

2

Lo, winter has resign'd,
His chilling frosts are past;
And beating storms of rain
Are o'er and gone at last.
A calm serene
Now gives you rest:

In me you're blest,
With joy supreme.

3

The vernal season's come,
Sweet blooming flow'rs appear;
A matchless robe of green
Now doth all nature wear.

Thus you're redeem'd
From sin and strife,
To endless life,
By me your Friend.

4

The fig-tree blooms and bears,
Her figs all fresh and green;
And grapes on fruitful vines
Are in rich clusters seen.

To Adam's race
I've given peace,
And made them trees
Of righteousness.

5

Lo, plumous songsters sing,
In symphony around!
And in this happy land
The turtle's voice doth sound.

From warbling lays,
The world around
Doth sweetly sound
The song of praise.

6

But from redeeming love,
Thy greatest bliss I bring:
I am the life and joy
Of an immortal spring.

I am your grace;
 In me you've peace;
 O never cease
 To sing my praise.

244. P. M. H. BALLOU.

Praise to the Redeemer.

GRACE, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name,
 I would for ever sing his fame,
 I would aloud his praise proclaim
 To all created nature.

2

He saw me ruin'd in my sin,
 He felt his pity move within,
 He spilt his blood to wash me clean,
 He brought me back to God again—
 I'll praise his name for ever.

3

Ye saints, upon mount Zion's hill,
 The heav'nly anthem try to swell,
 And ev'ry note of music fill,
 In praises of Immanuel,
 Who gave himself your ransom.

4

O that ye sons of Israel knew,
 The woman's Seed was bruise'd for you!
 Then you his glories would pursue,
 And drink of pleasures ever new,
 And shout the great redemption.

5

Ye sinners of the Gentile throng,
 Come, bear the music on your tongue,
 And consecrate him in your song,

And tell the wonders he has done,
By reconciliation.

6

O that all people high and low
Might come, the Savior's grace to know,
And taste the streams of love that flow,
And by their practice try to show,
They love the great Redeemer.

7

Come, brothers, sisters, hand in hand,
All join'd in one harmon'ous band,
And, by God's grace, we'll pray to stand,
And travel to the heav'nly land,
Of promise, and of glory.

8

When we get on th' eternal shore,
Then we shall sin and sigh no more,
B'ing wash'd from all our sins before,
We ever shall with joy adore
The grace which did redeem us.

9

Ye angels of the upper sky,
O praise him who was born to die,
And at a humble distance lie,
And ev'ry golden organ try,
In praise of my Redeemer.

10

Then fiercer burn the holy fire,
Ye angels, tune your organs high'r,
And saints upon the golden lyre,
All join in concert to admire
A world from sin redeemed.

18

245. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The winter of the Law, and the spring of the Gospel.

THE winter of the law is gone,
 The spring doth now appear;
 The turtle tunes her lovely song,
 And hails the new born year.

2

Behold the field and meadows fair,
 With sweetest flowers drest;
 While grace with fragrance fills the air,
 And makes all nations blest.

3

How fragrant is the blooming vine,
 The figtree's fresh and fair;
 Bright emblems of that grace divine,
 These temp'ral tokens are.

4

Meand'ring streams, from ice and snow,
 In gentle rivers, run;
 Rejoicing to their fountain go,
 All ransom'd by the sun.

246. S. M.

H. BALLOU.

The day of rest.

IN songs of highest praise,
 We shout the day divine;
 Which dawning now with heav'nly rays,
 Shall soon with lustre shine.

2

Dark clouds shall pass away,
 And light shall fast increase,
 Till us, the pow'r of perfect day,
 From darkness shall release.

3

This is the day of rest,
 Prefigur'd by the law;
 This day shall make all nations blest,
 This day the prophets saw.

4

This day shall finish sin,
 (Ye saints, your voices raise)
 Shall gather all the outcast in,
 To sing eternal praise.

247. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The Prodigal returned.

BEHOLD the prodigal return!

With joy the father flies;
 Parental love with ardor burns,
 Compassion fills his eyes.

2

Low bending at his father's feet,
 The long lost child is brought;
 The father leaps his child to meet,
 Who sold himself for nought.

3

His filthy garments now remove,
 The father gives command;
 Costly array the child I love,
 My *ring* put on his hand.

4

Now let the fatted calf be kill'd,
 And let our joys abound;
 My hungry son shall now be fill'd,
 My long lost son is found.

248. C. M. KNEELAND.

Heavenly joy on earth.

COME, all ye saints, who love the Lord,
With melody divine
Tune ev'ry harp in sweet accord,
And all in concert join.

2

Proclaim abroad your sacred joy,
To earth's remotest bounds;
In heavenly notes, your tongues employ,
In symphony of sounds.

3

Let ev'ry doubt and slavish fear
Be banish'd from the mind ;
While joyful songs our spirits cheer,
We'll trust the Lord is kind.

4

This is the hill of Zion, sure,
Where pilgrims long to go;
Where heav'nly grace and mercy pure,
In gentle currents flow.

5

Then let our joyful songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We'll travel through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

249. S. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

COME join in sacred songs,
Ye saints of every name ;
With heav'nly music on your tongues,
The love of God proclaim.

2

Sing of your Savior dear,
 Who gives you endless life;
 And banish all your slavish fear
 And ev'ry hurtful strife.

3

The Lord our God is good
 To all the sons of men;
 He feeds our souls with heav'nly food,
 That we may life obtain.

4

The Lord our God is kind,
 His children all will bless;
 Nothing from him was e'er design'd
 To make our pleasures less.

5

The Lord our God is love!
 He loves the human race;
 He sent the Savior from above,
 To save the world by grace.

6

Then banish all your fears,
 And raise your voices high;
 The Lord of love will wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye.

250. P. M. KNEELAND.

The joys of heaven.

I SING the joys of heav'n,
 When Christ shall finish sin;
 And sinners be forgiv'n,
 Their garments white and clean,
 When all shall find
 Deliv'ring grace—

The human race,
In concert join'd.

2

GLORY TO GOD! they sing;
Who hath redeem'd our race:
They grateful tributes bring—
The trophies of his grace.

The Lord shall hear
The grateful song,
From ev'ry tongue,
Both far and near.

3

Lo! heav'n's arches ring,
With joy inspiring lays;
Millions their music bring,
Reverberating praise.

Harmonious sounds,
From choir to choir,
In praise conspire,
While love abounds.

4

They hallelujah sing,
Unto the Lamb once slain;
For death hath lost its sting,
And sinners freed from pain.

They'll spend a long
Eternity,
In sounding the
Immortal song.

251. L. M.

TURNER.

The voice of peace to the troubled spirit,

SEE, from the ark, the mystic dove,
On flying pinions, takes her way,

Thro' distant regions prone to move,
And view the wonders of the day.

2

Lo, she returns and seeks her rest,
And brings the olive branch of peace;
Thus are the cheerless mourners blest,
The tidings all their hopes increase.

3

So we upon this ocean wide,
'This boist'rous and perturbed state;
Where sin besets and woe betide,
Nor we observe the floods abate.

4

Then does the Spirit's witness show
A source of love, a fount of grace;
A Savior's goodness makes us know,
And points to God our righteousness.

5

Celestial *messenger of joy!*
Speed on thy way to this sad heart;
Bring with thee peace, without alloy,
And never from my soul depart.

252. L. M. TURNER.

The soul's anticipation of future bliss.

BEAR me, ye spirits of the blest,
To Zion's bow'rs of joy and peace;
Where all is love and heav'nly rest,
And holy anthems never cease.

2

Take me upon your wings and fly;
Your lively pinions, hope and faith,
Nor stop, 'till far above the sky,
I rise, a conqu'ror over death.

3

Here in this world of sin and wo,
 I groan in bondage, toil, and pain;
 Where'er with wand'ring steps I go,
 On earth, for bliss, my search is vain.

4

Here passions, leagu'd in baleful strife,
 Wage with our comforts cruel war;
 Hatred and wrath disturb our life,
 Join'd in the rude tempest'ous jar.

5

Above such scenes, on Canaan's coast,
 A rapt'rous prospect cheers the soul;
 Where discord, wrath, and strife are lost,
 And seas of bliss extatic roll.

6

Sweet heav'nly fields, their bloom display;
 No root of bitterness is found;
 The sun of love shines all the day,
 And spreads a joyful scene around.

7

Then bear me, spirits of the blest,
 On faith and hope's most lively wing,
 To Zion's bow'rs, of heav'nly rest,
 Where I may holy anthems sing.

253. L. M. KNEELAND.

Salvation.

SALVATION! O, the darling theme!
 Which makes all heav'n and nature sing;
 Which fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And all its better pow'rs excite.

2

O think on God, whose boundless love,
On swiftest pinions of the dove,
Outstretch's the thoughts of mortal man!
Eternal goodness! who can scan?

3

His goodness sure all nature feels;
His bounteous hand perpet'al yields
A full supply of ev'ry good:
He feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

4

All things in earth and heaven are
The objects of his tender care;
All creatures are for ever blest,
Who on Jehovah's goodness rest.

254. C. M. KNEELAND.

Heaven upon earth.

I'D bid my carnal joys farewell,
The joys of earth and time;
If I could rise where angels dwell,
In heav'n and glory shine.

2

O, when my Savior's love I feel,
How mean are earthly things!
I'd not accept a conqu'ror's weal,
Nor diadem of kings.

3

I need not go from earth for heav'n;
I find it here below;
When I can feel my sins forgiv'n,
I banish ev'ry wo.

4

The air around I breathe is love,
My heav'n is in my breast;

All earthly things I'm carry'd above,
And enter'd into rest.

255. C. M. KNEELAND.

Soaring to heaven.

O COULD I stretch my thoughts above,
Where Jesus ever reigns!

O could I sing my Savior's love,
In sweet immortal strains!

2

My Savior would rejoice to hear
The melody of sounds;
And ev'ry note the angels cheer,
While elders cast their crowns.

3

But O, how short my music falls
Of what my thoughts aspire!
My spirit on my Savior calls,
To raise my accents high'r.

4

And now I feel its transport rise—
The Lord is surely come,
To take my soul above the skies,
To his eternal home.

256. P. M. KNEELAND.

The second coming of Christ.

COME, sinners, dry your tears,
And wipe away your grief;
The Savior now appears,
Granting to us relief:

He comes from lucid courts above,
To pour on us his heav'nly love.

2

He looketh like a Lamb,
That once for sin was slain,
To rescue ev'ry man,
From darkness, guilt, and shame;
But now, all glorious to behold,
He wears the diadem of gold.

3

The Savior ever lives,
Judge, advocate, in one;
His pardon freely gives,
And takes our spirits home.
He is the Savior of all men,
To save the world from death and sin.

4

Not one of Adam's race,
Will Jesus ever leave,
'To mourn the lack of grace,
In sin and sorrow grieve.
He gives repentance unto life,
And saves the world from sin and strife.

257. C. M.

KNEELAND.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

O GOD, how holy, just, and pure,
Thy law and precepts are!
Thy righteous judgments, counsels sure,
Make me thy tender care.

2

I am the apple of thine eye;
My soul is thy delight;
Where'er I walk, where'er I lie,
I am within thy sight.

3

Thou dost provide my daily food,
 My clothing, house, and land;
 My soul doth taste that thou art good,
 From nature's bounteous hand.

4

But when I taste redeeming love,
 I feel a heav'nly flame;
 My thoughts are carry'd all above;
 I sing my Savior's name.

5

Thus doth thy law my soul convert,
 To know that thou art kind;
 Thy precepts written in my heart,
 Produce a grateful mind.

258. S. M. H. BALLOU.

The goodness of God.

THE Lord is good and kind,
 Rich mercies he'll bestow;
 Will raise from death the sinking mind,
 And his salvation show.

2

If in the Lord I trust,
 Can I confounded be?
 Is he not faithful, good, and just?
 I shall his goodness see.

3

Will he despise his child,
 Or cast my soul away,
 Because I was by sin beguil'd;
 By folly led astray?

4

Behold his loving arms!
 To me extended wide;
 He draws me with divinest charms;
 For me my Savior dy'd.

259. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Longing for heavenly Comforts.

O, COULD I strike some heav'nly strings,
 Transporting to my soul;
 And fly on some seraphic wings,
 Where heav'nly pleasures roll!

2

Soon should I leave this world below,
 With its deceiving charms;
 To yonder hills of light would go,
 And rest in Jesus' arms.

3

I feel the vital transport rise,
 Celestial heights I gain;
 The heav'nly hills salute my eyes;
 I feel a sacred flame.

4

Roll on, ye flaming wheels of love;
 I soon shall be at rest;
 Where saints divinest comforts prove;
 With pilgrims richly blest.

260. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Soaring to Heaven.

COULD I but raise my notes as high
 As Jesus' honor stands;

The swelling sounds would pierce the sky,
And charm celestial bands.

2

Those vail'd before the throne above
Would listen to my song;
And in soft melting pleasure move
With silence on each tongue.

3

But O, how weak is mortal pow'r!
How mean the mortal lay!
The vent'rous note attempts to soar;
But dies as soon away.

4

Come, heav'nly Spirit, tune my harp,
And gently move each cord;
Then shall the song rejoice thy heart,
And I shall praise thee, Lord.

261. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Rapture.

BE still, ye blust'ring winds,
And tempests of the mind:
Some seraph of my Jesus sings;
It all my soul confines.

2

The air is fill'd with love,
And mercy moves each string:
The ever blest celestial Dove,
To me its comforts bring.

3

I hear the music still—
My soul is all on fire!
O, who can half its sweetness tell?
Hark! still it rises high'r!

4

Beneath thy balmy wings,
 Dear Lord, I'll sit and hear;
 While Gabriel all thy honor sings,
 And I my song prepare.

262. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Ecstasy.

O, COULD I sing an equal song
 To my Redeemer's name!
 The swelling floods would it prolong,
 And winds would waft my flame.

2

The hills would bend each waving tree,
 The laughing vales would sing;
 Roses and lilies too should be
 Delighted with the theme.

3

The little streams should catch the sound,
 And bubbling join his praise;
 While reeds and rushes all around,
 Should rustle to my lays.

4

Nor would the mossy grotto stand
 Indiff'rent while I sung;
 He solemn echoes too would lend,
 'Till silent was my tongue.

263. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Sorrowing with hope.

LET these dear friends who mourn their loss,
 And wet their cheeks with tears;

Behold the vict'ries of the cross,
And banish all their fears.

2

Remember man is born to die,
His months are all with God;
None from the stroke of death can fly,
Or break his iron rod.

3

Kings of the earth and heroes all
Must yield unto his pow'r;
The high, the low, the great and small,
Must wither like the flow'r.

4

But why should living men repine
At God's divine decree;
Since from all cares of earth and time,
Death sets the pris'ner free.

5

And further consolations too,
The gospel hope imparts;
To make our tears and sorrows few,
And ease our aching hearts.

6

Beyond, beyond all death and sin,
The soul, with Christ, shall live;
And drink those endless pleasures in,
Which God in Christ shall give.

264. P. M. H. BALLOU.

The subject continued from Rev. xxi, &c.

THE times and seasons God ordain'd,
To fill with sorrow, toil, and pains,
Will cease and end in God's due time;

The reign of Christ will never close,
 'Till he subdues his sinful foes;
 Then he his kingdom will resign.

2

Death, the last enemy, shall yield,
 And to the victor leave the field;
 It shall retire and be no more;
 Then pains shall cease, and sorrow die,
 Tears shall be wip'd from ev'ry eye,
 That the redeem'd may God adore.

3

These promises of God believ'd,
 The grace in them contain'd receiv'd,
 Will make the soul to God resign'd!
 When tribulations do assail,
 When health, or life itself shall fail,
 Hope, like an anchor, stays the mind.

4

Then let the mourner cease to weep,
 And all his sorrows hush to sleep,
 And wait the long expected day;
 When God shall dwell with Adam's race,
 And with the fulness of his grace,
 Take all their wants and woe away.

265. L. M. H. BALLOU.

All flesh is grass, &c.

LIKE grass of earth our bodies are,
 Our glory like its flow'ry bloom;
 Fading the beauty which we wear,
 Like transient flow'rs must meet its doom.

2

Our days of youth, how soon they're past!
 Old age, with pains, comes hast'ning on;

Titles and dignities, as fast
Decay; and man's short race is run.

3

But, O the word, the word of God!
In which eternal life is sure;
That covenant, once seal'd with blood,
Ages eternal shall endure.

4

Then cease to mourn those glories gone,
Since greater glories shall ensue;
In a serene, effulgent morn,
Jesus shall make all things anew.

266. S. M. H. BALLOU.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, &c.

FAR better 'tis to go
Where people meet to mourn,
Than where they nought but feasting do,
With folly to return.

2

When we behold the dead,
Our thoughts more serious grow;
By solemn things our minds are led,
Our latter end to know.

3

Here we may wisdom learn,
Our knowledge to improve;
And, by the grace of God, discern
The things which are above.

4

Lord, sanctify this scene,
And make us wiser still;
That we may on thy goodness lean,
And learn to do thy will.

267. C. M.

KNEELAND.

The transitory nature of all visible things, 2 Cor.
iv. 18.

THE solemn facts, which nature speaks,
Arrest our weeping eyes ;
This world affords no safe retreat,
The whole creation dies !

2

All things produc'd by nature's laws
Must nature's laws obey ;
Th' *effect* is joined to its *cause*,
By an eternal sway.

3

The strongest works of human art,
In which men put their trust—
All that the world calls good or great
Must moulder into dust.

4

'Then should we mourn, or think it strange,
That earthly nature dies,
Seeing this certain doom attends
All things below the skies?

5

My soul, look up to God above,
Adore his matchless name;
Believe in his eternal love,
From whence salvation came.

268. L. M.

KNEELAND.

Meditation on Death.

MY soul, call home each wand'ring thought,
From worldly objects turn thine eyes;

In meditation, be thou brought,
To soar aloft above the skies.

2

When shall I drop this mortal frame,
These cumb'rous shackles of the mind?
When, with my Savior, shall I reign,
And leave this mortal flesh behind?

3

Should terror seize my drooping mind,
In contemplation deep on death?
Am I unwilling to resign
To God, my spirit, and my breath?

4

Is not my soul before thy face:
Daily supported by thy care?
Should I distrust thy boundless grace,
O God, or death, or danger fear?

5

No! if I live, 'tis unto God;
And if I die, the Lord is mine,
I'll trust in his eternal word—
Alive or dead, O Lord, I'm thine.

269. L. M.

KNEELAND.

The house not made with hands. 2 Cor. v. 1.

SO human nature, one and all,
Must drop this earthly house of clay;
Down to the graves our bodies fall;
Our spirits upwards wing their way.

2

The body must be food for worms,
To mingle with its parent clay;
The spirit unto God returns,
To dwell with *Christ* in endless day.

3

For when our bodies do decay,
 We have a house not made with hands;
 Eternal in the realms of day,
 With God and Christ, this building stands.

4

This house is in a city set,
 Whose builder is th' eternal God;
 Departed souls have joyful met
 Therein, to take their last abode.

5

There they shall see as they are seen,
 And know as they are also known;
 The Lamb of God 's their only King,
 And angels worship at his throne.

270. C. M. KNEELAND.

For the burial of a father.

WEEP not, my friends, O weep no more
 For your departed head;
 The spirit 's gone t' appear before
 The Judge of quick and dead.

2

No human works can there appear
 To justify the soul;
 Eternal life ! altho' so dear,
 Your Savior gives the whole.

3

Hard was the stroke, it may be said,
 Which causes you to mourn;
 A father 's number'd with the dead,
 And never can return.

4

But he is gone to realms above,
 To realms above the sky;
 To drink full draughts of heav'nly love,
 Where pleasures never die.

5

Cease, then, fond hearts, O cease to mourn!
 Nor in the least complain;
 Your loss, altho' hard to be borne,
 Is his eternal gain.

271. C. M. KNEELAND.

The burial of a mother.

BEHOLD the sad impending stroke!
 Which now arrests our eyes;
 The silken bands of union broke,
 A tender mother dies!

2

She's gone! she's gone to realms above!
 Where saints and angels meet;
 To realize her Savior's love,
 And worship at his feet.

3

Her pains and groans are now all o'er;
 She's gone to God on high;
 Her wishful eyes shall weep no more,
 No more her spirit sigh!

4

For you who 'round her body mourn,
 And drop the flowing tears;
 How many sorrows she hath borne,
 In all her lengthen'd years.

5

Her sorrows now are at an end,
 The Lord did for her call;

And Jesus is her only friend,
Her life, her health, her *ALL*!

272. L. M. KNEELAND.

The burial of a husband or wife.

DEATH, like a cruel tyrant, reigns
O'er man, and beast, and creeping things;
According as the Lord ordains,
Relieveth beggars—conquers kings.

2

It separates the warmest friends,
Who live in union, close ally'd;
The sacred knots of marriage bands,
In God's own time, must be unty'd.

3

Who can describe the aching heart,
Distressed and in trouble sore;
When man and wife must sighing part,
To meet within this world no more?

4

Who can direct the mourning soul
To consolation rich and free;
Where streams of pleasure ever roll,
To drive corroding grief away?

5

O, *Jesus Christ*, the *Word of Life*,
Is balsam to the aching heart;
In him the dying man and wife
Do meet again, no more to part.

6

He is the resurrection sure
To all the sons of Adam's race;
And all the sorrows we endure
Will be repaid with greater grace.

The burial of youth.

FROM cruel death no age is free,
 Nor sex, nor birth, nor blood;
 It rolls on all perpet'ally
 Like a tremendous flood.

2

The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
 From death are not exempt;
 There's no discharge in such a war,
 None can its pow'r prevent.

3

The blooming youth who hail the morn,
 Nor death nor danger fear;
 Must fall its victims ere 'tis noon,
 If cruel death appear.

4

Our flowing years are number'd well,
 As Wisdom thinketh best;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

5

And must this be our fatal doom,
 On which our souls depend?
 Still hast'ning onwards to the tomb,
 And this our final end!

6

Away, thou sad, desponding thought!
 For Jesus ever lives;
 And the salvation which he brought,
 To you he freely gives.

7

He leaves the tomb of Joseph's rock,
 Ascends the lofty sky;
 And gives our souls a lively hope,
 That they shall never die!

274. C. M. KNEELAND.

The burial of a child.

HOW oft the tender bloom of May
 Is blighted by the frost;
 The little shoot must then decay,
 And all the fruit be lost!

2

So like a blossom in the spring,
 A little child appears;
 With pleasing hope much fruit to bring,
 When in its ripen'd years.

3

But death soon nips the tender shoot,
 The blossoms then decay;
 And must the hope of bearing fruit
 Then vanish all away?

4

O turn your thoughts and look above,
 To Jesus Christ, the Lord;
 Behold the promise of his love,
 Reveal'd in his own word.

5

He took young children in his arms,
 And call'd them heirs of heav'n;
 He will defend their souls from harm;
 His mercy's freely giv'n.

20

275. L. M. KNEELAND.

A Funeral Hymn. Partly extracted from WATTS.

WHY should we mourn departing friends?
 Or shake at cruel death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call our spirits to his arms.

2

Are we not hast'ning upwards too
 As fast as fleeting time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow
 To keep our spirits from our love.

3

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the silent tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long and rich perfume.

4

Thence he arose, ascended high,
 And shew'd our feet the heav'nly way;
 Up to the Lord our spirits fly
 Whene'er we drop this earthly clay.

276. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Consolation.

RIVERS of grief and sorrows flow,
 And anguish fills the heart of wo;
 When sicknes, pain, and death assail,
 The living do the loss bewail.

2

But since our Lord can death control,
 Shall sorrow still afflict my soul?

By faith in him we've sweet repose,
And rest divine from all our wos.

3

We hope in yonder world to find
Each kindred soul in love conjoin'd;
Where pain and death no more shall come,
Nor discord drive the soul from home.

4

There parted friends shall meet once more,
In sweetest songs of praise, adore
The pow'r which ends all mortal strife,
Where death is swallow'd up of life.

277. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

TIME'S empty vapors, O how vain!
How soon our joys are gone!
Our mortal hopes, how soon they're slain,
And leave the heart to groan!

2

Search nature's fairest gardens o'er,
And note her sweetest flow'rs;
Add all her riches to your store,
But mark her fleeting hours.

3

Behold the sharpen'd scythe of death,
Mov'd by the arm of fate,
Shall sudden stop thy vital breath,
And close thy mortal state.

4

Then give all earth-born riches o'er,
 And make the Lord your trust;
 Immortal wealth is in his pow'r,
 He's holy, good, and just.

278. L. M. KNEELAND.

Funeral Dirge.

FAREWELL! a sad and long farewell
 To this pale clay, whose spirit's fled!
 We now resign it to the grave,
 The house appointed for the dead!

2

Adieu! thou dear departed soul!
 Now gone from earth to heav'n above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever roll,
 To drink full draughts of heav'nly love.

3

We mourn the absence of our friend
 From all enjoyments here below;
 O, dearest Lord! some comforts send,
 To mingle with the tears that flow.

4

Submitting to thy gracious will,
 May we be silent, and adore
 The God of grace whose blessings still
 Flow down to us for evermore.

*Farewell! farewell! our loving friend, fare-
 well!*

279. L. M. S. BALLOU.

Consolation.

TO you who mourn in deep distress,
 For a departed friend most dear;
 I make this solemn, short address,
 To ease the heart and dry the tear.

2

Death is the lot of all mankind,
 God takes no more than what he gave;
 And they that mourn shall comfort find,
 Our hope extends beyond the grave.

3

He's left this world, his toils are o'er,
 Free from all sorrow, grief, and pain;
 To you he will return no more,
 But you shall meet with him again.

4

Lift up your heads, wipe off your tears,
 For soon your soul shall take its flight;
 And dwell with him to endless years,
 In the dear bosom of delight.

280. C. M. S. BALLOU.

Mourning with Comfort.

I MOURN when friends from me depart,
 And leave their mortal dust;;
 Because I have a human heart,
 A heart that always must.

2

A dying saint will often say,
 My pains afflict me so;
 To thee, O God, call me away,
 I long, I long to go.

3

'Tis cruel then to hold him here,
 To lengthen out his pain;
 So strifling does my loss appear
 To his eternal gain.

4

He's gone and left this world of sin,
 This dark and dismal shore;
 We only part to meet again,
 To meet and part no more.

5

The human heart repines and grieves
 To part with kindred here;
 But faith in God the mind relieves,
 And wipes away the tear.

281. P. M. S. BALLOU.

Consolation.

YOU who lament the loss
 Of a departed friend;
 Who mourn beneath the cross;
 Consider well our end:
 That we were born to die, that we
 Might put on immortality.

2

We were not made I know
 To dwell for ever here,
 In sickness, pain, and wo;
 In darkness, want, and fear;
 But we were made to soar above,
 To mansions of eternal love.

3

Our bodies then must die,
 Our souls be borne away,

To dwell with God on high,
 A never ending day.
 And taste the streams of living joy,
 That fill the soul and never cloy.

282. C. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Where two or three are met, &c.

COME let us join in worship true,
 And call upon the Lord;
 Altho' our number be but few,
 We'll trust the sacred word.

2

Our Savior saith where two or three
 Meet in his holy name;
 There, in the midst, he sure will be,
 Will own and bless the same.

3

Faint not, dear friends, nor be afraid,
 God's promises are sure;
 According to our wants they're made,
 And ever shall endure.

4

As in thy temple, Lord, we meet,
 Give us a prayerful mind;
 That we may worship at thy feet,
 And thy rich graces find.

283. L. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Where multitudes meet.

NOW multitudes assembled are,
 To bow before the Savior's throne;
 O may the Lord our souls prepare,
 And make us all in union one.

2

When Christ was here on earth below,
 He preach'd where great assemblies were;
 Then did his word like waters flow—
 He made the multitude his care.

3

Nor fasting did he them dismiss,
 But gave a full supply of food;
 His pow'r is still the same to bless,
 And his provisions rich and good.

4

O may our Sun arise to day,
 With healing mercies in his wings;
 And of his grace make a display,
 And fill our minds with heav'nly things.

284. L. M. H. BALLOU.

For the Annual Convention.

DEAR Lord, behold thy servants here,
 From various parts together meet,
 To tell their labors thro' the year,
 And lay the harvest at thy feet.

2

In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord,
 We've toil'd and wrought with watchful care;
 Thy wheat doth flourish by thy word,
 Thy love consumes the choking tare.

3

The reapers cry, thy fields are white,
 And ready to be gather'd in;
 The lab'rer shouts with sweet delight,
 This is the day to finish sin,

4

Ripe clusters on the vines appear,
 We've flagons too of richest wine;
 O come, dear Savior, meet us here,
 And crown the banquet all divine.

5

O bless us while we here remain,
 With holy love, thy servants fill;
 O may thy doctrine drop like rain,
 And like the silent dew distil.

6

While we attend thy church's care,
 O grant us wisdom from above;
 With cautious steps and humble prayer,
 May we fulfil the works of love.

285. L. M. KNEELAND.

For the opening of the General Convention.

AS we are met from various parts,
 May all our works be done in love;
 May heav'nly grace inspire our hearts,
 Like those who meet in realms above.

2

May this resemble that blest day,
 When all shall meet with one accord;
 Where heav'nly love shall tune the lay,
 To shout hosannas to the Lord.

3

Meet us in council, Lord, to day,
 May we thy wisdom here proclaim;
 O guide us, when we sing or pray,
 That we may glorify thy name.

4

And when our meeting shall be o'er,
 May we thy blessing then receive;
 That we may learn to praise thee more,
 And by thy counsels ever live.

286. C. M. KNEELAND.

For the close of the same.

NOW let us join to praise the Lord,
 And to adore his name;
 His mighty acts we will record,
 And spread abroad his fame.

2

The Lord hath lengthen'd out our days,
 Thro' his supporting grace;
 Then let his name have endless praise.
 Who brought us to this place.

3

Together we have had delight,
 In council, praise, and prayer;
 The Lord doth all our works requite,
 By making us his care.

4

Our hearts have been replenish'd well,
 While we have heard the word;
 We've tasted joys which none can tell,
 But those who love the Lord.

5

Now, Lord, a parting blessing give,
 To all the brethren dear;
 And by thy blessing may we live,
 Thro' each revolving year.

6

May wisdom guide our wand'ring feet,
 In paths of truth and love;
 Until in heav'n we all shall meet,
 To serve the Lord above.

287. L. M. H. BALLOU.

At the close of the General Convention.

DEAR Lord, behold thy children here!
 To us a parting blessing give;
 In mercy grant each brother dear,
 In union with his God may live;

2

Sweet counsel we together took,
 Came to thy house in company;
 Thy graces, like the water brook,
 From hatred kept thy children free.

3

Thy banner over us is love,
 While we in fellowship agree;
 O may our thoughts remain above;
 Faithful disciples may we be.

4

From one another we must part,
 Thy cause and kingdom order so;
 O seal us to each other's heart,
 While we remain on earth below.

5

Succeed our labors through the year,
 While in thy vineyards, Lord, we toil;
 In faithful works of love and fear,
 And fruitful make the barren soil.

6

Wilt thou, dear Lord, long time to come,
 This counsel bless with heav'nly grace;
 Beneath each clear autumnal sun,
 May many meet to seek thy face.

288. L. M. H. BALLOU.

A Dedication Hymn.

FROM God th' immortal spirit came,
 Which gives us life and ev'ry sense;
 'Tis God who doth preserve the same,
 And is its constant safe defence.

2

His skilful hands our bodies form'd,
 Each nerve and sinew by his art;
 He did with flesh our bones adorn,
 And organis'd the vital heart.

3

Our strength of body and of mind
 Are the rich blessings which he gives;
 And by his tender mercies kind,
 Each faculty within us lives.

4

All scientific skill or art,
 Which doth the human mind improve,
 Are blessings which he doth impart,
 And certain pledges of his love.

5

To God, then let us dedicate
 Our souls, and body's curious frame;
 And ev'ry thing by art we make,
 To the just honors of his name.

6

In doing this, to God we give,
 Nothing, but what's his own before;
 For 'tis in him we move and live,
 And feast upon his boundless store.

289. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The same.

INTO thy temple, Lord, descend,
 Accept this house of thine;
 Thy worshippers in it defend,
 With graces all divine.

2

Here may thy name for ever rest,
 And by us honor'd be;
 May we remain thy children blest,
 And thy salvation see.

3

Make this a house of prayer and praise,
 All sacred to thy name;
 Thy honors here for many days,
 May we in love maintain.

4

With lustre make thy gospel shine,
 And ev'ry grace impart;
 May mourners consolation find,
 To ease the aching heart.

5

Advanced age, and tender youth,
 Here may they meet their God;
 And feast upon th' atoning truth
 That flows in Jesus' blood.

6

O may these doors wide open be
 To ev'ry sect, or name,
 Who meet in love to worship thee,
 Thy honor to maintain.

290. S. M. H. BALLOE.

The same.

ACCEPT this house, O Lord,
 We dedicate to thee;
 In it reveal thy sacred word,
 From sin, to set us free.

2

May we assemble here,
 By prayer to seek thy face;
 And learn thy holy name to fear,
 And trust thy richest grace.

3

With lustre cause to shine
 Thy holy written word;
 Reveal thy gospel, all divine,
 That we may love thee, Lord.

4

May infancy and age,
 In sweet devotion join,
 And may thy mercy all engage,
 In worship most divine.

5

O may this house be free,
 For all who wish to pray;
 For ev'ry sect who worship thee,
 And do thee honors pay.

6

May Zion's watchmen here,
Proclaim thy mercy free;
And sound the trumpet, loud and clear,
Of gospel mystery.

291. L. M. *H. BALLOU.*

For wedding.

THE male and female, in the Lord,
Are one, as saith the written word;
Adam and Eve were figures made
Of all mankind, and Christ the head.

2

As Christ doth for his church provide,
The husband ought to love his bride;
And with a fond and tender care
Should all her pains and sorrows bear.

3

And as the church all honor gives
To Christ her Lord, in whom she lives,
So should a bride respect the arm
Which her defends from ev'ry harm.

4

'Tho' death this earthly union break,
Christ never will his bride forsake;
But raise her to his throne above,
To an eternity of love.

292. L. M. *KNEELAND.*

Matrimony.

WHEN God at first created man,
Indulgent to his newborn son,
Kind Wisdom order'd in her plan;
Her offspring should not dwell alone.

2

Of flesh and bone, from Adam's side,
The Lord did constitute a spouse;
And gave her him as his own bride,
To rear the honors of his house.

3

She was not taken from his head;
For her to rule would not be mete;
Nor should she be a servant made,
So was not taken from his feet.

4

But she was taken from his side,
And very nigh his faithful heart;
Which makes an union close ally'd,
And being one, should never part.

5

Thus God of human nature forms
A bride for his beloved Son;
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
In person two, in union one.

6

A man should ever love his wife,
As Christ the church doth ever love;
For her he gave away his life,
And ransom'd her to God above.

7

A man who thus doth love his bride,
Must surely her affections win;
She walketh safely by his side,
And in return she honors him.

293. C. M. KNEELAND.

Conjugal Affection.

THE ardent spouse has found his bride,
 In wedlock they are join'd;
 He is her head, and she his heart,
 With love they are conjoin'd.

2

He saw in her a second self,
 And loves her as his heart;
 Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh,
 Thus they should never part.

3

He maketh her his bosom friend,
 In all her lengthen'd years;
 And feels the sorrows she sustains,
 Whatever pain she bears.

4

Her offspring also, all as one,
 He nourishes with care;
 Provides for them a pleasant home,
 And makes them happy there.

5

Not one of them will he forsake,
 He loves them as himself;
 And for them doth provision make,
 In sickness and in health.

6

Thus JESUS is our living head,
 With us he doth unite;
 Our souls he constitutes his bride,
 His joy and chief delight.

294. P. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Morning.

RISING from the bed of slumber,
 May I find my thoughts with God;
 While no vanities incumber,
 Meditate immortal Good.

2

Thro' the night I've been preserved,
 Friendly spirits watch'd my bed;
 New, with strength, my body's nerved;
 I'm not number'd with the dead.

3

Justice dictate all my labor,
 Mercy 'tend me thro' the day;
 To the stranger and my neighbor,
 May I charity display.

4

When the day is far advanced,
 Dusky eve returns again;
 May I joy in good dispensed,
 Keep myself from ev'ry sin.

295. P. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Evening.

NOW the day is far advanced,
 Ev'ning hath her curtains spread;
 Be my gratitude enhanced,
 God in mercy hath me fed.

2

May the Lord, in mercy, pardon
 All my follies thro' the day;
 Ease my heart of ev'ry burden,
 Teach a humble soul to pray.

3

May my body now be rested,
 Kindly kept by heav'nly care;
 Vile temptations be resisted—
 Heav'nly blessings may I share.

4

When my days of life are ended,
 May my sins all pardon'd be;
 May I be by Christ befriended,
 His salvation ever see.

296. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Morning.

WITH joy we hail the morning light,
 And humbly praise the pow'r
 Which us preserv'd thro' shades of night,
 And guarded ev'ry hour.

2

O may the path of duty shine,
 Nor we forsake the way;
 In ev'ry thing to God resign,
 'Till the decline of day.

3

With sweet reflection on the past,
 Our labor we'll give o'er;
 Nor mourn the moments gone so fast,
 But worship and adore.

4

Thus may we till the end of life,
 Obed'ent children prove;
 And shun the paths of wrath and strife,
 And live in bonds of love.

297. L. M.

KNEELAND.

Morning.

BLEST be thy name my God and King
 For all the mercies of the night;
 O tune my heart thy praise to sing,
 And fill my soul with sweet delight.

2

Thy guard'an care preserv'd my soul,
 While nature found a quiet rest;
 And now the sun-beams on me roll,
 And I am with the morning blest.

3

My heart to God shall tune her lays,
 (While I his mercies still implore)
 And join all nature in his praise:
 All nature's God I will adore.

4

And whilst thou lengthen'st out my life,
 From night to morn, from morn to night;
 Preserve my soul from sin and strife,
 And fill my heart with heav'nly light.

298. C. M.

S. STREETER.

Morning.

NOW shalt thou hear, my Lord, my God,
 This wakeful spirit raise
 To thy preserving faithfulness,
 A grateful hymn of praise.

2

Goodness and mercy unto all
 Each day dost thou afford;
 Nor less in slumbers of the night
 Art thou propitious, Lord.

3

Lo, in the hollow of thy hand
 Securely did I rest;
 While peaceful visions of the night
 My slumb'ring moments blest.

4

Now I in health and peace behold
 The sun in splendor rise;
 And to thy throne, O God of love,
 I lift my streaming eyes.

5

My soul is fill'd with gratitude,
 My spirit swells with love;
 Fain would I help each child of grief,
 And ev'ry want remove.

6

To me impart thy wisdom, Lord,
 Thy pard'ning grace bestow;
 Then all my foes I shall forgive,
 And mercy to them show.

299. L. M. S. STREETER.

Evening.

NOW philomel attunes her song,
 And I my daily task have done;
 Propitious God, thou fount of grace,
 Accept my ev'ning song of praise.

2

Thy bount'ous hand, from day to day,
 Drives each corroding want away;
 And fleeting moments, as they pass,
 Are richly laden with thy grace.

3

'Thus kindly hast thou lent me aid,
 From morning light to ev'ning shade,
 Thro' all the labors of this day:
 Now hear my humble spirit pray.

4

Lord, let thy mercy be express'd,
 In granting me refreshing rest;
 May friendly angels guard my bed,
 And hover 'round my slumb'ring head.

5

In health and peace, Lord, may I see
 The dawning of another day,
 To tune a morning song of praise
 And sound it high in grateful lays.

6

Direct my steps in wisdom's way,
 From day to night, from night to day;
 'Till angels wing me to the skies,
 Where joys in deathless anthems rise.

300. C. M. KNEELAND.

Evening.

NOW as the day is past and gone,
 And ev'ning comes apace;
 To God I'll raise a grateful song,
 Who lengthens out my days.

2

Thro' all the labors of the day,
 The Lord has been my aid;
 He ever is my strength and stay,
 I need not be afraid.

3

Thro' all the dark and silent night,
 The Lord is ever nigh;
 And, in return of morning light,
 Will hear my suppl'ant cry.

4

O grant me, Lord, a quiet rest,
 May angels guard my bed;
 With sleep my body be refresh'd,
 With grace my spirit fed.

5

And when the morning light is come,
 May I in health arise;
 With gratitude attune my song,
 And sound it to the skies.

301. C. M. S. BALLOU.

Thanksgiving.

GIVE thanks to God for he is good,
 On us his blessing pours;
 Provides for us our daily food,
 And yearly fills our stores.

2

He gives us skill to plant the grains
 And health and strength to sow;
 He wets with show'rs the thirsty plains,
 And makes the harvest grow.

3

He makes his rolling orb, so bright,
 To shine upon this earth;
 To give his creatures warmth and light,
 And vegetation birth.

4

While round the board we meet this day,
 Thy bounties, Lord, to share;
 To thee our noblest thanks we pay,
 Who didst the feast prepare.

302. P. M. S. BALLOU.

The same.

THE Lord our God is good;
 Thank him for evermore:
 He daily gives us food,
 And yearly fills our store.
 From wars he's long preserv'd our land,
 How happy does our nation stand!

2

The God of boundless wealth,
 Whose goodness we admire,
 Hath long preserv'd our health;
 And from the scourge of fire,
 Hath long been pleas'd to save our land;
 How happy does our nation stand!

3

On a delightful spot,
 From other nations free,
 Lord thou hast fix'd our lot;
 We owe, we owe to thee
 The independence of our land;
 How happy does our nation stand!

303. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Thanksgiving.

COME, let us join in grateful songs,
 Recount the goodness of the Lord;

With thankful praises on our tongues,
The wonders of his love record.

2

Ten thousand streams from Isr'el's God,
With richest blessings overflow;
His lib'ral soul deviseth good,
That good he makes his people know.

3

For us, what goodness hath he wrought?
He brought our fathers to this land;
This western continent they sought,
Directed by th' Almighty's hand.

4

From wilderness to fruitful fields,
He turn'd our many hills and plains;
Luxur'ant is our soil to yield,
Warm'd by his sun, wet by his rains.

5

Our lands with milk and honey flow,
Our children live on finest wheat;
And fruits in pleasant orchards grow;
Our boards abound with sweetest meat.

6

Nor in this earthly Paradise,
Shall kings, or tyrants write their names;
Our *law* suppresses nought but *vice*,
And *virtue* wears no galling chains.

7

Here rising on fair science' wings,
Our sons and daughters leave the ground;
In honor, far excelling kings,
As more in virtue they abound.

8

Still louder raise thanksgiving's song,
 The gospel of our Lord is here;
 O let its grace inspire each tongue,
 In holy worship love and fear.

304. L. M. *H. BALLOU.*

The blessings of Providence.

WHEN autumn brings her golden store,
 Or in the field, or threshing floor;
 Our hearts with thankfulness should tell,
 That Providence hath govern'd well.

2

When with a large supply of bread,
 Ourselves and families are fed;
 With joy our children's hearts should swell;
 For Providence hath govern'd well.

3

When copious food supplies our flocks,
 And grass, supports the laboring ox;
 The lowing herds shall grateful tell,
 That Providence hath govern'd well.

4

With thankful hearts we'll eat our bread,
 The poor must by the rich be fed;
 They'd better give to them than sell,
 Kind Providence hath govern'd well.

305. C. M. *KNEELAND.*

The same.

KIND Providence to us imparts
 A rich and plenteous store;

And now commands our grateful hearts,
To praise and to adore.

2

Kind Providence our fathers brought
To this most fertile land;
When many an asylum sought,
From persecution's hand.

3

Here they have rear'd a num'rous seed,
The sons of liberty;
And Providence supplies our need,
O, let us thankful be!

4

This waste and howling wilderness,
To honest labor yields;
By Providence hath long been blest
With many fruitful fields.

5

The autumn brings a rich repast
Of agricult'ral fare;
Our children all the dainties taste,
And of the bounties share.

6

Then all in harmony agree
To sing *thanksgiving's* song,
To Him who gives us liberty,
And does our years prolong.

306. L. M. KNEELAND.

National Independence.

NOW to the Lord, O let us raise
A sacred song of grateful praise:
May ev'ry tuneful voice conspire
To strike the notes upon the lyre.

2

Columbia's sons and daughters, hail!
 Fair liberty doth here prevail;
 The emigrants, from far and near,
 May find a safe asylum here.

3

Nor kings, nor tyrants' haughty sway
 Shall cloud the brightness of our day;
 Nor vassals feel a galling chain,
 While independence we maintain.

4

The arts and sciences shall here
 A progress make, from year to year;
 In equal rights our land shall vie
 With any land below the sky.

5

Religion, that most darling theme,
 Thro' which eternal life is seen;
 To ev'ry name or sect is free,
 Who stands in gospel liberty.

6

O, Gracious God! propitious smile,
 And bless Columbia's fruitful soil;
 May peace and plenty here abound,
 And *independence* be our crown.

307. C. M. KNEELAND.

Prayer for America.

LORD bless Columbia's happy land,
 And make her fruitful be;
 Our equal rights wilt thou defend,
 And grant us liberty.

2

May peace extend her balmy wings
 O'er all Columbia's soil;
 The names of despots, monarchs, kings,
 None of her sons beguile.

3

May unanimity abound
 Thro' all her sev'ral states;
 And stern oppression ne'er be found
 Descending from the great.

4

May all our officers be peace,
 Exacters righteousness;
 O, may Jehovah never cease,
 This nation long to bless!

5

The lib'ral arts and sciences,
 Long may they flourish here!
 In harmony, O, may we live,
 Thro' each revolving year!

6

Our rulers, may they all be blest,
 And ruled subject be;
 While nought but vice our laws suppress,
 The government is free.

308. P. M. S. BALLOU.

A contrast between Europe and America,

YE sons of Columbia, adore
 The infinite goodness of God;
 Whose peace has attended our shore,
 While Europe was rolling in blood!

2

Kind husbands were slain by their foes,
And widows with sorrow oppress'd,
But we in soft peace and repose,
From wars and confusion have rest.

3

Starvation attended the poor,
The fatherless fainting for bread;
While we had a plentiful store;
Our children on dainties were fed.

4

Jehovah high praises shall claim
From ev'ry Columbian tongue;
Then let his great goodness and name,
In loud hallelujah be sung.

309. C. M. H. BALLOU.

America.

WHAT wonders hath Jehovah wrought
For this our favor'd land;
Our fathers to this Canaan brought,
From fierce oppression's hand;

2

Them landed on a savage shore,
Beneath his watchful eye;
He did defend them by his pow'r,
From many dangers nigh.

3

The Lord the hand of labor blest;
Turn'd wilderness to fields;
From savage foes he gave us rest,
Such blessings doth he yield.

4

When sore oppress'd by foreign pow'r,
 Our land was in distress;
 He heard us in a trying hour,
 And granted us redress.

5

The smiles of peace and liberty
 Succeed the din of arms;
 The Lord in war is majesty,
 In peace ten thousand charms.

6

Let arts and sciences increase,
 And prosper virtue's cause;
 Such are the fruits of welcome peace,
 And just and wholesome laws.

310. L. M. KNEELAND.

The blessings of spring.

THE Lord our God, our heav'nly King,
 Makes the whole earth his tender care;
 Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
 And bids the tender grass appear.

2

The clouds, like fountains rais'd on high,
 Pour out the rain at his command;
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the dry and thirsty land.

3

The soften'd ridges, ploughed fields,
 Permit the tender corn to spring;
 All nature rich provision yields—
 In gratitude the lab'ers sing.

4

The meadows drest in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with fragrant flow'rs;
 The hills and dales on ev'ry side,
 Rejoice at nature's falling show'rs.

5

Thy goodness, Lord, the season crowns;
 How bount'ous are thy works and ways!
 The husbandman thy goodness owns,
 And shouts aloud unfeigned praise!

311. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Spring.

THE winter months are past away,
 We hail the vernal sun;
 Mild zephyrs on our gardens play,
 The streams at freedom run.

2

The smiling fields in verdure drest,
 Present enamel'd flow'rs;
 The hills and vales are richly blest
 With shines and gentle show'rs;

3

The bleating flocks in pastures graze;
 Men to their labor go:
 Where'er I walk, where'er I gaze,
 God's blessings richly flow.

4

Let man the goodness of the Lord,
 In songs of honor, sing;
 Humbly adore th' omnific word,
 Which doth the seasons bring.

312. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Fast. Isaiah lviii. 6, &c.

THIS is the fast the Lord doth choose;
 Each heavy burden to undo;
 The bands of wickedness to loose,
 And let the captive freedom know.

2

Let ev'ry vile and sinful yoke,
 Of servile bondage, and of fear;
 By mercy, love, and truth, be broke;
 From sorrow's eye wipe ev'ry tear.

3

Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread,
 Bring to thine house the outcast poor;
 O let the fainting soul be fed,
 Nor spurn the needy from thy door.

4

And when thine eyes the naked see,
 The needed garment then bestow;
 To thine own flesh most tender be,
 To *all* thy charity must flow.

5

This did the Savior of our race,
 Himself, the bread of life, did give;
 Undid our burdens by his grace;
 The outcast poor in Jesus live.

6

We are his flesh; he did not hide
 Himself from us, in all our wo;
 But freely gave himself, and dy'd,
 That we his boundless love might know.

313. L. M.

KNEELAND.

When thou fastest, be not as the hypocrites, &c.

THE hypocrites do often fast,
Put on a sad, disfigur'd face;
Down to the earth their heads are cast,
That men may think they're full of grace.

2

But He who searches ev'ry heart,
Marks the deception, and disdains
The sacrifice they do impart—
They have their labor for their pains.

3

When thou dost fast anoint thy head,
Thy face with water purify;
Regarding not what may be said,
But look to God with single eye.

4

By such sincerity you'll find,
Acceptance surely may be had:
A God, all merciful and kind,
Is loth to see his children sad.

314. C. M.

KNEELAND.

The same.

WHEN thou dost fast thou shalt not be
Like blinded Pharisees;
Who often fasted, outwardly,
Mistaken men to please.

2

Their countenances, very sad,
Their faces, in disguise;
Their bodies are in sackcloth clad,
Their hearts are full of lies.

3

But men altho' they may deceive,
 Yet God their hearts doth know;
 Nor e'er one blessing will he give,
 For all their outward show.

4

Now be ye not like unto them,
 With all their outside dress;
 But let your heart be pure and clean,
 And you the Lord will bless.

315. S. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

THE hypocrite doth fast,
 With a dejected face;
 Like rushes down his head is cast,
 With a pretended grace.

2

His countenance is sad,
 As tho' he mourn'd for sin;
 But all the while his heart is bad—
 He hopes the prize to win.

3

Now look at him again—
 He labors very hard;
 But does it to be seen of men,
 And this is his reward.

4

Be not like unto him;
 But be your heart sincere;
 For God, who searches all within,
 Makes you his tender care.

316. L. M. KNEELAND.

Humiliation. Joel ii. 13—17.

IN Zion let the trumpet blow,
 The congregation gather'd be;
 Let old and young together go,
 To worship on the suppl'ant knee.

2

In one assembly let them bend,
 Together hear the sacred word;
 Their heart, and not their garments, rend,
 And turn their face to serve the Lord.

3

Let priests, the ministers of God,
 Between the porch and altar weep;
 And send their suppl'ant cries abroad,
 That God would spare his wand'ring sheep.

4

The Lord is merciful and just,
 His kindness he hath ever shown;
 In him let all the nations trust,
 For in the Lord we live alone.

5

Who knows but that the Lord will send
 His blessings down upon our race?
 O trust in him! he is our friend;
 A friend to souls when in distress.

317. L. M. S. STREETER.

New Year.

ALL hail, the matchless pow'r divine,
 That rolls the steady wheel of time!

Thrice hail, the condescending God,
Who sprinkles show'rs of grace abroad!

2

Thy providential dealings, Lord,
Are with the choicest comforts stor'd;
Revolving years do all fulfil
The countless mercies of thy will.

3

The year that's past will come no more,
Propitious heav'n has blest each hour
With social sweets, with friendship's wine,
And ripen'd clusters from the vine.

4

Winter, tho' bound in icy chains,
Resign'd to spring's more brilliant beams;
Summer and autumn blessings shed,
In rich effusions on my head.

5

What wond'rous grace, and potent arm,
Has kindly kept my soul from harm;
Granting to me a safe retreat,
While fleeting time her numbers beat?

6

O God of grace, and matchless skill,
Teach me to know and do thy will;
My lukewarm heart, O Lord, renew
With saving grace and wisdom too.

7

From month to month, from day to day,
Lord, guide my feet in wisdom's way;
Where'er I rove, where'er I lie,
Make me the apple of thine eye.

8

Shaded beneath thy balmy wing,
 Attune my heart thy praise to sing,
 'Till fleeting years and transient days,
 Shall end in glory's perfect blaze.

318. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Ye are God's building.

YE are God's building, saith the word,
 Rais'd by Jehovah's hand;
 The sacred temple of the Lord,
 And beauty of the land.

2

As trees from forests ye were brought,
 And by divinest skill,
 Fit for the heav'nly building wrought,
 By your *Grand Master's* will.

3

As stones uncouth in quarries lie,
 So ye in sin were found;
 Sought out by the *All-Seeing-Eye*,
 And raised from sinful ground.

4

As lively stones in order stand,
 When rais'd by *plumb* and *line*;
 Ye are a building wisely plaun'd,
 In order most divine.

5

Here *wisdom*, *strength*, and *beauty* join,
 With harmony and love;
 And here, by truth's unerring line,
 The workmen justly move.

6

This is the temple of our God,
 From ages past hath stood;
 This is the path the worthy trod,
 The perfect, and the good.

7

As constant here as day and night,
 Jehovah sits and smiles;
 And here the worthy sons of *light*
 May rest from all their toils.

8

Like as the monarch of the day
 Adorns aurora's face;
 The pow'rs of science here display
 Their harmony and grace.

9

And when his noon-tide beauties shine
 With pow'rs of light and heat;
 Our souls shall taste the sacred wine,
 Where resting lab'ers meet.

10

When ev'ry emblem found on earth
 Of heav'nly things shall die;
 May God admit our souls to pass
 To brighter scenes on high.

319. L. M. H. BALLOU.

How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell
 together in unity.

ON holy mount Moriah see
 A heav'nly band in *unity*!
 Where God his name did once declare,
 And consecrated worship there.

2

Behold, with admiration's eye,
 These brethren of the mystic tie!
 How good, how pleasant, 'tis to see
 The brethren live in *unity*.

3

Like lively stones from quarries brought,
 And curious by an artist wrought;
 Or from Libanus cedars fair,
 Which *masons* in the temple rear.

4

From the dark world of sin and wo,
 These sons of *light* in Zion go;
 From Babel's dire confusion flee,
 And language learn in *unity*.

5

Each hand in friendly union joins,
 Love is the *cement* that combines;
 And lo! the seraph *charity*
 Rejoices in this *unity*.

6

Fly discord from this hallow'd ground,
 Fierce jealousy shall never wound;
 Pure innocence with whiten'd glove,
 Presents us with a badge of love.

7

Meek mercy walks the circle round,
 Relieves the poor, and heals each wound;
 Here honest truth, and justice grave,
 From foul deceit the artless save.

8

Admiring stand, my soul, and view
 This sacred band, this little few;

Where each as harmless as the dove
Drinks endless draughts of social love.

9

And would'st thou of this union be,
From sin thy heart and conscience free;
Change the black robe of sin and death,
For whiten'd robes of righteousness.

10

O sacred band! when thou shalt rise
To thy GRAND MASTER in the skies;
Prepar'd by him, O may I be!
To live in endless *unity*!

320. C. M. KNEELAND.

Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. Eph. ii. 20.

LO! see the brilliant temple rise,
Adorn'd on ev'ry side;
Its tow'ring top salutes the skies,
Its base extending wide!

2

The first elected *corner-stone*
Is Jesus Christ, the Lord;
To him must all the building join,
Cemented by his word.

3

The prophets and apostles greet,
The basis to prepare;
In harmony the angles meet,
And form a *perfect square*.

4

On this foundation placed firm,
The building sure must stand;

Erected by the *plumb* and *line*,
Wisdom's unerring hand.

5

The lab'ers to the mountains go,
 Materials to prepare;
 They take the stones from quarries low,
 And fit them to the *square*.

6

The timber fell from earthy stock,
 In nature's rural forms;
 Is by the hand of *Wisdom* wrought,
 Which ev'ry part adorns.

7

Materials being thus prepar'd,
 Now see the *Temple* rise!
 No murm'ring sound of *iron* heard,
 To pierce the lofty skies.

8

But *love* and *charity* unfeign'd,
 To God, and to the Son;
 Like an indissoluble chain,
 Unite and make them one.

9

This building, like the house of God,
 Eternal shall endure;
 'Tis reared by his sacred word,
 And stands for ever sure.

10

And in the same shall all be blest,
 Who constitute a part;
 They enter the eternal rest,
 And love doth fill the heart.

321. C. M.

KNEELAND.

The love of God in creation.

ERE time commenced, a darksome night
 On nature's bosom lay;
 Th' ALMIGHTY said—" *Let there be light!*"
 And brought th' effulgent day.

2

The ARCHITECT of nature rose,
 He spake! and lo, 'twas done!
 All heav'n in var'ed beauty glows,
 And earth beneath the sun.

3

Wisdom and *strength* his works proclaim,
 From north, south, east, and west;
 His works all good, and *LOVE*—his name,
 Makes ev'ry creature blest.

4

His goodness gave us being here,
 His love doth still preserve;
 Then let us all his name revere,
 And our *Grand Master* serve.

5

Arise and make his goodness known,
 Loud songs of honor raise;
 His *name*, his *love*, HIMSELF—alone—
 Demands our highest praise.

6

We hail our *Master*, *Father*, *Friend*!
 To him be honors giv'n;
 'Till *life* and *time*, on earth, shall end,
 And *brethren* meet in HEAVEN!

322. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Errors detected.

VARIOUS systems men have form'd,
 In days of old and modern times;
 Religion by their arts adorn'd,
 In many lands and many climes.

2

Turn ye the page of hist'ry o'er,
 Learn all the wisdom of the world;
 Their present creeds and those before
 Are all in endless error hurl'd.

3

To bound the God of boundless grace,
 Has been the aim of Pharisees;
 Arm God against the human race,
 Measure and fix his firm decrees.

4

Mad millions in a proud pretence
 Of holy worship, heav'nly zeal;
 Their neighbors burn'd in its defence,
 Nor for their suff'rings could they feel.

5

In gods of vile despotic reign,
 Vile kings and despots would believe;
 Who could delight in *endless pain*,
 Nor feel compassion to relieve.

6

Thus cruel kings and priests were join'd,
 And form'd the awful league abhorr'd;
 With edicts chain'd the human mind,
 And shut the kingdom of the Lord.

7

But thanks to God! our eyes behold
 A light far brighter than the sun;

A day the prophets long foretold,
Of which the ancient poets sung.

8

His boundless grace doth God reveal
In *Christ* the *Head* of ev'ry man;
His grace shall all the nations heal,
This is the gospel's glorious plan.

323. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

The blinded Jew and the blinded Christian.

THE Jews had eyes and yet were blind,
To all the beauties of their King;
But those who had no eyes, could find,
In him, immortal themes to sing.

2

The christian church, in Babylon,
Are blest with eyes, but O, how blind!
They crucify afresh the Son!
His love to sinners cannot find.

3

Open mine eyes, O Lord, to see
Thy beauty, and thy matchless grace;
And in the gospel mystery,
Salvation for the human race.

4

Hasten the promis'd time, O Lord,
When Jews and Christians shall be one;
According to thy written word,
And know the gospel of thy Son.

The unity of the Spirit.

AND why do Christians thus contend,
 For items in their creeds?
 An enemy, and not a friend,
 Sows these contentious seeds.

2

'Twas love to God and love to man,
 The dear Redeemer brought;
 No metaphysic doctrine can
 Compare with what he taught.

3

Why do we judge each other so?
 This judging genders strife;
 It is enough our Lord to know,
 And feel his heav'nly life.

4

What if my brother disagrees
 With me in certain things;
 Yet strives by works of love to please,
 And fruit abundant brings?

5

Shall I disown a brother dear,
 For whom my Savior dy'd?
 Can I be fill'd with gospel fear,
 And walk in all this pride?

6

O may we learn to walk in love,
 In charity abound;
 Possess those tempers of the dove,
 Which rather heal than wound.

325. C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The laborers.

WHY do the Pharisees complain,
 And murmur at our Lord?
 It is his goodness they condemn,
 Revealed in his word.

2

“The heat and burden of the day
 We’ve borne,” they constant cry;
 “We often fast, we often pray,
 Ourselves of food deny.—

3

“Shall others fare as well as we,
 Who late are coming in?
 Shall they the great *salvation* see,
 Who’ve spent their days in sin?”

4

But could the painted hypocrite
 Be brought his heart to view;
 He straight would fall at Jesus’ feet,
 And plead for mercy too!

— — —

326. P. M.

H. BALLOU.

Ancient and modern Pharisees the same.

HAD Jesus taught the ancient Jews,
 Their partial doctrine still to choose,
 They ne’er would have deni’d the Lord;
 But O how pain’d they were to see,
 That our dear Lord should lib’ral be,
 For this they hate his sacred word.

2

Were *lit'ral christians* now to hear,
 Impartial truth, 'twould make them fear,
 And they the doctrine would deny;
 They, like the hypocritic Jews,
 Of mercy, have their partial views,
 At love divine, *deception* cry!

3

Thus saith the partial Pharisee,
Licentious doctrine this must be,
 The sinful world from wo to save;
 The righteous shall inherit life—
 Sinners must dwell in endless strife,
 In pain and wo beyond the grave.

4

As a sure light to guide our faith,
 We'll hearken to what Jesus saith,
 And rest the doubtful cause with him;
 The righteous he came not to call,
 But to restore the sinful soul,
 And raise the dead to life again.

327. P. M. H. BALLOU.

Religious controversy.

MY foes declare with awful frown,
 The Lord my soul will thunder down
 To black and long despair:
 My crimes they state can't be forgiv'n;
 I've preach'd so much the love of heav'n,
 I ne'er shall enter there!

2

I own the charge, and wont deny,
 I've laid my worldly pleasures by,

Devoted up my time,
 To preach my Savior's boundless love
 To all mankind, that they may prove
 His mercy all divine.

3

Deception! heresy! they cry;
 The fraud is of the blackest die;
 Should Christ love sinners? No!
 He loves his saints, and such are we,
 But sinners all must banish'd be
 To vengeance, wrath, and woe!

4

That I'm a sinner, Lord, I own,
 But thou in mercy gave thy Son
 For wretches such as me;
 And since I knew thy mercy, Lord,
 I have to sinners preach'd thy word,
 That they might taste and see.

5

If Christ for sinners feels no love,
 What brought him from the realms above,
 To die for sinful men?
 If Jesus felt no love for me,
 Till I his gracious love did see,
 How did that love begin?

6

Lord, judge between my foes and me,
 Give us discerning eyes to see,
 And understand thy grace:
 If there be mercy still in store
 For sinners, then reveal thy power—
 Unvail thy lovely face.

328. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The Clay and Potter.

WHERE myst'ries are in scripture found,
 They often do the blinded drown;
 Man's partial wisdom him betrays,
 And leads him in delusive ways.

2

All those who on the letter feed,
 From condemnation are not freed;
 Nor know the life the spirit gives,
 Nor how from death the sinner lives.

3

Behold the potter and his clay,
 From which we learn the wond'rous way,
 How God will raise our mortal race,
 To sing the vict'ries of his grace.

4

Now see, of clay the potter makes
 A vessel marr'd, and then he takes
 That same deformed clay, to be
 A type of gospel mystery.

5

In Adam we were marr'd indeed,
 Dishonor was our lot decreed;
 But in our Lord, (his name be prais'd,)
 To life and glory we are rais'd.

6

From whence could that vain notion rise,
 That in our great Creator's eyes,
 Some out of Adam's sinful race
 Were heirs of wrath, and some of grace?

7

From parables not understood,
 From meanings bad, in room of good;
 In lit'ral minds of partial make,
 We find this gross and dire mistake.

8

Lord help us then to understand,
Letter and *spirit* not to blend;
 From condemnation set us free,
 That we may not dishonor thee.

329. L. M. S. STREETER.

False Teachers. 2 Peter ii. 1, 2, 3.

OF old, how were the sons of men
 Deceiv'd by prophets, false and vain;
 How, by dissimulation, led,
 To feed a lifeless *Bel* with bread!

2

But lo! 'twas that voracious crew
 Of hypocritic priests, that drew
 The selfish plan—and thus they fed
 On those deceived mortal's bread.

3

Parents, by this destructive wile;
 Did earth with infant blood defile;
 And made their sons and daughters dear,
 To please their god, pass thro' the fire.

4

So anti-christian teachers rise,
 And spread abroad their heresies;
 Which vilify the living Lord,
 And contradict his holy word.

5

Those teachers false, by zealous strife,
Withhold from men the bread of life;
Confine the Lamb's atoning blood,
And scatter ransom'd souls abroad.

6

They turn the truth into a lie,
And death to others prophesy;
But lo their judgment lingers not,
They've on themselves destruction bro't.

7

Ye tribes of men, redeem'd of God,
Reject their creed, forsake their road;
Refuse their baneful, sordid lies,
Which do of men make merchandise.

330. L. M.

KNEELAND.

The voice of God to unfaithful Shepherds. Ezek. xxxiv.

THUS saith the great and mighty God,
Let *Israel's shepherds* hear my word;
Wo to the shepherds of my sheep,
Who make my flocks their constant meat!

2

Should not my shepherds feed my sheep,
And in the fold them safely keep,
And gently lead the halt and blind,
That they the sweetest feed may find?

3

But *Israel's shepherds*, night and day,
Have caus'd my flock to go astray;
The sick and lame they have not heal'd,
Nor brought the lost into the field.

4

My sheep and lambs they do not spare,
 (The fleece they make their only care)
 And while the best they do consume,
 To rav'nous beasts the rest they doom.

5

They've rul'd them all with cruel force,
 Their teaching serves to make them worse;
 They do not seek the whole to find,
 Nor think that I shall be more kind.

6

Therefore, ye shepherds, hear my voice,
 My sheep and lambs shall yet rejoice;
 I'll take my flock out of your store,
 They shall be meat for you no more.

7

Ye shall no longer feed my sheep,
 But in my pasture they shall keep;
 In choicest pasture they shall feed,
 I will supply their ev'ry need.

8

O ye, my flock, ye *all are men!*
 And I will bring you back again;
 Then will I plead your ev'ry cause,
 And ye shall keep my holy laws.

331. P. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

THUS saith the mighty God,
 To *Israel's shepherds* all,
 Hear ye my sacred word,
 Attend unto my call:

Should not my sheep
By you be fed—
In me their head,
Lie down and sleep?

2

Ye labor night and day
To lay up wealth in store,
My sheep you make a prey
To feed yourselves the more.
'Tis no small harm!
Their fleece to take
And garments make
To keep you warm.

3

The sick ye have not heal'd,
Nor comforted the dams;
Nor brought into the field
The poor bewilder'd lambs.
With cruel force
Ye have them rul'd,
And all them school'd,
To make them worse.

4

Thro' mountains high and low,
My sheep and lambs are stray'd,
And none on earth below,
A thorough search have made:
Therefore, attend,
And hear my word,
Thus saith the Lord,
To you I send.

5

Behold! I will require
My flock out of your hands;

No more shall you for hire,
O'errule my sheep and lambs!

I know all mine,—
My voice they'll hear,
Both far and near—
I shall them find.

6

Like as a shepherd kind,
I'll look for all my sheep,
And ev'ry one I find,
In safety I will keep.

The wolf or bear,
Within the fold,
Or lion bold,
Shall ne'er come there.

7

In pastures ever green
I'll cause my sheep to feed,
Down by some cooling stream,
Supplying all their need.

On mountains high
They'll take the air,
Free from all care—
No danger nigh.

8

The lost shall all be found,
The driv'n away call'd in;
The sick and lame made sound,
The filthy ones made clean.

Thus saith the Lord,
My flock are men,
I promise them,
I am their God.

332. P. M. KNEELAND.

Salvation the gift of God, and not of works. Eph. ii.
8, 9. Tit. iii. 5.

NO sacrifice of costly name,
Or blood of all the bullocks slain,
On *Jewish* sacred altars spilt;
Nor works of men nor prayers of priests,
Nor incense of their solemn feasts,
Could ever save a soul from guilt.

2

Mistaken men e'er since the flood,
Have striv'd to reconcile their God,
Who, they suppos'd, was sore displeas'd,
By torture, abstinence, and pains,
Casting their children to the flames,
And other cruel acts like these.

3

Some trust in works which they have done,
To save their souls in time to come,
And hope they shall the grace receive;
Others believe in sov'reign grace,
Which took a few of Adam's race,
And bound them all by firm decrees.

4

While reason speaks, with skilful tongue,
If these be right, those can't be wrong,
Nor 'scape the mandate of the Lord:
For if my God has fix'd my doom,
In endless shades of death to roam,
I must obey th' eternal word!

5

Then, O my soul, adore the grace,
 Which saves the whole of Adam's race,
 According to his boundless love;
 'Tis not of works! lest men should boast;
 But mercy brings the num'rous host,
 To dwell with God, in realms above.

333. L. M. KNEELAND.

Important questions. Extracted from E. Winchester.

WHO will regret that Christ should have
 The souls for which he shed his blood!
 Who can be sorry, should he save,
 And reconcile all things to God!

2

Say, can he be too much ador'd,
 Who tasted death for every man?
 Are you unwilling that your Lord
 Should rescue all the souls he can?

3

Will you be angry when you know
 That Jesus all the world shall gain?
 Are you unwilling all should bow
 To Christ, the Lamb of God, once slain?

4

Are you afraid that Christ should be
 Too much ador'd by mortal men;
 And that he should too fully see
 The fruit of all his toil and pain?

5

If Christ be honor'd by each soul
 Whom he from sin and death doth save;

If ever he should save the whole,
Would he, for this, less honor have?

334. S. M. KNEELAND.

Let brotherly love continue.

LET party names alone:
They always gender strife—
By others' faults correct thy own,
And live a virt'ous life.

2

What if we disagree
In circumstantial things;
Shall we for this at var'ance be,
And thus disturb our friends?

3

No—let contention cease;
And hateful discord end;
And strive to live in perfect peace—
Let each his way amend.

4

No reason can be shown
Why I should hateful be:
I disagree with ev'ry one
Who disagrees with me.

5

Then let me learn to love
Those whom I would oppose;
By this I'm carry'd far above
The envy of my foes.

A view of Christendom.

AS ancient bigots disagree,
 The Stoic and the Pharisee,
 So is the modern, christian world
 In superstitious error hurl'd.

2

The rigid sects of ancient Jews,
 Who did the Christians much abuse,
 Were very zealous in their way,
 To serve their God both night and day.

3

Now, why were they not just as right
 As Christians, who with cruel spite,
 Have tortured, persecuted, slain,
 Those who could not agree with them?

4

These errors spring from *want of love*
And wisdom, which are from above;
 Which help the child of God to see
 His whole dependence, Lord, on thee.

5

Lord, when shall all these errors cease,
 And Christians learn to live in peace,
 And every weapon disapprove,
 Except the sword of *truth* and *love*?

6

When to the earth's remotest bound,
 The love and charity are found
 Of Him who dy'd to finish sin,
 And all the world are blest in him.

336. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The rage of the enemy.

LORD, what a rage thy foes are in!

They hate thy boundless grace;

Deny thy pow'r to finish sin,

Or sanctify our race.

2

Thy justice they with vengeance arm,

Oppos'd to mercy mild;

Nor can their harmony discern,

Sinners to reconcile.

3

Their fond delusions they embrace,

And think themselves secure;

In part by works, and part by grace,

They're holy, just, and pure.

4

But we, dear Lord, would humbly own,
Salvation all of thee;

Would move our suit at mercy's throne,

From sin to set us free.

337. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Baal's Prophets.

NOW Baal's prophets cry aloud,

(Their god is deaf, he cannot hear)

While they around their altar crowd,

Elijah mocks their solemn fear.

2

They cry for fire ('tis Baal's wrath)

Themselves afflict with grievous wounds;

Now louder cry, with fruitless breath,

And pierce the air with bitter groans.

3

'Mid this confusion, hear the prayer,
 Elijah's soul pour'd out to God;
 Who now descends in heav'nly fire,—
The fire of love is Jesus' blood.

4

Here all the tribes of Adam's race
 Accepted are and ever blest;
 Elijah's God is full of grace,
 He'll give his people endless rest.

338. C. M. H. BALLOU.

God is not willing that any should perish, but that all
 should come to repentance.

THAT some should perish, God ordains,
 Saith *antichristian* faith;
 Because they perish, they're to blame,
 The *foolish shepherd* saith.

2

That man should perish, saith the word,
 (Nor can it broken be)
 Is not the will of our dear Lord,
 Nor is it his decree.

3

That all should of their sins repent
 Is God's unchanging will;
 For this the Lord of life was sent,
 And this he will fulfil.

4

O thou, *anointed Prince of Life!*
 To all repentance give;

Reform the world from sin and strife,
That men in thee may live.

339. C. M. H. BALLOU.

It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth,
but of God who sheweth mercy.

BY men conditions are propos'd,
That we may life obtain;
But he, who's taught of Jesus, knows
Nothing but Jesus slain.

2

Not by the *will* of sinful man,
Can we salvation gain;
But by the all-atoning Lamb,
The Lamb of God, once slain.

3

The lame man heal'd can never say,
Nor vainly boast with pride;
Running took maimedness away;
But he who groan'd and dy'd.

4

Well, since it is my Father's will
To make his kingdom mine;
O may my soul be humbler still,
The more his graces shine.

340. L. M. H. BALLOU.

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made
alive.

BUT few of all the human race
Shall ever taste the Savior's grace;

Shall ever be by Jesus blest,
Or enter his eternal rest.

2

This *antichristian* doctrine saith,
And thus denies th' apostles' faith;
Who doth declare that all mankind
In Christ eternal life shall find.

3

Thus, as in Adam all men die,
In Christ shall all men live on high;
Shall enter his eternal rest,
And be by him for ever blest.

4

O that the Lord would undeceive
Those who in *antichrist* believe;
And thro' the casements of his grace,
Unfold the beauties of his face.

341. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The bright and shining way.

WHEN strangers meet me on the way,
They warn me to return;
For all who walk my road, they say,
In pain must always mourn.

2

My road, they say, is smooth awhile,
Weak mortals to deceive;
But then too late they'll see the guile,
Too late, they can't retrieve.

3

True, in my path great comforts are,
And when I keep the way;

No thorns, nor thistles need I fear,
Nor night, 'tis always day.

4

I cannot give my journey o'er,
There's darkness all behind;
I see my Captain's gone before,
I'll trust that he is kind.

342. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Queries.

WILL they who love the Lord repine,
To see his mercy brighter shine?
To see the world by him restor'd,
And ev'ry sinner love the Lord?

2

Will those who love the cross complain,
If Christ should ev'ry sinner gain?
Repentance work in ev'ry heart,
And his rich love to all impart?

3

Should Judas humbly bow and cry,
To Him who did for sinners die;
Would saints with holy sorrow grieve,
To see the Lord a pardon give?

4

Professor, blush, and hide thy face;
Should'st thou repine at such rich grace!
Remember, thy poor soul hath been,
By Christ, redeem'd from equal sin!

343. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Hireling shepherds.

DEAR Shepherd didst thou die
 Thy wand'ring flock to save?
 Yet hireling shepherds thee deny,
 And at thy goodness rave.

2

The halt, the lame, the blind,
 Beneath their frowns are crush'd;
 And such as Jesus sought to find,
 By those, are deem'd accurs'd.

3

When shall these shepherds know
 Thy goodness and thy power?
 To them, O Lord, thy mercy show;
 May they thy name adore.

4

Bring home thy wand'ring flock,
 And fold them in thy care;
 In the tall shadow of that Rock,
 Where living waters are.

344. L. M. *KNEELAND.*

Taking leave of the blinded Pharisees.

YE blinded Pharisees, farewell!
 Who preach to others endless death;
 Who loudly unto sinners tell,
 That they will pray with fruitless breath.

* 25

2

Who hope to reign in heav'n on high,
And hear the wicked's deadly groan;
Where ev'ry shriek, and every sigh,
Will bring you nearer to the throne.

3

I envy not your boasted pride;
Your spiteful threats don't injure me;
My soul is fully satisfy'd,
That you will disappointed be.

4

I hope to live in heav'n likewise,
Where every soul will joyful sing;
But not the hearing sinner's cries
Shall make the heav'nly arches ring!

5

But love to God and love to man
Will be the heavenly employ;
While Christ, who conquers death and sin,
Shall fill the universe with joy.

345. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Rejecting the creeds of men.

I BID farewell to written creeds,
And forms which men have made;
'Mong men they cruel discord breed;
For snares are in them laid.

2

The gospel, in the word of God,
Is wrote in fairest lines;
The open path-way's stain'd with blood,
That he who seeks may find.

3

These creeds are Babylonish walls,
 Daub'd with untemper'd clay;
 The house on sand most surely falls,
 The chaff is blown away.

4

The Lord the heav'ns will surely shake,
 Churches shall feel his pow'r;
 The earth beneath his arm shall quake,
 And trembling shall adore.

346. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Seeking for light and truth.

O COULD the scales fall from our eyes,
 What heav'nly visions would unfold;
 Fresh springs of bliss would in us rise,
 And joys too glorious to be told!

2

O could our ears unstopp'd attend,
 And hear immortal music play;
 From some celestial, favor'd friend,
 Our souls would melt beneath the lay!

3

O could we walk the golden street,
 Of heav'nly truth and perfect light;
 What matchless glories should we meet;
 Be lost in pleasure and delight!

4

O, downward come, thou heav'nly Dove!
 Strip all these mortal pow'rs away;
 Clothe me in garments of thy love,
 And bring me to thy perfect day!

347. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Seeking for true riches.

O CEASE, my soul, the search give o'er,
 Thy bliss to find in earthly things;
 Earth's beauties fade, to bloom no more,
 No more to live in future springs.

2

These vain delights that court thine eyes,
 Have fatal thorns in ambush laid;
 And clouds tempest'ous fill those skies;
 Those charms will die, those beauties fade.

3

What sure reward can gold bestow?
 Can worldly honors truly please?
 As shift'ry those as winds that blow,
 As fickle these as boist'rous seas.

4

Then, soul, return from earthly things,
 Leave those deceiving charms behind;
 The riches which the gospel brings
 Are purest treasures of the mind.

5

These beauties never fade nor die,
 Nor autumn nips the flowers of spring;
 No dismal clouds shall fill these skies,
 Nor grief forbid the soul to sing.

6

A sure reward that soul shall find,
 Who makes his God his trust and stay;
 Honor and wealth, by grace refined,
 Nor shall these riches pass away.

348. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Christian lover.

FROM worldly noise I would retire,
 The silent grove I'd seek;
 Could I but meet my soul's desire,
 And worship at his feet.

2

Beside some pleasant stream I'd rove,
 Where spotless lilies grow;
 On bended knees would seek my love,
 Beneath some shady bough.

3

Here, if I could not find my love,
 I'd write his sacred name;
 So that by chance some heav'nly dove
 Might read and learn my flame.

4

But if my Lord should here be seen,
 I'd press him to my breast,
 And on the margin of some stream,
 Commit my soul to rest.

349. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Zion's watchmen.

BEHOLD, on Zion's mystic walls,
 Her watchmen stand and cry;
 Each to her sons and daughters calls;
 They preach a Savior nigh.

2

How beaut'ous are their willing feet,
 Who walk this city round:
 Who oft with great assemblies meet,
 To preach the joyful sound.

3

O may I bear a humble part,
 In this divine employ;
 The work pursue with faithful heart,
 And taste the heav'nly joy.

4

Might I but live to see the day,
 When Zion shall arise;
 No longer should I wish to stay;
 In peace would close mine eyes.

5

Th' appointed time will surely come,
 The day begins to dawn;
 Some heav'nly rays, from Christ our sun,
 Proclaim the joyful morn.

350. C. M.

KNEELAND.

The good tidings of the gospel. Isa. ii. 7—10. Matth.
 xiii. 16, 17.

LO, from the mountains of the law,
 Unvail'd by Christ our Lord;
 Which prophets at a distance saw,
 Flows down the living word.

2

Behold, approaching from the east,
 The feet of Zion's King!
 He doth proclaim celestial peace,
 And joyful tidings bring.

3

He publishes *salvation*, free,
 To all our guilty race—
 Our God shall reign eternally,
 And save the world by grace.

4

The watchmen shall lift up the voice,
 Together shall they sing;
 And in the Lord they shall rejoice,
 Who doth salvation bring.

5

How blessed are our eyes and ears,
 Which see and hear the word;
 Dispelling all our slavish fears
 In serving Christ the Lord.

6

The Lord makes bare his holy arm,
 Thro' all the world abroad:
 The ends of all the earth shall see
 Their Savior and their God.

351. P. M.

H. BALLOU.

Self examination.

WHAT is this within me burning?
 What a flame is this I feel?
 This I can't avoid by turning,
 Is't a pure or blinded zeal?
 Lord I would myself examine,
 Help me by thy light divine;
 That I rightly may determine,
 May thy graces in me shine.

2

When I pray, my soul extended
 Sends her warm desires abroad,
 That my foes may be befriended;
 Is it wrong? O tell me, Lord!
 Where in all thy vast creation
 Is that soul I do not love?

Grant, dear Lord, to all salvation,
Or my error disapprove.

3

Still the ardent fire increases,
When thy honors, Lord, I see;
May thy grace, which me releases,
Set the world from bondage free.
I appeal to thee, my Savior,
To correct, if I am wrong;
Am I right, O then I'll never
Cease thy praises in my song.

352. P. M. KNEELAND.

The cause of doubt.

WHEN by faith I see my Savior,
Then I do not doubt of life;
Pleasant smiles and loving favor
Free my soul from care and strife;
Trusting in that blessed token,
Jesus bow'd his head and dy'd!
Then the bands of death are broken
And my soul is justify'd.

2

But when faith grows cold and languid,
Then my Lord is out of sight;
Cruel death is then demanded,
Nothing gives my soul delight:
All before is sad and gloomy,
Nought behind will e'er return;
Unto death my soul is doomed;
Life is given but to mourn!

3

Dearest Lord! whilst thou dost lengthen
 Out the brittle thread of life;
 Give me grace my faith to strengthen;
 Banish unbelief and strife;
 May I never doubt thy mercy
 Given me in Christ my Lord;
 If he lives I shall live also—
 This is Jesus' sacred word.

353. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Seeking after God.

WHY is my heart so cold?
 No quick'ning zeal for God?
 Dear Lord, thy warming grace unfold,
 The pow'r of Jesus' blood.

2

Why should I careful be
 For vanities of life?
 What can I in creation see,
 That's worth this care and strife?

3

Why should I try to feed
 On folly's poor repast!
 These treach'rous baits my soul would lead
 To pain and wo at last.

4

O make thy wisdom shine,
 Give me thy counsels, Lord,
 And more my heart to thee incline,
 And more unfold thy word.

354. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The church seeking her Spouse.

I LONG my Savior's face to see,
 I long for his embrace;
 In his dear arms I long to be,
 To feast upon his grace.

2

Ye watchmen, tell me, have you seen
 My Lord, my soul's desire?
 O did he speak of his fair queen?
 For me did he inquire?

3

I've wander'd all this gloomy night,
 Thro' a strange wilderness;
 Nor have I seen my soul's delight,
 In all my deep distress.

4

He comes, he flies on wings of light,
 I feel his infl'ence rise;
 He'll chase the darkness of the night,
 And bless my longing eyes.

355. P. M. S. STREETER.

An expostulation with the youth. Eccl. xii. 1.

COME all ye lovely youth,
 Now in your blooming days,
 Observe the words of truth,
 And walk in wisdom's ways;
 Remember your creator Lord,
 Revere his law, obey his word.

2

Now while the *silver cord*
 Of life, unloos'd, remains,

And streams of youthful blood
 Run freely thro' your veins;
 Remember your creator Lord,
 Revere his law, obey his word.

3

Consent ye not to sin;
 All vanity forsake;
 'Tis but an empty sound,
 Mere chaff without the wheat:
 Remember your creator Lord,
 Revere his law, obey his word.

4

The rapid strides of time
 Will fleeting life destroy;
 And vain pursuits, we find,
 Contain no real joy.
 Remember your creator Lord,
 Revere his law, obey his word.

5

Consider, Christ your King,
 While yet in tender youth,
 Forsook each worldly thing,
 To do the works of truth.
 Remember your creator Lord,
 Revere his law, obey his word.

6

His easy yoke embrace,
 And burden that is light;
 He'll fill your soul with peace,
 Your heart with sweet delight.
 Remember your creator Lord,
 Revere his law, obey his word.

356. L. M. KNEELAND.

A call to the youth.

COME, all ye tender, lovely youth,
 While health is blooming on each cheek,
 Attend the words of sacred truth,
 And solid joy and comfort seek.

2

Your youthful days will soon be past,
 And stern old age comes hast'ning on;
 The time will surely come at last,
 When earthly pleasures must be gone.

3

Or death may take you in the bloom;
 Your months, or days, may now be few;
 Your sun of life may set at noon,
 And you must bid this world adieu.

4

Then learn to treasure in your hearts
 A store of truth and heav'nly love;
 The gospel grace this store imparts,
 And brings your souls to God above.

357. L. M. KNEELAND.

Consolation to the aged.

YE aged fathers, mothers dear,
 Who worship leaning on the staff;
 The words of consolation hear;
 The Lord doth speak on your behalf.

2

'Tis he alone has staid your feet,
 Thro' all the various scenes of life;
 In him alone your comforts meet:
 He frees your souls from sin and strife.

3

Nought in this world can give you rest,
 But faith in God, your Savior dear;
 In him your souls are richly blest;
 He maketh you his tender care.

4

Like shocks of corn, when fully ripe,
 The Lord will bring your spirits home,
 And fill you with his heav'nly light,
 All thro' the merits of his Son.

358. S. M. *H. BALLOU.*

Living by faith.

BY faith may Jesus dwell
 In our believing hearts;
 While he, that love which none can tell,
 In streams of grace, imparts.

2

Then may we comprehend,
 With all the saints in light;
 And see his boundless grace extend,
 And know its depth and height.

3

Then fill'd with ev'ry grace,
 From strength to strength we'll go;
 While Jesus shews his smiling face,
 In ev'ry scene of wo.

4

Soon we shall victors be,
 And crowns of glory wear;
 In endless peace our Captain see,
 And dwell for ever there.

359. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Expostulation with the youth.

COME, pleasant youth, your voices raise,
 The Lord deserves your song;
 On sounding timbrels join to praise,
 And loud the tune prolong.

2

He gave you strength and beauty fair;
 He sweetens life for you;
 He makes the tender youth his care;
 To him your praise is due.

3

The eyes of sense and softness roll,
 By his divine command;
 And ev'ry faculty of soul
 Is given by his hand.

4

Yea, more for you the Lord hath done,
 That you might praise his name;
 He sent his own beloved Son,
 That you with him might reign.

360. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The vanity of time.

HOW fast time's hasty moments run!
 How soon our days are past!
 Lo, ev'ry morn and ev'ning sun,
 But fleeting moments last!

2

A morning past, or ev'ning gone,
 Will visit us no more;
 Their precious hours will ne'er return
 To lengthen out our store.

3

How soon do youth and beauty fade,
 Decrepid age comes on;
 Sure man in vanity is made;
 Behold! his race is run.

4

But O, my soul, there is a day
 Of righteousness divine;
 Where youth and beauty ne'er decay—
 With endless lustre shine.

361. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The new creation.

WHEN will the eyelids of that morn
 Open upon our sight;
 When all creation shall be born,
 And beauty chase our night?

2

When will the *Sun of Righteousness*,
 With healing in his wings,
 The num'rous sons of Adam bless,
 With love's eternal springs?

3

The promis'd day will surely come;
 Its beauties shall unfold
 What Jesus hath for mortals done,
 While we with joy behold.

4

A new creation then shall rise,
 By the Almighty's hand;
 And tho' the old creation dies,
 The new shall always stand.

362. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Thirsting for living water.

MY soul is fainting fast,
 For waters from the *Rock*;
 O grant, dear Lord, a sweet repast,
 For me and all thy flock.

2

Why should we go astray,
 And lose thy blessed smiles?
 How oft our sins do us betray,
 Our folly oft beguiles.

3

Thy spirit Lord impart,
 Expel the deadly foe;
 And in each penitential heart,
 Make living waters flow.

4

Our souls are fainting fast,
 For waters from the *Rock*;
 O grant, dear Lord, a sweet repast,
 For us and all thy flock.

363. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Prayer in faith.

MUST christians pray for nought?
 Will God refuse to hear;
 Has he his promises forgot?
 Must we both doubt and fear?

2

Is all assurance lost?
 And hope become forlorn?
 Abortive prove the mighty cost?
 In vain was Jesus born?

3

No! saints, with fervor pray,
 With faith, and hope, and zeal;
 Our God will bring the glorious day,
 And all his love reveal.

4

Salvation shall extend,
 Like your desires abroad;
 The Lord in honor will defend
 His promise, and his word.

364. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Armor of God. Eph. vi. 13, &c.

MAY we thine armor, Lord, put on,
 And in thy spirit fight;
 Pursue the vict'ries of thy Son,
 And march in perfect light.

2

Girded with truth, our loins make strong,
 Our breast plate righteousness;
 We'll loudly sing the martial song,
 And uniformly dress.

3

Shod with thy gospel, may our feet
 Stand on the hills of light;
 Shielded with faith, our foes we'll meet,
 Beneath thy banner fight.

4

Salvation for an helmet give,
 Thy spirit for a sword;
 No ruling foe shall in us live,
 But die beneath thy word.

5

This armor, Lord, give us each day,
 O may we faithful prove;
 Learn us to watch, learn us to pray,
 And wrestle hard in love.

6

O may the pow'rs of darkness fall,
 And wickedness decay;
 We'll still upon our Captain call,
 And shout the perfect day.

365. L. M. H. BALLOU.

For God's assistance in worship.

GRANT us a visit, dearest Lord,
 In gentle streams of grace descend;
 Open the treasures of thy word,
 From ev'ry sin thy church defend.

2

Thy branches bend, thou living vine,
 Clusters of fruit to us impart;
 O may our joys be all divine,
 May heav'nly love fill ev'ry heart.

3

In unity may we abound,
 Thy wisdom with our zeal combine;
 And joyful sing on heav'nly ground,
 And keep the golden path divine.

4

O may our worship, Lord, to day,
 Accepted be in Jesus' name;
 Whether we preach, or sing, or pray,
 May love be all the sacred flame.

366. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Prayer.

LORD, from thy holy hill descend,
 And bless thy children here ;
 From doubts and unbelief defend,
 And banish all our fear.

2

May gentle streams from thy right hand
 Meander in our way ;
 And by thine all preserving hand,
 Forbid our feet to stray.

3

With single eyes we may behold
 The beauties of thy grace ;
 To us thy mysteries unfold,
 Reveal thy lovely face.

4

O make this day a *jubilee*,
 Make known thy sacred word ;
 From bondage set thy captives free,
 That they may love thee, Lord.

367. L. M. KNEELAND.

Lord's Prayer. Partly from Winchester.

OUR Father, God, in heaven above,
 Perfect in wisdom, power, and love ;
 Be thy great name by all revered :
 'Thy precepts lov'd, thy judgments fear'd.

2

O may thy kingdom quickly come ;
 Make every heart thy constant home.
 Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will
 Let all the human race fulfil.

3

Give us this day our daily bread;
 Be spirit, soul, and body fed.
 Pardon of sins may we receive,
 As we all trespasses forgive.

4

Leave us not in temptation's way;
 Nor let our souls in error stray.
 From sin and ill (for ever join'd)
 Deliver us and all mankind.

5

Thy kingdom shall for ever stand;
 All things adhere to thy command;
 Firm as thy goodness, glory, pow'r,
 From age to age, and evermore.

368. L. M. KNEELAND.

Invocation.

O LORD of Hosts! All Gracious God!
 According to thy sacred word,
 Here, in thine earthly court we meet,
 To worship at Immanuel's feet.

2

O tune our lips with heav'nly lays,
 With one accord to sing thy praise;
 May thy rich grace inspire each heart;
 Thy loving kindness, Lord, impart.

3

Give each thy spirit, Lord, this day,
 Assist whene'er we sing or pray,
 In our devotion may we find
 A consolation to the mind.

4

Send down thy wisdom from above,
 And warm each heart with heav'nly love,
 May we thy mighty acts record,
 And shout hosannas to the Lord.

369. S. M. KNEELAND.

Prayer for the whole world.

IS not thy promise pledg'd,
 O Lord, unto thy Son,
 That thro' the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run?

2

"I give the heathen—all—
 For thine inheritance,
 And to the world's remotest bounds
 Thine empire shall advance."

3

Hast thou not said, the Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own;
 And Gentiles hear the joyful news
 And worship at thy throne?

4

Are not all nations, tongues,
 And kingdoms under heav'n,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exception, giv'n?

5

From east, west, north, and south,
 Then be his name ador'd;
 And all the world in concert shout
 Hosannas to the Lord!

370. P. M. KNEELAND.

Prayer.

THOU Great First Cause! least understood!
 Eternal Source of ev'ry good,
 Who from eternal ages stood,
 Unchanging God! Jehovah! Lord!
 To whom all nature bows the knee,
 Adoring angels worship pay,
 And seraphim attune the lay,
 Obeying thy omnific word.

2

Display thy nature, which is *Love*,
 Make ev'ry heart thy goodness prove,
 To sing thy name in realms above,
 Enthron'd with Jesus Christ on high;
 And may thy mercy still abound,
 Thro' nature's void, the world around,
 'Till sinners, all in glory crown'd,
 Shall holy live, no more to die.

3

Then shall thy name have endless praise,
 From ev'ry creature's deathless lays,
 When thou shalt lengthen out their days,
 In heav'n, to sacred worship pay;
 Immortal joy shall be the song,
 Sung by all nature's num'rous throng,
 And glory shall the hymn prolong
 To an eternal, *endless* day.

 371. C. M. S. BALLOU.

Prayer.

O LORD, we bow before thy throne,
 Confess in meekness there;

That thou art God, beside there 's none
Can hear and grant our prayer.

2

Then while our wants, O God, shall last,
Thy blessing we implore;
We thank thee for thy favors past,
And humbly pray for more.

3

Continue, Lord, to fill our stores
With bounties of thy hand;
Let no rude foe invade our shores,
Let peace attend our land.

4

Strengthen thy church, O God, and make
Their souls in union dwell;
All this we ask for Jesus' sake,
Who doth thy sons excel.

372. L. M.

TURNER.

Opening of service.

O GOD of grace, before thy throne,
Thy suppl'ants bow with holy fear;
Those thou art pleas'd to call thine own
Invoke thy sacred presence here.

2

Kind *Source of light!* thy blessing grant,
Bestow on us thy cheering rays;
Supply our vary'd mental want,
And thus inspire our hearts to praise.

3

Send thy good Spirit from above,
To dissipate the darksome gloom;
Sweet emanation of thy love!
To these desiring bosoms come.

4

Give to thy word successful course,
And spread the triumphs of thy name;
May truth exhibit all her force,
And put the lying lip to shame.

5

And while we worship at thy feet,
Where veiled angels do adore;
Give us in fellowship to meet,
To sing thy grace and speak thy pow'r.

373. L. M. KNEELAND.

The same.

IN thine own house, O Lord, we meet,
This day, to worship at thy feet;
To join our voices in thy praise,
And speak of all thy works and ways.

2

Thy branches bend, *Thou sacred Vine!*
Refresh our hearts with gospel wine;
May streams of mercy from above
Fill every soul with heavenly love.

3

Bless speaker and the people too;
May all desire thy truth to know:
Bless old and young, the bond and free,
Who worship on the suppl'ant knee.

4

With thy rich grace, O crown the day!
 And at the close may each one say,
 A day devoted to thy name
 Is worth a thousand days of sin.

374. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Praise to God.

IN union let our voices join,
 To hymn eternal praise
 To God our Savior, all divine,
 And tell his wond'rous ways.

2

This fair creation by his pow'r
 Was form'd, and by his skill,
 In perfect order ev'ry hour,
 Effects his gracious will.

3

The sun, the moon, and ev'ry star;
 This earth, with all its seas;
 In order kept, without a jar,
 Fulfil his great decrees.

4

The various tribes in *nature* form'd,
 On land, or in the sea;
 With diff'rent pow'rs and shapes adorn'd,
 All praise the Deity.

5

But man, the Lord of all below,
 With richest favors blest,
 Should strive his Maker's praise to show,
 Excelling all the rest.

6

Then let our hearts in union join,
 To hymn eternal praise,
 To God our Savior, all divine,
 And celebrate his ways.

375. C. M. H. BALLOU.

All things praise God.

NOW God I see in ev'ry thing,
 His works all shout his praise;
 I would them join and loudly sing,
 And tell his wond'rous ways.

2

The sun, the moon, and ev'ry star,
 The earth with ev'ry flood;
 Extend his honors bright and far,
 And tell us of a God.

3

The diff'rent seasons he ordains,
 And fills the earth with food;
 The winter snows and summer rains
 Declare that God is good.

4

The cattle on a thousand hills,
 He makes his constant care;
 With needed good, the hungry fills,
 And they his praise declare.

5

Fish in the sea of ev'ry form,
 Each on his goodness lives;
 And ev'ry bird, and ev'ry worm,
 Receives but what he gives.

6

O man! recount the many ways,
 In which the Lord is kind;
 And join all creatures in his praise,
 With all thy pow'rs of mind.

376. C. M. KNEELAND.

Universal Praise. Psalm 148.

LET earth rejoice and nature sing
 To praise th' eternal God;
 Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.

2

Thou sun, that glorious orb of light,
 And moon with paler rays;
 Ye stars, that decorate the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

3

Ye hills and plains, in vary'd forms,
 His pow'r and wisdom show;
 Ye beasts, and birds, and creeping worms,
 Praise him that made you so.

4

Ye boist'rous storms of various kinds,
 Or zephyrs gently blown;
 Ye trees and shrubs, in concert join,
 To praise the Lord alone.

5

Let all the sons of Adam's race,
 Of ev'ry birth and blood,
 Proclaim abroad redeeming grace
 And praise th' eternal God.

6

Let nature join with human art
 To praise a Savior's love,
 Who keeps our souls all night his heart,
 And carries them above.

377. L. M. S. STREETER.

The ascriptions of praise to the Lamb. Rev. v.
 11—13. vi. 9, 10.

LO, what enraptur'd songs of praise
 Resound thro' heav'n to Christ the Lamb!
 Adoring angels on him gaze,
 And swell the golden trump of fame!

2

Ten thousand times ten thousand stand,
 Thousands of thousands spirits bright,
 Around the throne, and to him bend,
 Enrob'd in life's primeval light.

3

Worthy they sing, is Christ the Lamb,
 Of wisdom, riches, blessing, pow'r,
 And honor, glory: he was slain
 To save from sin for ever more.

4

Again a countless, mingled throng,
 All clad in white, palms in their hands,
 Of ev'ry nation, kindred, tongue,
 Unite with the angelic bands.

5

Salvation to the Lamb they cry,
 That sits upon the shining throne;
 Who once for sinful men did die,
 That he might seek and bring them home.

6

Hosanna! all have join'd the song,
 In heav'n, in earth, and in the seas;
Salvation sounds from ev'ry tongue,
 In swelling notes of ceaseless praise!

378. L. M. S. STREETER.

Praise.

NOW to the Lord who built the skies
 Let grateful songs of praise arise;
 By all that dwell beneath the sun,
 Now be his grace in concert sung.

2

Far as the rolling planets move
 He spreads his mercy and his love;
 Thro' ev'ry land, and ev'ry clime,
 His wond'rous works of goodness shine.

3

So let his goodness be express'd,
 From north to south, from east to west,
 And ev'ry living thing adore
 His name, while sun and moon endure.

379. C. M. S. STREETER.

The same.

JOIN ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 And sing Jehovah's praise;
 Come, shout the wonders of his love,
 The vict'ries of his grace!

2

Far as the circuit of the sun
 He makes his mercy known;

To ev'ry soul thro' ev'ry land
He sends his blessings down.

3

So let his sweetest praises sound,
By all, thro' ev'ry clime;
While moon and stars reflect their light,
Or suns propitious shine.

380. S. M. S. STREETER.

The same.

A JOYFUL song to God
Now let our voices raise;
His wond'rous works and boundless love
Do well demand our praise.

2

He gives us wholesome food
And richest draughts of wine;
And life, thro' *Christ's* redeeming blood,
Immortal and divine.

3

So let us sing his praise
While life and being last;
Then taste those beatific joys
Which cannot be express'd.

381. L. M. S. STREETER.

Universal praise. Psalm 148.

PRAISE ye the Lord, all nature join,
In tuneful melody divine;
Let the broad universe around,
In various ways, his praises sound.

2

Angels on grateful pinions move
 And sing his praise in worlds above;
 And *Seraphs* as ye hover round
 Swell till ye raise the highest sound.

3

All round the earth more swiftly run
 And flame his praise, ye moon and sun;
 Ye starry lights, of twinkling rays,
 Sparkle in ev'ry gleam his praise.

4

Streak out his praise ye orient beams,
 And brighter shine, ye noon-tide flames;
 And darkness, as you creep along,
 Whisper to him a grateful song.

5

Ye heav'n of heav'ns aloud proclaim
 His swelling praise, in lofty strains;
 And rolling billows, as ye rise,
 Sound it responsive thro' the skies.

6

Ye dragons, with tremendous roar,
 Unite and sing his matchless pow'r;
 And finny tribes, that cut the seas,
 Raise thro' the wat'ry world his praise.

7

Resound his praise, ye thunders high,
 Ye lightnings, flash it through the sky;
 And stormy winds, and raging fire,
 Rain, hail, and snow, in praise conspire.

8

Ye lofty hills and mountains, praise,
 With howling wilds and fruitful trees;
 And teeming fields, and meadows gay,
 With murmuring streams, repeat the lay.

9

Ye beasts, of ev'ry size and name,
Of various kinds, both wild and tame;
All creeping things and flying birds,
Unite to praise the sov'reign Lord.

10

Ye kings and judges of the earth,
And people of more humble birth;
Both male and female, old and young,
Praise, praise Jehovah in your song.

382. L. M. KNEELAND.

Praise to God.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him for all that he hath done;
Praise God, Jehovah, in your song.

2

Praise him who spread the starry sky,
And fix'd those orbs of light on high;
Who made the air, the earth, and seas,
And bound them all by firm decrees.

3

Praise him who fix'd all nature's forms;
Made man and beast, and creeping worms;
Fish of the sea, and fowls of air;
And feeds them all with plent'ous fare.

4

Praise him who sent his Son to die,
To raise our souls to God on high;
To endless joy in realms above;
Praise, praise, O praise the God of *LOVE!*

383. S. M.

KNEELAND.

Worthy is the Lamb &c. Rev. v. 12, 13.

WORTHY the *Paschal Lamb!*In *Jewry* that was slain;

From sin to save rebellious man,

And set him free from pain.

2

Riches and *pow'r* be giv'n,*Wisdom* and *honor* too;*Blessing* and *strength*, preserv'd in heav'n,And *glory* ever new.

3

These *seven* notes of praise

Shall on the Savior roll;

In heaven's joy-inspiring lays,

From ev'ry living soul.

4

All creatures high and low,

In heav'n, and earth, and seas;

Shall strive the Savior's love to show,

And to exalt his praise.

384. L. M.

S. BALLOU.

Praise.

LET God alone have endless praise,

Who sent his Holy Child of light;

To turn our hearts from sinful ways,

And set our wand'ring feet aright.

2

He gives us hope, he gives us faith,

And eyes that we may clearly see;

To shun the blind and dismal path

Of darkness, vice, and vanity.

3

He gives us life, he gives us love,
 And comfort, peace, and strength; and wings
 Of faith, to soar to worlds above,
 And view the joys of heav'nly things.

385. L. M. TURNER.

A call to Thanksgiving and Praise.

NOW to our God let praises rise,
 From all that dwell below the skies;
 Throughout the earth his love proclaim,
 With joys eternal in his name.

2

Know that the Lord is God alone,
 No rival fills th' eternal throne;
 We are the creatures of his hand,
 Our form and frame his praise demand.

3

We are the people of his care,
 His sheep who feed in pastures fair;
 The objects of his tender love
 Supply'd with blessings from above.

4

Into his earthly temple come,
 And raise the anthem and the song;
 Let gratitude the lay inspire,
 The bosom glow with sacred fire.

5

For God in endless goodness reigns,
 And mercy, truth, and love maintains;
 Nor time, nor years, nor measur'd space,
 Confines the blessings of his grace.

386. C. M. KNEELAND.

Redeeming grace.

NOW shall my inward joys arise
 And burst into a song;
 The vent'rous notes shall reach the skies,
 While pleasure tunes my tongue.

2

Redeeming grace is all my theme,
 Which doth proceed from God;
 I love to speak in Jesus' name,
 And spread his truth abroad.

3

The ransom'd shall rejoice to hear
 The Spirit's mystic dove
 Proclaim aloud, from year to year,
 A Savior's boundless love.

4

Jesus shall take our spirits home,
 To dwell with God on high;
 Music shall dwell on ev'ry tongue,
 And praises fill the sky.

387. L. M. H. BALLOU.

Praise.

NOW let all nature join to praise
 The Lord, who did its fabric raise;
 Let sun, and moon, and stars combine,
 And to their Maker's honor shine.

2

Let forests, hills and groves rejoice,
 While murm'ring runnels raise their voice;
 And birds sit on their boughs, and sing
 The honors of their heav'nly King.

3

Ye floods, that break upon the shore,
Teach man to wonder and adore;
Ye winds, that hurry thro' the land,
Confess the pow'r of Wisdom's hand.

4

Thunders, that roll along the sky,
Hoarsely proclaim his honors high;
While beasts and worms of ev'ry size,
Declare their Maker good and wise.

5

More subtle pow'rs, in nature found,
Shall cause his honors to abound;
While vital springs of nature play,
They shall their *Maker's* pow'r display.

6

Man's reason too shall mount on high,
His lofty song shall never die;
He shall his louder notes prolong,
With deathless honors in his song.

388. C. M. KNEELAND.

He is a refiner's fire, &c. Mal. iii. 2.

THE Lord hath come from hills of light,
And who can now abide?
He'll put his cruel foes to flight,
And conquer lust and pride.

2

His love is like refiner's fire;
His grace like fuller's soap;
Infinite goodness doth conspire
To blast each wicked hope.

3

In holy fire must all be try'd,
Like gold and silver coin;

From filth and dross be purify'd,
To make their graces shine.

4

When from the fire the gold returns,
And leaves the dross behind;
(While nought but dross the furnace burns)
The gold is well refin'd.

5

So God will purge the sons of men;
His fire they must endure,
To cleanse their souls from guilt and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

389. C. M.

KNEELAND.

Christ, the sure Foundation. 1 Cor. iii. 11—15.

NO sure foundation can be laid,
But that which Christ did lay;
And mortals need not be afraid
That this will e'er decay.

2

On this foundation christians build,
Thro' faith in Christ the Lord;
And all who are in working skill'd
Receive a great reward.

3

But those who build with wood and hay
Will rue their fruitless cost;
The fire will take their works away,
And they shall suffer loss.

4

Yet shall the losing man be sav'd,
By grace in time to come;
The fire that did his building raze
Shall waft his spirit home.

390. L. M.

KNEELAND.

His fan is in his hand, &c. Math. iii. 12.

THE Lord who holds the gospel fan
Will all the fields of nature scan;
Will traly purge his threshing floor,
And ev'ry corn of wheat restore.

2

The wheat into his garner place,
As trophies of his sov'reign grace;
The chaff, by wind, shall all retire,
Or be consum'd with quenchless fire.

3

As wheat the sons of men do grow,
From nature's stock, with sin and wo;
But ere the soul is gather'd in,
It must be cleans'd from guilt and sin:

4

The wind of grace must then display,
And drive the chaff of sin away;
To be consum'd with fervent heat,
Lest it should mingle with the wheat.

5

Thus precious souls are purify'd,
And with their God they shall reside;
Instead of chaff, they now are blest
With whiten'd robes of righteousness.

391. L. M.

KNEELAND.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness,

HARK! from the wilderness, and hear,
A voice proclaims a kingdom near:
Prepare the way! the Lord is nigh!
A Savior comes! sing praises high!

2

The lowest vales shall now ascend,
 And highest hills shall humbly bend;
 The crooked paths shall all be straight,
 And rough ways smooth the Lord will make.

3

Repent, therefore, of all your sin,
 With water make your bodies clean;
 In token of that richer grace,
 Which sanctifies the human race.

4

With water I indeed baptize,
 Repentance preach to you likewise,
 That fruits of love you forth may bring,
 To welcome your expected King.

5

For after me shall Shiloh come,
 (A light to guide the Gentiles home)
 He shall baptize you all with fire;
 And ev'ry soul shall him admire.

392. C. M.

KNEELAND.

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, &c. 2 Thes. i. 7, 8. Jude 14, 15.

CHRIST shall descend in flaming fire,
 From heav'n, behold! he comes!
 He taketh vengeance, (holy ire)
 On all the sinful ones.

2

The carnal mind, of vain desire,
 Shall sure destruction see;
 Nothing can dwell in heav'nly fire
 But perfect purity.

3

The sentence now is past on all,
 Convincing all of sin;
 They at his feet will humbly fall,
 And all themselves condemn.

4

But Christ sustains the sinking soul
 Who knows no help beside;
 His grace shall renovate the whole—
 For them he groan'd and dy'd.

5

All sinful men who know not God,
 The gospel disobey;
 Must now be wash'd in Jesus' blood,
 To put their sins away.

6

Their souls are reconcil'd to God,
 Whene'er the truth they find;
 The fire of his eternal word
 Consumes the carnal mind.

393. C. M. KNEELAND.

Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven,
 &c. Mal. iv. 1. 2.

THE day of God shall surely come,
 And like an *oven* burn:
 The proud, yea, ev'ry wicked one,
 Shall unto fuel turn.

2

The mighty day shall them consume;
 Thus saith the Lord of hosts;
 Their root and branch, shall find no room
 In all the sacred coasts.

3

Yea, pride, and wrath, and carnal mind,
 God's only potent foes;
 Shall surely their destruction find,
 Whene'er the oven glows.

4

These are the enemies of God,
 The cause of sin and wo;
 They sure must fall beneath his rod,
 And to destruction go.

5

But all that love my holy name,
 And bow before thy face;
 Shall then be freed from moral pain,
 By Christ's atoning grace.

6

Yea, love, and mercy, justice pure,
 Those darling sons of light;
 The glowing furnace shall endure,
 And shine for ever bright.

394. L. M. KNEELAND.

All manner of sins shall be forgiven, &c. Mark iii.
 28, 29. Isa, lvii 16.

ATTEND and hear the sacred word,
 Which Jesus spake (the living Lord)
 Unto the murm'ring *Pharisees*,
 Whom miracles did sore displease.

2

All kinds of blasphemy and sin,
 Wherewithso'er they shall blaspheme,
 Shall be forgiven unto men,
 That they may surely life obtain.

3

But the vile wretch who shall abuse
 The *Holy Spirit*, or my love;
 Hath not forgiveness to the age,
 In which a recompense is made.

4

They shall receive in all their sin,
 A recompense of guilt and pain;
 The judgment long shall all endure,
 Whose sinful hearts are so impure.

5

But Christ in mercy will return;
 (For should his vengeance always burn,
 Spirits of men would surely fade;
 The souls would shrink which God hath made.)

6

He'll raise the soul from deep distress,
 And clothe it with his righteousness;
 Blasphemous sins shall be forgiv'n,
 And ransom'd souls be brought to heav'n.

395. L. M. KNEELAND.

Christ, the propitiation for the sins of the whole
 World. 1 John ii. 2.

AWAKE! my soul! away, thy fears!
 And put a cheerful courage on;
 The Mediator now appears,
 T' atone for all thy follies done.

2

He is thy Advocate and King;
 Propitiator, all in one;
 Eternal life is his to bring,
 For all thy sins he doth atone.

3

And not for thee, alone, did he
 Propitiation make for sin;
 The Father gave his Son, to be
 Complete salvation for all men.

4

He renovates the sinful soul,
 And sanctifies it by his grace;
 His mercy doth embrace the whole,
 Yea, ev'ry soul of Adam's race.

396. C. M. KNEELAND.

Fear hath torment.

SHALL slavish fear torment my soul,
 Or terror fill my mind;
 Since love doth all my thoughts control,
 And Jesus is so kind.

2

Can I distrust a God of love?
 Will he forsake my soul?
 While all my nerves dependent move,
 Can I my wants control?

3

I surely cannot cease to want
 For raiment, drink, and food;
 And tho' my portion may be scant,
 Shall I distrust my God?

4

These fears proceed from want of faith
 And confidence in God;
 Tormenting ev'ry soul, which saith,
I dread his heavy rod!

5

O slavish fear! be banish'd hence!
 No more infest my soul;
 Jehovah is my sure defence;
 He doth my steps control.

397. P. M. KNEELAND.

God all in all.

I SING the gospel day,
 When Christ shall finish sin;
 His wond'rous love display,
 And conquer'd rebels bring:
 They prostrate fall,
 And humbly own,
 That God—alone—
Is all in all!

2

The Savior Christ must reign
 Till all his foes submit;
 And, being freed from pain,
 Shall worship at his feet:
 Shall prostrate fall,
 And humbly own,
 That God—alone—
Is all in all.

3

Then death itself shall die,
 And life triumphant reign;
 No more shall sinners sigh
 In darkness, guilt, and pain.
 Prostrate they fall,
 And humbly own,
 That God—alone—
Is all in all.

4

Then Christ shall subject be
 To him who reigns above;
 And ev'ry creature see
 Complete in heav'nly love:
 Shall prostrate fall,
 And humbly own,
 That God—alone—
 Is *ALL IN ALL*.

398. L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount: or blessings pronounced upon various characters. Matth. v. i. &c.

BLESSED are they, in spirit poor,
 Who have no righteousness in store,
 They needy call on Christ, their Lord,
 And heav'nly grace is their reward.

2

Blessed are they who sigh and mourn,
 For soon their comforts shall return:
 Blest are the meek, to them is seal'd,
 The earth with ev'ry fruitful field.

3

Blessed are they who hungry pine,
 For righteousness and truth divine;
 Who thirst for waters from above;
 They shall be fill'd with heav'nly love.

4

Blessed are they who mercy show,
 They shall obtain like mercy too:
 Blessed are they whose hearts are pure,
 God they shall see, his word is sure.

5

Blessed are they who strive to shun
The path of carnage, warriors run;
Who quench the fire of growing strife,
And run the path that leads to life.

6

They shall be call'd the sons of God,
Clean they are wash'd in Jesus' blood;
Joint-heirs with Christ, they are possess'd
Of crowns of joy and righteousness.

399. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The same. Verse 10, &c.

BLESSED are they who suffer pain
And ev'ry loss for Jesus' name;
Victorious crowns to them are giv'n,
And endless life laid up in heav'n.

2

Blessed are they whom men revile,
And strive their characters to spoil,
Falsely accuse, for Jesus' sake,
And cruel oaths against them take;

3

Blessed are they, they may rejoice,
And gladly shout with lifted voice;
For heav'nly joys are their reward,
They dwell for ever with the Lord.

4

So persecuted they of old,
Prophets who heav'nly visions told;
They disapprov'd the grace divine,
Which in their testimonies shine.

400. L. M. H. BALLOU.

The sermon continued. Verse, 13.

LET the disciple of the Lord
Remember well his Master's word;
Ye are the salt, the Savior saith,
'To save the earth by richest faith.

2

But if the salt its savor lose,
Ye my redeemed will refuse;
When love is cold and faith is small,
The feeble saint will surely fall—

3

Ye are the light the Savior saith,
To bring the world to saving faith;
A city on a hill, to show
Where travellers may safely go.

4

But why should light obscured be?
Who by such light can ever see?
Let ev'ry light, then, clearly shine,
That all may see the truth divine.

401. C. M. H. BALLOU.

The same. Verse 17, &c.

THE Lord of life was oft accus'd,
Of breaches of the *law*;
And thus the hypocritic Jews
His imperfections saw.

2

But listen to the word he spake,
Think not, saith he, I came
Commandments of the law to break;
But to fulfil the same.

3

No, not one item e'er shall pass,
 Till all fulfilled are;
 So shall the triumphs of my grace,
 The awful breach repair.

4

Then reconcilment shall be made,
 And men the law shall love;
 From all, obedience shall be paid,
 In Zion that's above.

402. L. M. H. BALLOU.

To be dismissed with a blessing.

FROM worship now thy church dismiss,
 But not without thy blessing, Lord;
 O may we taste the sacred bliss,
 And meditate upon thy word.

2

Deep rooted in each honest heart,
 Thy word of truth, O may it grow!
 Much fruit of love may it impart,
 Where all the gospel graces flow.

3

Oft may these pleasant scenes return,
 When christians meet to worship thee;
 Where zeal and love with ardor burn,
 There may thy children joyful be.

4

And when these pleasant scenes are past,
 Unto thyself, O may we come,
 Where vast assemblies meet at last,
 In Zion, our eternal home.

403. S. M. KNEELAND.

Benediction.

THY benediction, Lord,
 Upon us now bestow;
 O bless us with thy sacred word,
 That we thy truth may know.

2

Impress upon each mind,
 The truths we now have heard;
 And that we may salvation find,
 May each the same regard.

3

Now unto God on high,
 Be glory ever giv'n:
 O fit our longing souls to fly,
 And dwell with thee in heav'n.

404. C. M. KNEELAND.

Blessing.

SEND down thy blessing, Gracious Lord,
 And tune our hearts to praise;
 Help us thy goodness to record,
 Which lengthens out our days.

2

The blessing of the Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost be giv'n;
 The three who do unite in one:
 And record keep in heav'n.

3

O grant us all thy saving grace,
 To run the heav'nly road—
 Tune ev'ry heart to sing thy praise,
 My Savior and my God.

405. L. M. S. STREETER.

Benediction.

LORD, while we've worshipp'd in thy view,
 Thy words distill'd like heav'nly dew;
 Thy doctrine, to our souls, has been
 Like gentle show'rs of falling rain.

2

Now in thy mercy, Lord, impart
 A benediction to each heart;
 Keep us from sin, Almighty Lord,
 Help us to meditate thy word.

3

In morning, noon, and ev'ning damp,
 Be to our path a shining lamp;
 Until our spirits leave this clay,
 And soar aloft to endless day.

406. P. M. TURNER.

Close of Service.

KIND Lord, before thy face,
 A gain, with joy, we bow,
 For all the gifts and grace,
 'Thou dost on us bestow;
 Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

2

Here, in thine earthly house,
 Our joyful souls have met;
 Here paid our solemn vows,
 And felt our union sweet:
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

3

Thy truth like ointment shed,
 Hath breath'd a choice perfume;

Thy light, divinely spread,
 Hath broke the darksome gloom:
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

4

Now may we dwell in peace,
 Till here again we come;
 And may our love increase,
 Till thou shalt guide us home:
 Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim
 And chant the honors of thy name.

407. L. M. KNEELAND.

Closing of Service

NOW, Lord, once more thy church dismiss,
 Who've tasted here the sacred bliss,
 Which thou dost plent'ously afford
 To those who meet to hear thy word.

2

O may we treasure in our hearts
 The truths the Savior now imparts,
 Who, from the lucid courts above,
 Sends down the tokens of his love.

3

He, like the glorious sun of light,
 Dispels the darkness of our night;
 And on his church effulgent beams
 The light of life in lucid streams.

4

O may he shine from pole to pole,
 Illuminate each darken'd soul;
 From north to south, from east to west,
 And make all nature richly blest.

408. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Jesus is the way.

I WILL adhere no more
 To what traditions say;
 Nor wander lost as heretofore,
 For *JESUS is the way!*

2

I've wander'd all the night,
 Without a gleam of day;
 But now have found a heav'nly light,
 For *JESUS is the way!*

3

My foes shall strive in vain,
 My journey to delay;
 I shall the prize of glory gain,
 For *JESUS is the way!*

4

He, like a heav'nly sun,
 Makes a divine display;
 My feet, with joy shall constant run,
 For *JESUS is the way!*

409. C. M. H. BALLOU.

Jesus is the light.

I SHALL no more in darkness roam,
 Nor walk in gloomy night;
 The Lord my God, he makes my noon,
 And *JESUS is my Light!*

2

What great deliv'rance I have found,
 'Twas by Jehovah's might;
 He hath my soul with mercy crown'd,
 And *JESUS is my Light!*

3

No more shall doubts and darkness rise,
 To put my hope to flight;
 The Lord hath open'd both mine eyes,
 And *JESUS is my Light!*

4

Nor will I fear when in the field,
 Oppos'd with rage and spite;
 I have an armor which I wield,
 And *JESUS is my Light!*

410. S. M. H. BALLOU.

Jesus is the life.

NOW death shall conquer'd be,
 And sin shall end in strife;
 Salvation gain the victory,
 For *JESUS is the Life!*

2

The law condemns no more,
 Kind mercy ends the strife;
 The soul redeem'd shall God adore,
 For *JESUS is the Life!*

3

The *second death* shall yield,
 The *beast* shall cease its strife;
 My God in arms shall take the field,
 For *JESUS is the Life!*

4

Sin, death, and pain is o'er,
 Here ends old Adam's strife;
 In him we sin and die no more,
 For *JESUS is the Life!*

ADDITIONAL HYMNS, NOT IN THE FIRST
EDITION.

411. L. M. KNEELAND.

Contentment.

O SACRED peace! contentment sweet!
Thy calm repose inspires my tongue;
While music doth her numbers beat,
To thee alone I'll raise my song.

2

Blest with thine all-supporting charm,
The needy poor have quick relief;
Without the aid of thy kind arm,
The rich are fill'd with wo and grief.

3

The absence of our bosom friends,
Thy sacred presence well supplies;
Thy heav'nly wisdom condescends
To give us hope that never dies.

4

Not all the riches of the east,
Nor all the gems of worldly fame,
Can spread so rich or sumpt'ous feast,
Or give to man a nobler name.

5

O heav'nly gem of sweet content!
Let me but know and feel thy charms;
Millions may be by others spent,
While I rest safely in thine arms!

412. L. M. S. THOMPSON.

The vanity of earthly objects.

THE trifling joys this world can give,
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply;
A soul, which hopes, thro' grace, to live,
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.

2

Yet, O my God, I would not slight,
The smallest of thy gifts to me;
The least doth give me some delight,
And shews thy mercy rich and free.

3

My friends, my health, my daily food—
All blessings given here below;
Proclaim aloud that Thou art good—
Thy goodness all the world shall know.

4

But O, it is a greater joy,
To feel my heart is reconcil'd;
To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
And claim me as thy ransom'd child.

5

In thee, dear Lord, I stand complete,
It is enough—I want no more!
Prostrate I fall before thy feet,
And all thy boundless love adore.

6

Hence then, ye trifling joys, depart!
Joys, transient as the fading flower;
Jesus the Savior claims my heart,
'Tis his by purchase, love, and power.

413. C. M. S. THOMPSON.

Invitation.

YE favor'd children of the Lord,
Ye lov'd, ye ransom'd race;
Come, listen to the cheering word
Of our Immanuel's grace.

2

O come! attend the Savior's call,
He only life can give;

His gracious voice, proclaim'd to all,
Is, "Come, believe, and live."

3

But man, regardless of his words,
From Jesus doth depart;
'The joyful sound no life affords
His unbelieving heart.

4

Hasten, O God, that glorious day,
In thine own plan design'd,
When thou wilt take the veil away
From each benighted mind.

5

Then sinners shall, with grateful hearts,
The Savior's name adore;
And carnal mind, with subtle arts,
Shall tempt their souls no more.

414. P. M. S. THOMPSON.

Confidence in God.

CALM, my soul, behold thy Savior!
This blest thought shall joy impart;
Tho' by all the world forsaken,
That he bears me on his heart.

2

What tho' all the world are preaching,
"Death shall reign for ever more;"
I'm instructed by his teaching,
That its reign shall soon be o'er.

3

Gracious God! let no delusion,
Of the earthy, carnal man,
Draw me from this grand conclusion;
From thine own eternal plan.

4

See, in Christ all things created,
 This was God's eternal plan;
 In him, all are reinstated,
 Sacred Head of ev'ry man!

5

O for such transcendant goodness,
 May each soul in concert rise;
 In melodious, grateful anthems,
 Sound his praises to the skies.

415. P. M. S. THOMPSON.

Dedication.

O THOU, whose presence fills unbounded space,
 Thou only Source of life, of truth, and grace;
 Before whose rad'ent throne the angels fall,
 And worship thee as sov'reign Lord of all.

2

Immortal Fountain of the human soul,
 From which ten thousand streams of blessings roll;
 With thankful hearts we bow before thy throne,
 And dedicate this house, to thee alone.

3

Wilt thou, who dost supreme in glory reign,
 Thou, whom the heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain,
 In very deed such condescension show,
 To dwell with mortals in a world of wo?

4

Thou wilt, eternal praises to thy name,
 And kindle in their hearts a sacred flame:
 When they shall hear, upon the gospel plan,
 Thy universal love to fallen man.

5

And O, may all who meet to worship here,
 Be fill'd with love, instead of slavish fear;
 May each adore that God of boundless grace,
 Who sanctifies and saves the human race.

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